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THE ,

## CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

JANUARY, 1857.

ART. I.—*Bothwell : a Poem.* By W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, D.C.L., Author of 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.' Edinburgh: Blackwood.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, we are told, declined to write the Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, because his feelings on the history of that period were at war with his convictions. It is no light credit to a man of so ardent a nature that, under such circumstances, he allowed his convictions fair play. It is easy to understand why his feelings were engaged on Mary's side. Her beauty and her misfortunes touched him as a man; as a Scottish queen, and the last of Scottish sovereigns—for so we must regard her—she appealed to his loyal nationality; as the last representative and impersonation of the romantic age, she entranced his fancy; as faithful to the old religion against her worldly interest, she engaged his sympathy; as the object of attack of a sour, bigoted Presbyterianism, she won his pity. All his tastes, all his prepossessions, all his prejudices were on her side. But his was essentially an honest mind; he submitted himself to the truth wherever it might lead him. Strong as were his prejudices, facts had weight with him; he did not seek to tamper with history, because he would have liked things to have gone otherwise: he did not despise all the laws of evidence, because they told against the cause that his taste preferred. He was capable of conviction, where conviction hurt and wounded the romance of his nature. Could he otherwise have been the great poet that he was, if he had not revered truth above all things—if he had not believed in its power—if he had not loved its light? For this large and open susceptibility to the truth is an intellectual as well as a moral quality. Nature does not reveal her secrets to a narrow mind or a short ken,—to a warped intelligence that will own nothing good but on the side, itself has chosen—that has so little true faith in what it believes the

right that it dare not face open and fair inquiry. That insight into character or nature, whether of things animate or inanimate, which is essential to the poet, necessitates a certain candour and fairness in judging. Nothing can be so sacred to him as the truth. Imagination only helps him to see it as it really is, with more vivid distinctness than is granted to common persons. When this faculty assists him to body forth the actions and deeds of men of whom history gives but the outline, there is no wanton exercise of invention. He does not tell us what he wishes them to have spoken, but what he believes they did speak,—what, given the character and the circumstances, they must have spoken and done;—in a grander and more heroic style, it is true, than is used by ordinary humanity, but in feeling and succession of ideas essentially the same. He can no more go against his persuasion of the probable, than he can misreport an actual conversation; and this conviction is as potent sometimes as the divine spell upon Balaam, constraining him to be fair, and to do justice against his prejudices, as in the case of Scott himself, who beforehand announced that he was going to show up the Covenanters in grand style; but when he took the pen in hand to write ‘*Old Mortality*,’ what zeal, what hearty conviction, what self-sacrifice he gives them credit for! How frank and full is his justice! how his heart realizes their sorrows, though often the inevitable consequences of their errors or misdeeds! With what pure pathos, in the picture of the blind widow bereaved of her children, does he compel all his readers to sympathise with them! Of course, we do not mean that he or any other great dramatic historian is not at all influenced by his principles in his portrait of friend or foe; but he never shapes his historic characters to his theory. He realizes them so clearly that it would be a breach of the Ninth Commandment to make them say and do bad things they would not have said or done; and we believe that both he and Shakspeare might now hold dialogues with the illustrious dead to whom their genius has given a second life on earth, and say, in all truth, that they never for a purpose, or to maintain a cause, drew them worse men than they believed them to be. If they have erred towards any, as all human beings must err, they may plead infirmity of judgment, never wilful misrepresentation.

It is in human nature to take a side on every great question,—for every great question is one of principle, and appeals to some strong actuating sentiment of our constitution; as, for example, the cause of faith and loyalty supremely affects some minds; others are stirred most by all that concerns the innate rights of man; and where these seem to clash, two sides will be formed. To have no bias on such points, practically proves

indifference, not impartiality. But ranking oneself on a side is not partisanship; and in this distinction lies the mighty difference in the mode in which men hold their principles, and act in the arenas in which these principles are carried out in action. A perfectly honest, candid mind holds its influential convictions, because it believes them to be essential parts and main pillars of the truth. Principles so held may even assume an undue preponderance over other truths, without disturbing honesty of character, because they are clung to and exalted from pure sympathy and admiration for their innate beauty and elevating power.

The most disinterested partisan holds his principles from the outset on a wholly different tenure. His passions are more engaged than his reason. Finding certain opinions in accordance with his temperament and natural way of viewing things, his belief in their abstract truth is only one out of many motives for his adherence to them; and this admitting double motives—this putting the question of their truth in a second rank to their pleasantness or congeniality—necessarily diminishes true faith in them. It is not with him the calm, confident, ‘My principles are true, and the more searching the light thrown upon them, the more their truth will shine forth;’ but ‘They *shall* and *must* be true, or certain personally disagreeable or painful consequences will be the result.’ He will not view them in the abstract, and thus give himself the opportunity of calm judgment. They interest and excite him only as acted out by the stormy passions and erring instincts of masses of men, which give him something tangible to love and hate. They affect him in proportion to their bearing upon himself, his prejudices, prepossessions, likes and dislikes. He identifies them with himself, and makes them a merely personal matter; and thus constituting it a selfish question, he loses the power to analyse, weigh, and investigate. He is afraid of all such processes; he dare make no admissions; every concession threatens danger to his whole fabric. An indiscriminate defence of every professed ally, a general attack on every seeming opponent, a flat denial of every unwelcome fact,—these are his weapons of defence and of active warfare. He has no settled standard. With him actions change their nature according to the party that performs them, and the same words are good, or bad, or indifferent, as they are spoken by friend or foe; while an amount of evidence which is overwhelming on one side, is not allowed a feather’s weight on the other. We presume the most distinguished and conspicuous partisan of our own times,—the man who throws a halo over the title, whom all will acknowledge at once as the representative and fair example of

this class—is Mr. Macaulay. He is a credit to partisanship as a stimulant of the intellect. Half his spirit and brilliancy are due to his absolute adoption, not of a side, but of a party. His gift at eulogy and vituperation proceeds from the same source,—that power, heightened by practice into an instinct, of seeing only good in his friends, only bad in those whose principles are opposed to his own. We are not now, however, concerned with Mr. Macaulay, but with a political opponent of his, a partisan (as we must pronounce him on the evidence of the present work) of wholly opposite principles, who also chooses history for his field, and who is more fortunate than Sir Walter Scott in having been able to reconcile facts with his feelings in the particular page of history where the earlier poet found them irreconcilable.

Such questions may seem rather a singular introduction to the discussion of a poem; but if Professor Aytoun's '*Bothwell*' becomes popular, we wish to express our decided opinion that it can only be on historical grounds as an apology for Mary. The verse, through more than two hundred pages, runs in such a flat level of mere propriety, that the work could not gain attention on its poetical merits. But, as a view, by a distinguished man, of a most interesting period of history, it may well excite curiosity. All the young and romantic are pleased to have Mary's innocence asserted. There was a time when we should cordially have thanked any person who could have made it irrefragably clear to ourselves; and when we a good deal resented the hints and suspicions which Scott's conscience compelled him to infuse, here and there, in '*The Abbot*,' to the grievous detriment of his charming portrait of the imprisoned queen. That enchantress had the good fortune, not only to possess in her own person unbounded attractions, but to have these fair externals set off in the most fascinating light by the forbidding qualities of her opponents. Half her adherents are such because they hate Knox and his doings. She profits as much by men's antipathies as by their sympathies. We do not doubt, therefore, that there will be a fair supply of readers ready to think the very best their taste will allow them to do of this poem, and of all the assertions and new views of history it contains. Ordinary readers of books are very willing to leave the onus of proof to the writers of them; and, if the result satisfies, they willingly give them credit for research. They will not, therefore, believe it likely that any one, especially a person of name, would now write about Mary, without having carefully gone into all the evidence accumulating from that time to the present, all the revelations of living witnesses while they existed, and of State papers which have been lately

brought to light. If, after all this study, Professor Aytoun can really think Mary absolutely blameless—can write, “She was in purity a saint”—surely his readers may repose in his convictions. They will not suspect him of confining his reading to her apologists and admirers, such as Chalmers, Whittaker, Goodall, Lingard, and, lastly, Miss Strickland;—they will take for granted that he has also the old writers at his fingers’ ends,—Robertson, Hume, Laing, Sharon Turner, Hallam, W. Tytler, winding up with her recent historian, Mignet. The latest writer on the subject on which so much has been written, they will willingly believe to be the best informed, and feel proportionate confidence in the deliberate statement of his Preface:—

‘I wish it to be distinctly understood, that, except in minor and immaterial matters, necessary for the construction of a poem of this length, I have not deviated from what I consider to be the historical truth.’

And to do Mary justice, her most thorough-going defenders are her latest ones,—Miss Strickland and Professor Aytoun. All her former apologists have been obliged to grant something to her accusers; they have not been able to get over some perverse hitch or difficulty in her strange career, in spite of all their ingenuity; but these champions do not think their work done till they have cleared her of every stain, rebutted indignantly every statement to her disadvantage as malignant slander, and set her up pure and absolutely innocent for our admiration. But, what is the result? She absolutely loses all her interest in the process: for such a Mary as they present to us, no person of her own day, or ours, could care one straw.

What is it that charms in the Mary of romance? A union of beauty, grace, dignity, sweetness, and gaiety, with wit, courage, spirit, energy, and intellect. We do not deny her any one of these qualities,—we believe that she possessed them all in a high degree; but a creature so highly gifted cannot be the mere tame, helpless, resourceless victim of circumstances they are compelled to represent her; a mere straw in the eddy of events, incapable of an effort or a struggle; totally without insight into the character of those that surround her, a ready tool in their hands, unconsciously working out their wicked designs.

The view of Mary presented to us in *Bothwell* opens with her marriage with Darnley; on her side one of purest love; though he is described as ‘imbecile and thoroughly vicious,’—‘in every sense a fool.’ Then comes the murder of Rizzio, described in detail, in which the whole weight of obloquy is thrown on Darnley, without the one extenuation of jealousy. We could excuse Mary if she had never loved such a husband again, after such an outrage; but we are assured that,—

‘ In her secret heart,  
 Queen Mary loved him still.’  
 ‘ He was the father of her child,  
 And so to her was dear.’

Affection with her, however, did not sharpen the faculties. When his enemies conceived the idea of his divorce, as the Professor says—of his murder, as history tells us—and communicated with her on the subject, ‘ she would not deign to hear.’ But, in spite of this hint and the experience she might have learnt from the Rizzio affair, her suspicions were so little roused that she pardoned Rizzio’s assassins just at the nick of time when they were needed for this second crime,—‘ an act of singular clemency,’ we are gravely informed in the notes, ‘ a political blunder, but no doubt an amiable one.’ At this same nick of time, her feelings towards her husband, which have been cold enough in all outward manifestation, suddenly warm into an excess of affection. With a woman’s tenderness she coaxes and pets him, leading him, as ill-luck would have it, to the very spot his enemies had fixed on for his destruction. Here her deportment is thus pathetically described,—

‘ How she endured him, after all  
 His foulness and his insolence,  
 Puzzles my mind—but let it fall!  
 God gave to woman gentler sense  
 And sweeter temper than to man;  
 And she will bear, like penitence,  
 A load that makes the other ban.  
 Saint-like she tarried by his side,  
 And soothed his torment day by day;  
 And though her grief she could not hide,  
 No anger did her look betray.  
 Now, in the midst of mirth and song,  
 Her loving nature did not yield,  
 And every moment seemed too long  
 That kept her from the Kirk-of-Field.  
 Early she gave the wonted sign  
 In token that the feast was done,  
 Her place was then by Darnley’s bed,  
 Till the late revelry begun,  
 And I, like her, had reckoned time,  
 And might not longer tarry there;  
 For the wild impulse to a crime  
 Hath all the urgency of despair.  
 I knew her errand, and my own!  
 I knew them both but far too well—  
 Hers was the thorny path to heaven,  
 • And mine the road that ends at hell!’—Pp. 85, 86.

While thus unwillingly, the tear in her eye and sorrow in her heart, she presides at the mask at Sebastian’s bridal, Darnley is blown up. Bothwell can answer for the ‘ burst of grief’ that

ensued; for we, who read history, know he was very early admitted to witness it.

Within a fortnight after this event, startling to most wives, she is 'shooting at the butts' with the suspected murderer; and this indifference to general rumour we are to suppose an amiable trait of guilelessness. It is true the whole nation denounced Bothwell as the murderer of her husband, but they also suspected her; and strong in her own innocence, she could believe nothing against so faithful and loyal a servant.

An extract will both show Mr. Aytoun's line and afford an average specimen, which it is time to give, of his verse in its monotonous and surely most prosaic flow. It is Bothwell who speaks:—

'They said she did not mourn him long—

What cause had she to mourn at all?

His life had been a course of wrong,

A hideous shadow on her wall.

'Why mourn? Because the man was dead

Who brought his ruffians to her room,

And held her struggling, while they shed

The life-blood of her favourite groom—

Who trafficked with her darkest foes,

Heaped insult on her and despite,

Fled from the Court to herd with those

Whose baseness was his foul delight?

Why, I have heard old Knox protest

Men should not mourn for those they love,

Since earthly mourning is, at best,

Defiance to the will above.

He cited David, who arose

And washed his face and tasted bread,

Things he omitted, in his woes,

Until he knew his child was dead.

And so, because in quietness

Her secret soul she did possess,

Because she did not feign despair,

Nor beat her breast nor rend her hair,

Nor give superfluous sorrow breath—

Because no vain and false parade,

Or frantic show of grief was made,

They taxed her with her husband's death!

'Ha, ha! Their folly was my shield,

A buckler between me and shame;

For what belief could Mary yield

To felons who abused her name?

She, in her perfect innocence,

Despised the foul and recreant lie,

That, without semblance of pretence,

Had swollen into a common cry.

They dared to charge her—her, their Queen—

With guilt so monstrous of its kind,

That, granting she had only been

In knowledge of the deed designed,



*Bothwell.*

The gates of heaven had shut for aye  
Against her penitence and prayer,  
Angels had loathed her in their sky,  
And left her to her soul's despair!

'Yea, men had loathed her! I myself,  
The devil's bondsman, though alive,  
Whom not for charity nor self  
The meanest priest that crawls would shrive—  
I would not, though she brought a crown,  
Have ta'en a murderess to my bed;  
The Borgia won such wide renown  
As well might warn a pillowed head!—  
But, fie on me, to mix the name  
Of one so tainted and so vile  
With hers, the pure and spotless Dame  
Who tarries in Lochleven's isle!  
Her noble soul, that knew no taint,  
Was far too trusting and sincere;  
She was, in purity, the saint,  
With all that makes the woman dear.'—Pp. 110—112.

Under the influence of this unsuspecting nature, which, seeing a murder committed almost under her eyes, could not believe that anybody had done it, she exerted herself with all her royal influence to help Bothwell through his difficulties, not perceiving, as a wiser woman might have done, that the most effectual help she could give to an innocent man, was a fair trial and a hearing to all sides; especially when her own people and foreign princes were all urging and entreating her to bring him to justice.

These advocates must believe she had the desire to convict her husband's murderers; they must, therefore, choose the alternative of proving that she had not the sense even to make a rational effort to do so. We are to suppose that her understanding was satisfied with what actually was done. But, surely there is nothing to admire in such imbecility in a woman, whose mind, free from passion, yet stimulated by all the motives of a just resentment, could devise nothing better than the miserable mockery of justice that actually did take place, scandalizing all the world but herself.

But this is all nothing to what is to follow. We are positively expected to bestow our interest on a woman and a queen, who, at full liberty, with her nobility about her, permitted herself to be taken prisoner by this ruffianly bully, carried off to his castle, there to be subjected to the last infamy and degradation that can befall a woman, and neither offering resistance at the time nor word of complaint afterwards. Even remaining ten days in that detestable bondage, mistress enough of herself and her actions to hold counsels and issue warrants, but making no efforts to escape; showing no repugnance, no indignation, no

despair; and, when set at liberty, enduring to make a public entry into Edinburgh with Bothwell at her bridle rein. And not content with this sanction, hurriedly promoting his divorce, raising him to the highest titles and honours, and finally *marrying* him, when she might have cut off his head, and thus, at one stroke, by a most welcome and popular act of justice, avenged her husband's murder and her own honour.

In spite of much alleged despair, she clings to this monster with the constancy of a devoted wife, for the sake of the babe unborn; the most apocryphal of all babes, which, however, these theorists are compelled to have faith in, though its existence only adds another difficulty to their task: for while they pretend that Mary's daughter lived and grew up to woman's estate, they cannot adduce from all the documents and voluminous correspondence that remain of Mary, one line or word to prove that she ever bestowed a thought or word throughout her subsequent life, in recognition of the existence of her own child. Could such mere inanity as all this shows have ever raised enthusiasm?—could such a tool, such a timid weak slave of events have left traces of herself through so many ages? A queen without policy or authority,—a woman without sense or spirit,—a mother dead to maternal feeling?

But, we may say, we think too well of Mary to believe in such an exculpation. Is this the heroine who commanded her army in person in man's attire, with pistols at her holsters, wishing for nothing better than, thus attended, to march to the gates of London and claim Elizabeth's throne? Is this the strong-nerved, quick-witted queen who frustrated her rebel subjects' schemes so cleverly, and with consummate art separated her husband from them at a time when, any other of her sex would have been utterly prostrated by the horrors of Rizzio's death? Is this the woman who, when Bothwell had fled, and she found herself a prisoner, lover and throne lost, took Lindsay's hand in hers, and swore, by that hand, she would one day have his head for that day's work, dealing out threats of hanging and crucifying to all around? Is this the plotting, scheming, indomitable spirit, whose resources were inexhaustible, whose ingenuity never failed? Could she have had a daughter and make no use of her who turned all that came to her hands to such account? There is positively no resemblance between this portrait, this frivolous, insipid, and tame conception,—this mere pretty doll,—and the facts of history.

Perhaps it might seem uncharitable to object to the course of Mary's apologists and advocates, except that, in all cases of great crimes, the guilty can only be cleared at the expense of the innocent, or comparatively blameless; for it must be owned

that positive innocence is a quality unknown in this turbulent period. The persons of whom history treats were all more or less concerned, or at least cognisant of crimes and conspiracies that, in quieter times, do not come within the possibility of respectable people. But in seasons of unparalleled difficulties and dangers men are not to be judged by the standard of tranquil times,—neither Mary herself, nor the personages with whom her sad drama was acted out. Still, there is just reason to complain, when every artifice of special pleading is employed to screen one at the expense of all the rest, and she the apparent head and front of the mischief,—when men and women who, in other scenes, acted their great parts so creditably, are loaded with a weight of obloquy, and treated as social monsters: and subordinates, instead of being the tools of their betters, are promoted to an independent blackness of depravity, a disinterested love of evil for its own sake, of which experience affords no example. Thus Bothwell's groom, Paris, whose humble part in the Kirkfield tragedy was to admit the murderers into the lower room where the powder was laid, and to give the signal to his master,—a man who had been many years in his confidential service, and (in spite of his alleged hang-dog look) had just been chosen by the queen for her own personal attendant,—is described as a demon.

'Time trickled on. I knew 'twas done,  
 When Paris entered with the key—  
 I'd listened for his foot, as one  
 Upon the rack might hail the tread  
 Of the grim gaoler of the dead,  
 Yet loathsome was his face to me!  
 He looked a murderer; not for hate,  
 Envy, or slight, or other cause,  
 By which the devil, or his mate,  
 Tempts man to spurn his Maker's laws—  
 But from that hideous appetite,  
 That lust for blood, that joy in sin,  
 Which shows the instinct of the wolf,  
 And ravins on the heart within.'—*pp. 94, 95.*

But leaving historical differences, it is time to approach 'Bothwell' as a poem, a light in which we should have sooner regarded it, did we not believe that its historical and poetical aspects are inextricably blended,—that if the one is a failure the other cannot be a success,—that, in fact, the author erred in his first conception, and chose a subject of which nothing could be made. The scheme from the outset is a fundamental hopeless mistake. Doubtless the subject is a main part of the inspiration of a poem. Who could attempt to make one out of a ruffian's own history of his doings and hope to succeed? Even under the most favourable circumstances, failure and disaster are ill subjects

for poetry; they need to be redeemed by such high motives and heroic daring as turn defeat itself into triumph and final conquest. But when a villain is the 'speaker, detailing villanous actions with all the prolixity of the dullest story-teller—' what he said,' ' what she said,' ' what I said,' following in prosy succession, the only excitement to the reader arising from his own running protest against what he believes a jesuitical perversion of facts—the effect is an alternation of tedium and irritation. Nor does the villain even sustain his character, which would be something, and show dramatic art; there is scarcely a happy trait of ruffianism about him. He is as like Professor Aytoun as can be, in all his views and sentiments. Sometimes he rises to bursts of chivalrous religious feeling, very becoming to the author, but as far removed from the Bothwell of history (and this Bothwell is much more brutal in his deeds than history draws him) as light from darkness: and on these occasions the incongruity is so great between the thought and the speaker, that even a good line only recalls the judgment of the wise man, that 'excellent speech becometh not a fool.' However, these pleasing though incongruous passages in 'Bothwell' can be counted off on the fingers. They stand distinct, separate, and obvious; no one can doubt about them. Still, we are disposed to think, no reader can fail to consign the body of the poem, the story of Mary and Bothwell, to hopeless, inevitable oblivion. And really, it could hardly be otherwise. What sort of matter for a poem can the plottings of conspirators furnish, page after page? Mr. Aytoun has set himself the task of accounting in verse for all that on the face of it tells against Mary. This has to be done, as we have said, by making her a pretty nonentity. Even Bothwell himself has scarcely the credit of a principal and originator; his task is to explain how all his villainies were put into his head by others; so that he loses the dignity of a free agent, perpetually breaking off in his narrative to lament his weakness as dupe, it seems, of Morton and the Scotch lords in Murray's interest, who themselves conceived the happy idea of Mary's marriage with Bothwell, in order to weaken her cause with the nation at large. Thus, whatever tragic interest belongs to that wretched period is all frittered away; there seem no originators, no actors—all are dupes. Human passions, the acknowledged engines of the poets, are thrust aside for intrigue, and that of the most impossible character. Witness the following passage from the Notes, where this supposed plot is explained:—

'My conclusion therefore is, that the terms of the Band were arranged between Bothwell and the lords of the faction of Murray and Morton, with whom he was then acting in apparent concert. It was part of their regular

scheme; for Bothwell would not have been seduced from his allegiance without very distinct promises made by his tempters. Their object in signing the Band was to fortify Bothwell in his pretensions to the hand of the Queen, they being aware that such a marriage would be the signal for insurrection, and inevitably lead to her deposition: That marriage was the bribe, by means of which, they induced Bothwell to become the principal actor in the murder of Darnley, and it was also their interest to keep faith with him, until he was installed as Darnley's successor; after that he was to be hunted down.'—P. 275.

The poem thus gives the scene in which Bothwell is worked upon by the crafty Lethington. Bothwell speaks first.

“Truce with thy proverbs, man! they fill  
 With sound, and nothing else, mine ear—  
 Speak of the Queen,—her royal will  
 Must surely count for something here?”  
 “My Lord—this Scottish crown of ours,  
 August and ancient though it be,  
 Doth yet confer but stinted powers,  
 And is but royal in degree.  
 He whom the nobles hail as king  
 Becomes the foremost of them all;  
 He passes first in listed ring,  
 In battle, banquet, bower, or hall.  
 He leads our armies to the field,  
 The laws are his to guard and wield;  
 And yet 'tis widely known,  
 Without the concert of his peers,  
 No Scottish king, these thousand years,  
 Hath ever kept the throne.  
 Is it not time for concert now?  
 The crown is on a woman's brow,  
 The people, by the preachers led,  
 Heap insults on her royal head—  
 She stands alone, without a mate  
 On whom her arm might lean—  
 Why sleep the guardians of the State?  
 Their voice is strong, their powers are great;  
 Let them direct the Queen!”  
 “Thanks, Maitland, thanks! I see thy aim—  
 By heaven, it shall be done!  
 If Scotland's peers support my claim,  
 The prize is almost won!  
 Aye, and who dare impeach their choice?  
 Let me but gain the nobles' voice,  
 And rumour, like a rated cur,  
 Must shrink into its den;  
 Let factions rise, or treason stir,  
 I well can face them then!  
 About it straight! Let Morton sign,  
 Huntley and Cassilis, Crawford too—  
 Their fortunes are compact with mine;  
 When they stand forward, not a few  
 For love, or dread, or shame will join.  
 Ruthven will follow, nothing loth:  
 Errol, Argyle—I have them both.

And hark'ye—sound the bishops, man !  
 Each reverend name is worth a score—  
 Place old St. Andrews in the van,  
 He'll bring us Orkney, Ross, and more.  
 About it straight ! The time's complete ;  
 All timorous thoughts I trample down :  
 He must not walk with idle feet  
 Who seeks to win and wear a crown ! ”  
 — Pp. 121—123.

Again, the notable scheme of the abduction was not devised by either of the principals. Ormiston, the confidant, has the credit of it. He comes to Bothwell primed with the plan, which he thus presses upon reluctant ears.

“ Be ruled by me—forestall the time !  
 Surprise is fair in love or war ;  
 A little urging is no crime—  
 Take Mary with you to Dunbar !  
 Thanks to the knave who brought me word,  
 Kirkaldy set us on our guard :  
 I have a thousand horsemen here,  
 From Crichton and from Teviotdale,  
 Men who were never known to fail.  
 All ready, armed with jack and spear.  
 Around Dunbar the waters sweep ;  
 Meet place for meditation lone,  
 When he who owns the castle-keep  
 Is host and lover, both in one !  
 Take, too, the Band : it may suffice  
 To still some doubts, should such arise !  
 'Twere pity that her Royal Grace  
 Saw not that dutiful demand !—  
 Now, I have told you all the case ;  
 Lord Bothwell, will you touch my hand ?  
 Nay, never shrink —'tis now too late ;  
 To-morrow must the deed be done ;  
 You'll find me at the western gate,  
 With all our men equipped, by one.  
 I know the road ; we'll meet them there,  
 Then hey o'er meadow, heath, and hill !  
 Come now, be brave !—All bids us fair—  
 Wilt thou do this ? ” “ Your hand—I will ! ”  
 —Pp. 132, 133.

Surely all this is as poor in conception as in execution, equally against historic probability, and the laws that should guide a poet, whether he thinks of them or not.

If a familiar incident is put into verse, it should be with the aim of extracting its spirit, and tracing out those simple deep emotions which lie at the source of all daring romantic deeds. It is not the incident itself that should suggest the poem, so much as the actors in it. This abduction was a disgraceful affair ; but if it was prompted by lawless passion or reckless ambition, the poet might find something to say about it. But how can he use his art to prove it the device of a cool designing

knave? Did the poet ever live who could have made poetry out of such matter? This fundamental error lies so much at the root of all the narrative part of this poem, that it is almost useless to go into detail. We must, however, present Mary to the reader, for on her the poet would naturally lavish all his care and inspiration, especially on the terrible occasion when she finds herself a prisoner, and first discovers the real character of the man she has trusted. Bothwell has described the meeting, the lie by which he persuaded her to give herself up to his guidance, the unfolding of his daring hopes when she is safe immured in the Castle of Dunbar, concluding with an allusion to his existing wife.

‘Silent and still, though pale as death,  
 Queen Mary kept her throne,  
 But for the heaving of her breast,  
 She seemed of marble stone.  
 Scarce by a gesture did she show  
 What thoughts were rushing by.  
 O noblest work of God!—how low,  
 How mean I felt when grovelling so,  
 With every word a lie!  
 “And can it be,” at length she said,  
 “That Bothwell has his Queen betrayed?  
 Bothwell, my first and foremost knight—  
 Bothwell, whose faith I deemed more bright,  
 More pure than any spotless gem  
 That glitters in my diadem?  
 Great God! what guilt of me or mine  
 Hath thus provoked thy wrath divine?  
 Weary, though short, has been my life;  
 For dangers, sickness, murders, strife,  
 All the worst woes that man can fear,  
 Have thickened round me year by year.  
 The smiles of love I scarce had seen  
 Ere death removed them from my view;  
 My realm had scarce received its Queen  
 Ere treason’s hideous trumpet blew.  
 They whom I sought to make my friends,  
 My very kin, proved false to me;  
 And now before me Bothwell bends  
 In falsehood, not in faith, the knee!  
 Nay, nay, my Lord! you need not speak,  
 For I have read your purpose through;  
 There is a blush upon your cheek  
 Which tells me that my words are true.  
 Bothwell! was this a knightly deed,  
 To wrong a woman in her need,  
 When neither help nor friends were nigh,  
 And snare her with an odious lie?  
 False was the tale that brought me here,  
 False even as the love you feign;  
 And now you think, perhaps through fear,  
 Your Queen, and Mistress to restrain!”

Mary could talk better than this, and would hardly thank her champion for the hackneyed rhymes, the doggerel measure, and general prosiness with which she is made to reply to such a startling and unparalleled proposition. Bothwell follows in a strain of higher insolence.

'Then rose she up; and on her brow  
Was stamped the Stuart frown :—  
"By all the saints in heaven, I vow  
This man would bear me down!  
He prates of love, as if my hand  
Were but a sworder's prize,  
That any ruffian in the land  
Might challenge or despise!  
What mad ambition prompts you, sir,  
To utter this to me?  
What word of mine has raised your hopes  
In such a wild degree?  
I gave you trust, because I deemed  
Your honour free from stain;  
I raised you to the highest place  
That subject could attain,  
Because I thought you brave and true,  
And fittest to command,  
When murder stalked in open day,  
And treason shook the land.  
Are these your thanks for all my grace,  
Is this your knightly vow?  
Fie, Bothwell! hide your perjured face—  
There's falsehood on your brow!"'

—Pp. 159, 160.

Bothwell's only reply is, that she is in his power—an argument which she acquiesces in without further struggle or appeal.

'Hopeless, abandoned to despair,  
What else could Mary do but yield?  
I took her hand—she left it there;  
'Twas cold and white, as frost on field.  
I tried to comfort her; a burst  
Of frenzied tears was her reply:  
For ever be the deed accurst  
That forced such witness from her eye!  
Dim as an unregarded lamp,  
Her light of life was on the wane,  
And on her brow was set the stamp  
Of utter misery and pain.  
Like some caged bird that in dismay  
Has fluttered till its strength is gone,  
She had no power to fly away,  
Though wide the prison-door was thrown.  
In vain I strove to wake a smile,  
In vain protested she was free,  
For bitterly she felt the while  
That henceforth she was bound to me!'

—Pp. 165, 166.



We have said that the action, the contact, and opposition of the principal personages of the story, should be the best parts of a poem of this character; but it is not at all so here. In fact, Mr. Aytoun is never at home in his task—he has no dramatic power,—he always fails in telling a story; he has evidently taken Scott as his model because there is a Scottish incident to be related; but the obvious imitation only suggests the fundamental difference between the two writers, not only in power, but also in original bent of mind. When a scene is presented to Scott's mind, all the actors start into life, and the vision assists him to set them talking and acting in character,—the page glows as the plot thickens; but there is no indication here of the author ever having his people actually before him; there is no realizing, no excitement, all is an effort of abstract thought and reason. Thus his action is always a failure, worked out by lay figures, to whom he apportions words and arguments representing his personal convictions. But though Professor Aytoun's own thoughts and views may not harmonise with the characters to whom he assigns them, they may be, and often are, good in themselves, and there are interspersed some reflections and some descriptions of real beauty. As an example, the following lines are very sweet and graceful in themselves, however out of place from Bothwell's lips; indeed, such thoughts are inconsistent with any aspect of despair:—

‘Ascension morn! I hear the bells  
 Ring from the village far away:  
 How solemnly that music tells  
 The mystic story of the day!  
 Fainter and fainter come the chimes,  
 As though they melted into air,  
 Like voices of the ancient times,  
 Like whispers of ascending prayer!  
 So sweet and gentle sound they yet,  
 That I, who never bend the knee,  
 Can listen on, and half forget  
 That heaven's bright door is shut for me.  
 Yes, universal as the dew,  
 Which falls alike on field and fen,  
 Comes the wide summons to the true,  
 The false, the best, and worst of men.  
 Ring on, ye bells! Let others throng  
 Before the blessed rood to pray;  
 Let them have comfort in the song  
 That celebrates this holy day.  
 Ring on for them! I hear you well,  
 But cannot lift my thoughts on high;  
 The dreary mists that rise from hell  
 Come thick between me and the sky.’—Pp. 137, 138.

The remembrance of the scene of the abduction is equally pretty and equally out of nature; for a ruffian with such

a business upon his hands is not open to the impressions of natural beauty:—

‘Methinks I can recall the scene,  
That bright and sunny day;  
The Pentlands in their early green  
Like giant warders lay.  
Upon the bursting woods below  
The pleasant sunbeams tell;  
Far off, one streak of lazy snow  
Yet lingered in a dell.  
The westlin’ winds blew soft and sweet,  
The meads were fair to see;  
Yet went I not the spring to greet  
Beneath the trysting-tree.’—Pp. 140, 141.

The poem is in six parts. The opening of each is designed to bring the prisoner before us in such various agonising moods of thought as may be supposed in a proud undisciplined nature chafing in the solitude of a dungeon, and stung with disappointment, rage, and remorse till despair reaches to madness. There is not force enough in the verse to affect the reader painfully. The depths of a strong ruffian mind are never revealed; but these musings, reflections, descriptions, and moralizings, though they breathe of the author rather than Bothwell, are still by far the best parts of the poem. In these the captive’s language is often energetic and sometimes poetical; while so soon as the action begins, and he pursues his dreary story, it sinks into laborious commonplace and effort; as, indeed, how could a story told under such circumstances fail to do? Our final extract shall be the picture of Bothwell in his dungeon at Malmoe. It forms the commencement of the work, but will not suffer by being taken out of its order.

‘Cold—cold! The wind howls fierce without;  
It drives the sleet and snow;  
With thundering hurl, the angry sea  
Smites on the crags below.  
Each wave that leaps against the rock  
Makes this old prison reel—  
God! cast it down upon my head,  
And let me cease to feel!  
Cold—cold! The brands are burning out,  
The dying embers wane;  
The drops fall plashing from the roof  
Like slow and sullen rain.  
Cold—cold! And yet the villain kernes  
Who keep me fettered here,  
Are feasting in the hall above,  
And holding Christmas cheer.

When the wind pauses for its breath,  
 I hear their idiot bray,  
 The laugh, the shout, the stamping feet,  
 The song and roundelay.  
 They pass the jest, they quaff the cup,  
 The Yule-log sparkles brave,  
 They riot o'er my dungeon vault  
 As though it were my grave.  
 Ay, howl again, thou bitter wind,  
 Roar louder yet, thou sea!  
 And drown the gusts of brutal mirth  
 That mock and madden me!  
 Ho, ho! the Eagle of the North  
 Has stooped upon the main!  
 Scream on, O eagle, in thy flight,  
 Through blast and hurricane—  
 And, when thou meetest on thy way  
 The black and plunging bark,  
 Where those who pilot by the stars  
 Stand quaking in the dark,  
 Down with thy pinion on the mast,  
 Scream louder in the air,  
 And stifle in the wallowing sea  
 The shrieks of their despair!  
 Be my avenger on this night,  
 When all, save I, am free;  
 Why should I care for mortal man,  
 When men care nought for me?  
 Care nought? They loathe me, one and all,  
 Else why should I be here—  
 I, starving in a foreign cell,  
 A Scottish prince and peer?

Professor Aytoun's 'Scottish Ballads' gained him a high reputation, higher than we are quite willing to subscribe to. We cannot but think that their real feeling and the flow of their verse covered their want of emphasis and fire; his readers went along with him, and were not critical. But faults which in a short poem may be overlooked, are fatal on a large scale; and 'Bothwell' betrays such a want of power and judgment as not only to be a failure in itself, but to decide the question of the author's capacity for any great work. We are satisfied that his warmest admirers will never wish him to repeat the experiment of a long poem.

**ART. II.—*A History of the Romans under the Empire.* By CHARLES MERIVALE, B. D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Vols. IV. and V. London: Longman & Co. 1856.**

A STRANGE neglect has fallen to the lot of one period of history, the most interesting in its antecedents, and, in its consequences, of the most apparent influence over the subsequent destinies of the world. Men seem to have regarded the annals of the mighty Roman empire as merely a repository of names and titles, itself but a waste interval and line of demarcation between ancient and modern times. They have been spurned by scholars, and but passingly respected in the studies of school-boys, those ransackers of the bypaths of classic history, the nooks and angles of 'Plutarch's Lives.' Doubtless there is a reason for this, as for every other paradox and mystery. It cannot be without cause, that each obscure track through the glimmering obscurity of the days of the 'Kingdom,' and the 'Republic,' has been picked out and lighted up with the subtle, however sometimes deceptive, brightness of German erudition, and English reason and common sense. Yet neither the paucity of cotemporary historians accounts for our carelessness concerning the reigns of the Cæsars, as contrasted with the eagerness of attention to the pre-historic epochs of Cincinnatus and Camillus; nor the brilliancy of general literature in these latter times, and the torpor of the age of Lucan, and Juvenal, Statius, and Martial. The true explanation is rather to be sought in the object with which history has been usually studied, and, we have a right to presume, ever will be. Men had not heard of the phrase 'philosophy of history,' when the exploits of the Scipios and Fabii became the subject of thought and declamation in modern Europe. Historians themselves had never tried to realize in practice this philosophical ideal before the golden age of our Hume and Gibbon and Robertson. It was the aim of education to select as patterns and exemplars men, each of whom impersonated some one clearly-defined quality, with minds of the simplicity of a primitive age, or with all the accessories darkened into unity by the softening medium of so many centuries. That moral themes should be discovered in the multitudinous phases of the luxurious court of the Empire, could hardly be anticipated from uncritical students. They were obliged to content themselves with considering individual models ready to their hand, men especially whom each succeeding generation, receiving from the hands of the preceding one, had at last refined into concrete abstractions.

It is different now ; the modern aspect of history reveals it as exhibiting at once the influence of individuals upon the mass, and the reactionary force exerted by the nation over the development of these its representative men. It has become more of a science, yet without losing the moral significance which, as universally intelligible, must always make good its claim to be the great instructress of all. The virtues or the vices of particular persons are no longer regarded, at least mainly, as affecting those persons' subsequent fortunes, but as indicative of the character of the whole people, and as a force effectual towards the production of national prosperity or adversity. It may be that the very complication of the circumstances of a more luxurious, or, as it is more commonly considered, a more civilized period, while it renders it possible to detect, in the course of events, a law and system, at the same time makes the several agents less interesting, as being less personally powerful. We cannot so readily take our Marlboroughs and Wellingtons for examples of the fate of rectitude and depravity, on account of the tide of circumstances, which seems to overrule their individuality, and bear down their will. Still, an equally plain and forcible lesson may be conveyed by the spectacle of nations speeding unanimously on to calamity and disgrace, an equally certain demonstration of the universal tendency of selfishness and apathy, as the successes wrought by the energy of the heroes of old Rome teach of the obligation of each to trust to himself.

Never has this truth been more clearly proved than in the fortunes of the Roman empire ; that huge edifice, the weight of which still burdens successive ages, and impresses itself upon all the institutions of modern Europe, even its manners and sentiments. The spectacle is, itself, not deficient in interest : it possesses that glow, or sunny mistiness, as it were, of Oriental monarchies, the lofty pride of fatalism, which deems that what is to be must be, blended with an implicit faith in the doom of Rome to a perpetuity of empire. At home we hear dark tales of the poisoned goblet, and the mysteries of palaces ; of years of torture in dungeons, and the lingering death by starvation of imperial princes ; of the monarch brooding over his foul debaucheries in the delicious quiet of the Mediterranean, while the heirs of the great names of Rome courted an ignoble vizier. Abroad, there is still the same energy of arms, the same resolution to imprint the stamp of the city by the Tiber on the thoughts of a world,—‘*Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.*’ Like, the *pompa* of their own proud festivals, the pictured tale moves on,—kings and consuls, tribunes, dictators, triumvirs, and Cæsars,—through the Arch of Triumph to the slope of the

Capitol, with the haughty victor in his ivory car, unwitting of the slave admonishing him of his humanity, and the Tarpeian rock overshadowed by the shrine of Jove. The scenes are different in the long drama, and the plot grows ever more and more intricate; but, amid the changed accessories, we detect always the same lofty mien in the actors, the same self-consciousness and obstinacy of a stern, unbending will.

Forgetfulness, or a non-apprehension of this affinity between the two ages of Rome, with the innovations in manners consummated by the splendour of a court, has induced almost as complete a neglect of the days of the Cæsars, as of the Phræates and Ptolemies of Parthia and Egypt. The identity of the nation, whether 'kingdom,' 'empire,' or 'republic,' in the composure of its old high spirit, and disdain of everything not Roman, has scarcely been recognised. True, indeed, that few examples of antique magnanimity can be discovered in the pages of Tacitus and Suetonius. Heroes, such as history calls by the name, flourish not in the riot of material prosperity, where there is no longer any height for ambition to aspire to, unless it be the dubious merit of abstinence, and the stoical virtue of endurance. But passive fortitude seldom engages the interest in the same degree with active valour; there is always an appearance of something like exaggeration in it, arising, perhaps, from the fact of the exigency which summons it forth having been, for the most part, encountered voluntarily by the sufferer, and being generally unproductive in any direct public advantage. It is often liable to the charge of sullen obstinacy, and its right to the praise of generosity by no means invariably allowed. The condition of things, moreover, which calls chiefly for displays of this power of resistance, is, of necessity, one where the activity of the will, and the free operative energies in which men show themselves as men in the perfection of their nature, are least elicited. Even the characters of those placed in circumstances where a barren protest is alone possible, are likely, at last, to become deteriorated, and lose their healthy tone. Pulteney's anti-Walpolite faction became, at length, so captious and irritable, as to lose all power of discriminating between the wise and the corrupt in the measures of government. So was it, in some degree, with the old Whig party of the days of Fox and Sheridan: so must it necessarily be with men who have grown old and grey in opposition, fruitless, and apparently hopeless.

But there is a difference in kind, and not merely in degree, between the advocacy of principles which the advance of time, and change of circumstances, have left stranded high among the wrecks of outgrown politics, and of those which have life in

them yet, and which only await the preparation of the proper vesture of circumstances, to challenge their turn of predominance. In the apparently frivolous regrets of the patriots of the empire for what they called liberty, but which was aristocracy, or, perhaps, oligarchy, there was nothing which could make hope justifiable. In the pertinacity of the weak grasp which still clung to the traditions of their youth, (their birthright, as they believed,) we may, doubtless, find matters for admiration. But, if it indeed be true that the basis of the sentiment of beauty is a perception of utility, even more plausibly is it so in the degree of respect we feel for the fearlessness which rushes upon martyrdom. When we cannot avoid thinking that the triumph of the principles, upheld by the Roman nobles, would have been pregnant with increased misery to the human race, the spectacle of such unreasonable devotion may be as grand as that of Sir Thomas More on the scaffold, but it is scarce likely to be as stimulating and heart-thrilling.

What was the liberty which the Roman patriots sighed to restore? It was but the uncontrolled and equal domination of a class; or hardly that. Cicero, the *novus homo* saved Rome by his own individual exertions, and almost in spite of the Julii and Cornelii, heirs to the glories of their common fatherland. Never was there a country where the reverence for old families and derivative merit was more genuine and active. All the conservatism so deeply inrooted in their nature was identified with the long *stemmata* of the genealogies, which linked together the seven centuries of noble deeds. In listening to their praise, Roman citizens could recal the memory of the day when the city stood isolated in its *pomerium*, amid a whole land of enemies, and magnify the hereditary virtues of their nation, which could, from so slight a germ, rear such a goodly tree. But the fame, and even the wealth and influence of the nobles, had for the most part long outlived their virtues. The pride of ancestry still survived. They still arrogated their original supremacy in the state, but had forgotten the arts by which their forefathers maintained their right to it. They, the dregs of Romulus' colony, counted it shame that the plebeian and ignoble Octavii should sway a subject-world which Romans, neither patricians alone, nor plebeians alone, *nobiles* or *ignobiles*, had helped to conquer. This was the secret of the bitterness which every now and then betrays itself through all the honied irony of their flatteries, as felt by the nobility towards their sovereign; and of the sedulous and self-depreciatory caresses, which he on his part was forced to offer to his courtiers. Neither they nor he could sufficiently understand their relative position, and perceive how necessary and spontaneously it had

grown out of the altered condition of things. Historians took up the quarrel of the noblesse, and, from their own point of view criticising the ruler's acts and character, have handed them down to posterity, as of a consistent tenor with the shamelessness of his usurpation.

Starting from the principle, the truth of which they took for granted, that dominion was the inalienable right of certain families, the conclusion followed to demonstration, that the title of the actual ruler was defective, and that the penalties exacted from those who disavowed his authority, and condemned his decrees, must be illegal and unwarrantable. But surely it is not for us, who are removed from the range of those prejudices to which Suetonius and Tacitus were born, to surrender ourselves to the force of such reasoning. Assuming that a man is radically corrupt, and that the very position which entitles him to act has been acquired by, and is, as it were, the seal of his depravity, we can always prove with seeming clearness, that his deeds are not dissimilar to their parentage; nay, that, as directly issuing from the 'bad pre-eminence,' they partake of the character of their origin. Yet, even granting the fact of the usurpation, by his conduct must the good name of a sovereign stand or fall. Men are not so consistent, either in vice or in virtue, that the consequences are ever like their source. Of some certainly it may have been said with truth, 'happy for the world had they never been born, *or never had died!*'

The best apology for the ambition of the founders of the empire, is to be found in the political immorality of the preceding times. Rome had then a republican form of government; and it is necessary to suppose that the dissolution into its elements of the imperial scheme, would but have been the restoration of the old order. Patriots might murmur for a return of the primeval simplicity of the period of the unkempt Curii, and dictators brought fresh from guiding the plough to guide the state. They might reproach their emperors with the luxury of their court and capital, and call for sumptuary edicts of the same type with the 'twelve tables.' But all men of the rudest common sense must have well understood, even though political economy was yet among the sciences to be, that rustic guilelessness and frugality were alike moral impossibilities in a metropolis into which poured a whole world's most exquisite devices for luxury, and, from a hundred subject provinces, a revenue of fifty millions. The choice, if that can be so termed which must have been eventually decided in one only way, lay between the restoration of the post-Sullane constitution (when the dominion virtually belonged to a coalition government of an oligarchy and the rabble) and the continuance of the existing form, which at least



had this advantage, that, while the populace still asserted, with success, their indefeasible right to the jackal's share of the spoil, *panem et circenses*, the hundred-headed hydra of the old patriciate was exchanged for the single mind, whose task it had now become to find subsistence and amusement for his civil and military satellites.

Brutus and Cato, and the glories of forensic eloquence, Crassus and Cicero and Hortensius, are at once thrown in the teeth of any who presume to hazard a preference of the empire to the republic. The mediocrity of genius in the leaders of the administration in the later period, is considered evidence of the misery and degradation of the nation; and the bright examples of oratorical and military capacity in the earlier, regarded but as a sample of the general character of the times, and a symptom of the consequent prosperity and happiness of men subject to such governors. It would be vain to deny that Rome, in the age referred to, did manifest a luxuriance of genius in almost every department of intellectual cultivation, and a colossal grandeur, whether of heroism or of insensibility, which forces us still to linger, with curiosity and admiration, over every faint relic of those times. The rude old soldier, barbarian though he were, frowning dismay to the heart of the Cimbrian headsmen, with the pride of a consular of Rome, and brooding over his wrongs amid the ruins of Carthage, is a theme only not melodramatic because it is true. Yet his lettered rival, the dissolute and spendthrift noble, not isolated from his kind by the selfishness of brute pride and passion, but choosing to stand alone, the representative of a great principle, that for which there had been discord in Rome from the death of Brutus, the prerogatives of the old Houses, when he had fulfilled his self-appointed task, stripping himself of all power, displays a character still more picturesque, a spectacle of self-control, or rather self-abnegation, at which the vaunted moderation of Charles V., a bed-ridden, diseased old man, pales and shrinks. Who, like Cæsar, has become a proverb for commanding intellect in peace and war, a model for the Marlboroughs and Napoleons, and still a type which their more recent glory has not sufficed to antique! The civic triumphs of Hortensius, the Erskine, such in his meditated action and the seeming spontaneity of his eloquence and Cicero, the learned, the philosophical, the impassioned, but the too little self-sustained, the Burke of his times,—are still fresh in our memories. Yet they are but representatives of a whole chorus of cotemporary orators, accounted not inferior in their own day, and whose fame, as with the galaxy of Elizabethan poets, little known and less read now, helps to swell the echo of the names of their fortunate compeers. Then, too, was the most genuine, indeed

the only pure, epoch of Latin song, the age of Lucretius and Catullus, though after generations have dealt but negligently with their writings. Even Virtue herself is represented in the person of the younger Cato, whom the very court-bards of his enemies glorified with impunity.

But heroic ages are not for the happiness of ordinary mortals. Heroes are a species of monster brought forth by the earth in extraordinary conjunctures, which need exceptional and abnormal remedies. Their nature is distorted, all its strength and vigour being derived into one part, which may be the most serviceable in the special exigency for which they were reared. Sulla was such a hero. To effect his one purpose in life, the quelling of the sordid demagogism of the tribunes, he waded through rivers of blood, and all to transfer the reins of power from the hands ever open to receive bribes from those ever ready to offer them. Of the same stamp as a statesman, however we may admire his (for a Roman) philosophical enlightenment, was—the theme of poet and historian—Brutus, whom the flattery of selfish companions could unlearn the sure law of honesty, the fidelity of friendship, and teach, for the most uncertain hope of a most uncertain and unreal liberty, to exult in the act of a dastardly assassin. And Cato, the delegate of virtue upon earth; virtue might blush at his usuries—no crime in his eyes—as sanctified by the example of generations of noble Romans! We should be unjust, indeed, in denying to these men (at least the latter two) the praise of singleness of heart, and uprightness of intention. The vision becomes distorted by the gaze being bent too constantly upon the one object, till at last the most wicked means, if clearly enough directed to a favourite end, become in their eyes consecrated and holy. But, while we pardon their deviation from integrity, as perhaps unconscious; while we even are ready to rank them as heroes in their individual capacity, it is, at the same time, most manifest and sure, that the difference, practically, to their fellow-countrymen, between such heroes and monsters, is merely nominal!

However, the indignation of the party of which these names were the favourite watch-words, at the power seized by the Julian house, is sufficiently easy of explanation. It was not as though the period, immediately preceding the establishment of the empire, had been one of real freedom and equality. We do not hear of the middle and lower classes bewailing the robbery of their independence; for the loss to them was nought. There had been, indeed, a pretence of restoring the privileges of the tribunes, as representatives of the commons; and the pure aristocracy of Sulla's ideal had fallen, as soon as he left it to stand by itself, that is, when once the monarchy of the dictatorship

was relinquished. But the change was only to an oligarchy; that confessedly distorted and depraved constitution, where neither merit and hereditary descent, nor the *jus divinum*, nor equality, is the criterion of administrative capacity. The apparent liberality with which the elective right was conferred on the whole of Italy, had been converted into a means for the establishment of perpetual packed *comitia*. Rome furnished no natural advantages to incite to the pursuits of commerce, or the promotion of manufacturing industry. All its local gifts favoured exclusively the concentration in it of empire, that most adventitious and artificial product. As the huge power grew mightier and mightier, population increased as the natural consequence. Hence that monstrous feature of the Great Metropolis, that, as its importance depended wholly upon the number of its tributary provinces, (an accident as regarded the city itself, however inherent in the blood of its original citizens was conquest,) the multitude which inhabited it was but an effect of the same cause, and dependent for subsistence on the greatness of the spoil brought home by the eagles of Rome. Nobles, either eager aspirants after the plunder of subject territories, or employed in the lavish expenditure of the wealth acquired in kindred pursuits by themselves, or their immediate ancestors, the ministers of their luxury—

‘Piscator . . . pomarius, auceps,  
Unguentarius, ac Tusci turba impia vici,  
Cum scurris fartor . . .’

and the rabble, which lived by the sale of its suffrages, were its constituent elements. At the disposal of these two latter classes were the dignities of the earth, and by them were they freely granted to him who might build the most sumptuous theatre, as Pompey, or feast the city, as Crassus.

But there was still a condition appended to the competition of riches, a condition most strongly indicative of the conservative character of the nation, or rather of the force exerted by the traditions of a people in moulding the sentiments and affections of aliens from their race, whom fortune has made inheritors of their name and place. So, these sons of Rome by adoption, however unworthy of the appellation in respect of intrinsic qualities, do appear to have had a fondness for consular or prætorian houses, which made them take bribes with a more genuine heartiness of conviction from the hand of an Antonius or a Cornelius, than from ignoble candidates, heirs neither to patrician nor plebeian nobility. Thus, though compelled, despite of all their haughtiness, to tender delicate flatteries to the parasitical client who lived upon his patron's daily dole, the nobles suffered no diminution of real consequence from the

democratical infusion which stained the purity of Sulla's aristocratical scheme. Still titles and the obsequious escort waited their acceptance at home, while titular LEGATIONS, created in their favour, made their progress through the provinces, for pleasure, or towards their distant domains, one continual memorial to themselves of their own dignity, and a pretext for indefinite spoliation of the subject, worse than the old royal prerogative of purveyance and pre-emption. Kings abroad in their proconsulships and proprætorships, they even enjoyed simultaneously the luxury of fame awarded at home by the seemingly free and uncontrolled voice of the people to the returned conqueror, or the triumphant orator.

All this was taken away, and for ever, by the battle which conferred the monopoly of sovereignty upon the head of the Julii. His adversaries might be excused for ignoring the fact, so manifest to us, that the administration of so many realms by a small oligarchy, which scarcely attempted to throw a decent veil over the glaring paradox, that the duties of the ruler and the subject are not relative, is in itself unnatural, and, of necessity, unstable and temporary. With all the traditions of the Republic, which had achieved such miraculous successes, ever before their minds, but with the difference between the state and constitution which had wrested freedom from the world, and that which had lost its own to one of its citizens, neglected or not understood, it was their misfortune — one, perhaps, necessitated by the very purity of their Roman descent—to be incapable of adapting themselves to the new circumstances, and of the effort to fashion them in turn. They preferred to lavish their wealth at banquets, and their intellects on the fashion of a robe, or the taste of a citron-wood table, or, if of nobler souls, on a captious opposition to their country's inevitable destiny, to devoting themselves energetically to make the monarchy they could not destroy legal and regular, and rescue the administration, by the surviving weight and authority of their names and lineage, from the tyranny of obscure freedmen, and the Oriental-like supremacy of a vizier. Yet, among them, were still some who, like our own Blake, found no excuse for dereliction of their duty to society, in the iniquity of the times, or the usurpation of princes. Emilius Lepidus served the state, though no lover of its constitution. Indeed that tyranny must be very extreme which can be pleaded as an apology for total inactivity, especially when the protest against the existing forms is unaccompanied by conduct which evinces fitness for any higher *régime*.

The simplicity of the earlier period, which many regretted, and some few, as Lucius Piso, endeavoured to emulate in their

own lives, explains the adherence of the most splendid geniuses of the age—Juvenal, Lucan, and Tacitus—to the anti-imperialist faction. The tales of antique heroism and rustic integrity engaged their interest, tales of a time when forms which were now but the pageants of a monarchy, possessed a literal significance. The co-existence of absolutism with the grossest immorality made them, as many precedents both in philosophy and history teach us will often happen, imagine some necessary bond of connexion between the two. They forgot the manners of the intervening age, and, stepping back in fancy from Tiberius and Caligula to the wars with Pyrrhus and Hannibal, believed the present and that past to be contradictories, one of which being taken away, the other must remain as its substitute. Lucullus's villa, and the buffooneries of Sulla's retirement, were passed over as merely accidental features of a generation which dwelt in free Rome. Much, also, at least in any explanation of the rancour of the great annalist against the sovereign whose chronicler he was, must be allowed for the partisanship which the grandeur, and almost independence, and consequent emulation of the different families encouraged. The historian attached to the Flavian house felt no pleasure in eulogizing the greatness of the Claudii, and even was inclined to aggrandize the merits of his patrons by dwelling on the foulness of the tyranny from which their elevation had delivered the nation.

Notwithstanding the complaints and self-bemoaning suggested by the whole tenor of its conduct, it does not appear that the fate of the order, its pristine independence being once forgotten, was an unenviable one. Their wealth alone assured its members a prominent position in the state; for the Roman nobles, with a few exceptions, as, for instance, the Hortensii, were no necessitous class, dependents on the imperial bounty. Their luxury could not exhaust sooner than the riches of the subject replenished their fortunes. The fairest provinces, and those most habituated to obedience, were set apart for distribution among the nobles, and the impoverished provincials in vain lamented the adherence of the home government to the old forms; and, maugre all the charms of republican titles, envied the condition of the lands ruled, without the fine show of constitutional names, by the deputed authority of the imperial procurators. So confessed was the greater weight of the proconsular rule, that the readiest expedient for relieving a territory oppressed by some sudden calamity was its transference to the emperor's jurisdiction. It was scarcely, however, their wealth which procured the heirs of noble families that high consideration which we find rendered to them by the prince himself. As the

head of one noble faction, the Julian house had gained its pre-eminence, and the confirmed bias of the Roman genius, whatever might be the name of the constitution, secured attention to the privileges of the order. The military *imperium* was the instrument of the sovereign's authority; but it was as *princeps senatus* that the individual possessed the title to employ that means for the execution of his edicts. The sultan of Turkey is an absolute monarch, but yet we are told that (whatever may be the case now) for him formerly to have disobeyed the slightest injunction of his religion, would have been virtually to have signed his own deposition. If there were any religion in the Roman empire, it was faith in the traditions of its history, and reverence for the names of the old houses. Deeds of violence might be perpetrated against some nobles; but, certainly, till the tyranny of Caligula, the dignity of the order was never violated. Itself pronounced judgment on its criminal members, and the traitor fell by the voice of his peers.

It is difficult to believe that the government was that of a pure, unmingled despotism, on considering the solemnity of the forms which the prince was compelled to go through before he could take vengeance on his enemies. If the hatred of Tiberius to the whole stock of the nobility were so genuine as historians would make us believe, the regularity and external legality of the procedure are still more surprising evidences of the greatness of the power he was attacking. In fact, the two sides were only too equally balanced for the quiet and happiness of the nation. The ancestral dignity and riches of the great families, on the one side, with the popular veneration which old reminiscences secured for them, were so vast, that their possessors could not well help perpetually contrasting the past with the present, and weighing the chances of restoration to full privileges. The long lines of *imagines* in their halls, the public statues of triumphal ancestors, and inscriptions on the temples, commemorative of their forefathers who had consecrated them, with the old forms still kept up, and the dangerous flatteries of obsequious clients, must have been sufficient guarantees for their non-acquiescence in the innovations on the constitution.

If they could not forget what they had been, neither could their sovereign. The master of five-and-twenty legions must have often blushed inwardly at being forced to address his obedient senate in terms of republican equality; and yet, the consciousness of the possession of so much brute force could not have shielded him from the thought that he had no secure title to his place and power, or from the suspicion that his courtiers felt it. The nation remembered too much. Could prince and people but once have forgotten that Rome had not always

endured the sovereignty of one man, without forgetting the deeds achieved in those earlier years, new life might have been infused into the worn-out system, and the empire equalled the republic in the maturity and freshness of its vigour. As it was, there was either a dishonest affectation of fidelity, or an equally affected surliness in the nobility; no vivid ebullitions of violence against the reigning family, or even conspiracies which went beyond dealings with fortune-tellers and consultations of the stars, but a constant *vis inertiae* of disaffection, betraying contempt for the constituted authority, and a sense of superiority to it, which made the monarch seek assurance of his title in the rude guarantee of absolute power, and embitter the dissatisfaction of his haughty enemies by seclusion from their society.

Even the means which seemed calculated to connect more closely the emperor and the nobility, the elevation of Tiberius, a Claudius, and, therefore, a member of one of the oldest houses, to the throne by adoption into the Julian family, after the marriage of his mother, Livia, to Augustus, himself only thus engrafted in the race, alienated them yet more completely. The predominance of the plebeian Octavii—for to them Augustus belonged by birth—might be regarded as something out of the course of nature, and which threw no shame on men with a better hereditary claim to dominion. The illustrious consular houses thought not of comparing themselves with the Octavii, or deeming the rise of one of them a sign that themselves were foiled. The prize he had gained was not one which could be considered as proposed for their competition. The new accession of grandeur to the Claudian *gens*, could not be viewed as something exceptional, as a strange deviation from propriety, a remedy demanded by evils which required some swift and violent specific. By no right of arms did Tiberius succeed, nor invited by the exigencies of a state of civil discord. There was peace at home and abroad, procured doubtless by the mild energy of Augustus, but not dependent, either for its commencement or its continuance, on the mediocre genius of his adopted son. His claim could be grounded only on hereditary right, and that not of the strongest. By the same title that men demanded a share in the succession to a private citizen, did he assume the dominion over the Roman world, issuing unchallenged his orders to the legions, while he mocked the senate with counterfeit self-disqualifyings. Of all the far-descended houses, the Claudian was the noblest and the proudest. It had always stood by itself, almost from the hour when Attus Clausus disowned his fatherland, because it rejected his warnings, and became a chief of the patricians. In all civil tumults, it had ever led, and never followed,—so consistent in haughty contempt of the feelings and

opinions of others, that the legend of each generation reads alike. Identified thus with the woes and triumphs of the aristocracy, so bitter in its hatred of popular rights as to awe and alienate the fiercest champions of its own party,—for the Claudian house to arrogate monarchical prerogatives, would be more irritating to the vanity and jealousy of its rivals in illustrious descent, than any elevation of families, which scarcely existed when these were competing for consulships and censorships.

We must take care, in any estimate of the sentiments of the nobility towards the emperors, to avoid confounding the elder and younger senatorial families. In real lustre, there could be little difference between those of patrician and those of plebeian lineage. The Sextii and Publilii, the Icili, Porcii, and Pompeii, might as well lay claim to rank with the Æmilii and Horatii, as English peers with Spanish grandees. The distinction is not between these, equally stereotyped as are their names in the history of their country, but between those of dignity as old as the state, and the growth of the servility or necessities of the Empire. The Senate was filled, in great part, with representatives of the latter; and it was to them, principally, that the duty fell of registering the Prince's decrees, and endorsing each more dexterous piece of flattery. Spite of all their reluctance of submission, the men of ancient rank swelled the train, and waited for the imperial huntsman to halloo them on to the prey; but their grandeur was not the result of their senatorial place, which lent rather than received honour from their attendance. Each of them was a party in the state by himself; and many appeared to yield tacit obedience to the existing government, on the terms of dwelling, like the Persian Otanes, independent as far as outward demonstrations of courtship went. The majority of senators owed their importance to that name and office. They were the creatures of the Emperor's will, and liable to be dispossessed at pleasure, not of the barren rank perhaps, but of all the actual influence and pre-eminence attaching to it. Like the peers of the Tādors' reigns, elevated to supply the vacancies which a bloody proscription and civil war had produced, they were hardly a free and separate element in the state. They were the sovereign's councillors, and, in some measure, his ministers, so that we should as vainly expect from them, as from Henry VIII.'s Upper House, the manifestation of integrity and moral courage which we have a right to anticipate from a modern assembly of the same declared functions.

Originally three hundred, till C. Gracchus, in his Tribune, added a popular element of three hundred knights, Julius Cæsar raised the number to one thousand in all, though Augustus again reduced it to six hundred. The defect in its consti-



tution under the Emperors was, that it attempted to unite the incompatible offices of a council of government and a legislative and judicial assembly. The duties were always liable to clash; their nomination by the Emperor, and obligation to advise him on all affairs of state, was perpetually interfering with and tarnishing the uprightness of their decisions as legislators and judges. Their oath of office bound them to use no flattery, but the acts of a sovereign's councillors, anxious for his personal safety, and the preservation of the prerogative in its full lustre, must always wear the appearance of adulation, if viewed as issuing from a body designed to represent the nation. Augustus somewhat diminished the danger, by the selection from among them of a Privy Council, or rather, perhaps, a Cabinet. The measure was as unconstitutional as the gradual establishment of a similar institution in England, under Charles I., and, more systematically, during his son's reign: but it appears to be the only means of rendering the union of real liberty and monarchy possible; and, in this belief, Augustus, who had a most perfect conception of the requirements and possibilities of the Empire, seems to have acted. With a numerous council, and no interior cabinet, the nation, possessed of an obstinately free temperament, must either suffer the penalties of anarchy, discord in its counsels, and a want of judgment and concert in the execution of its projects, or will find itself gliding almost unconsciously into passive subservience to the spirit and adroitness of a minister,—some man like Chatham, or, with less power of inspiring enthusiasm, and in more corrupt times, it may be, like Walpole, who has availed himself of the experience and self-distrust dearly bought by a succession of disasters, to lead their will and free judgment captive at his pleasure. In a constitution less well balanced, the executive power will reap permanent advantage, and the people encounter the risk of all the petty tyrannies of a long series of cardinals and spiritual directors.

Such a consequence really did ensue in the reign of Tiberius. He had no philosophical perceptions of the true nature of his position, no comprehension of tendencies, no provident care for the future welfare of his race or country. The Administrative Council, never actually recognised, soon fell into disuse; for it was unfortunately not the Emperor's disposition frankly to trust an instrument, when the selection must have been from among men, all of whom the alienation of their order had wrought in him to believe enemies. Thus, too, the Senate found contemporaneously its independent authority declining more and more, while the greater consolidation of the Empire, and the ever-active spirit of centralization, kept imposing on it new duties in mat-

ters of police and municipal discipline. As the Parliament of Paris, instituted for the purpose of assisting the king in his judicial capacity, at last asserted a right to refuse registering his *Ordonnances*, if contrary to law, ever tending upwards to an equality with our own legislature; so, conversely, did the ancient glories of the Roman Senate but serve finally, by a retrograde movement, to lend the semblance of national consent to the resolves of the imperial will.

The servility and submissiveness of that magnificent institution is a melancholy spectacle, when we contrast with its later days the period of its maturity. But the Empire is not to be blamed as the direct cause of the change. It was quite impossible, and opposed to the nature of things, that a body of 600, all rivals, and trained up amid the corrupting influences of popular contests, should have ruled their dominions with energy and consistency. While there were yet new lands to be conquered, and the impetus of victory still lasted, there might be conflicts between the *plebs* and *patres*; there might even be the extremest luxury and corruption in the rulers; but there was wide enough a sphere to satisfy the ambition, nay, the rapacity of all; and the instinct of self-preservation forced on the development of the constructive and systematising faculty in the Roman mind, contemporaneously with the destructive propensity of conquest. But, the huge edifice once completed, all the highest qualities of the national genius lost their usefulness. With the mightiest power of assimilating strange elements to itself, Rome always remained free from intermixture with aught foreign in essence. It could borrow with impunity the accidents of life, the fancy and the arts of Greece; but, beneath all these, the barbarian nature was at once discoverable. They were assumed, not because the man sympathised with the delicacy which had conceived them, but in right and as badges of his pre-eminence. Had the Republic endured even till the invasion of the Turkish hordes, the Roman Senate would have legislated for its distant provinces in the centralizing spirit and on the principle of the days of the Scipios. It might have traced broad roads through the wilds of Hungary, and astonished the half-naked aborigines with luxurious baths in the latitude of York. All the arts of peace might have flourished beyond the Elbe, and war been a forgotten name; but all would have been fruitless toil; for Rome, the grand leveller and civilizer, could never learn the lesson that all healthy development in an empire built up by conquest must be reciprocal, from the centre, and to the centre.

It was all very well for proconsuls and proprætors, with the insolence of a foreign and higher caste, to lord it over the

provinces, spurning their prejudices and local customs so long as the people was merely a conquered race, and their rulers the leaders of a victorious army. But when the age of conquest was over, it could not be that nations would endure so exceptional a condition as that of mere subjects dependent for protection against tyranny on the grace of the capital, unless in so base a condition as to have lost all sense of the obligation imposed on them to act as a nation; in which case they could not have withstood for a single generation the incursions of the Parthians on the one side, or the Germans on the other. All their protection must have come, as actually was the case under the Empire, from Rome; and no aristocracy, much less the oligarchy, which had sway from the days of Sulla, could have mustered sufficient unity and energy of counsel to have furnished adequate succours. Happily for the world, the scheme of the Venetian oligarchy, with its mysterious organization, can never be exhibited on a large scale. The common sense of nations revolts from the national independence which necessitates individual slavery. The sole remaining hope of vitality consisted in the establishment of that constitution which, however carped at and detested, was yet felt to be the only one on which the tottering fabric could stand. The concentration of the military force under one irresponsible chief was needed to secure, not the obedience of the provinces, but their protection against bolder enemies. The state of pupillage in which Rome kept all her subjects guaranteed her against insurrections; but, at the same time, made each territorial acquisition a new burden on the already-exhausted resources. An empire loosely compacted out of subjugated kingdoms, with no bond of union but common political slavery, is no stronger than the weakest link in the chain of its dominions. As its active force is gathered up entirely into one centre, any one defeat is a measure of its real weakness. Mere vastness and extent may long preserve it from total destruction, but a single overthrow is a fatal sign of its eventual destiny.

If that aspect of things when an empire is in a perpetual state of siege, be a criterion of the existence of such a constitution, the government under the Cæsars may well be styled a military despotism. Nevertheless, omitting the consideration of the constitution under succeeding princes, the direct influence of military power over the internal policy during the reigns of Julius, Augustus, and Tiberius, would scarcely appear sufficient to justify such a denomination. It must be remembered, that soldiers in ancient times served in the place of our police force, and that the general order and tranquillity maintained throughout the Roman territories were admirable in an age of

licence and unruliness. But it is almost superfluous attempting to apologise for the warlike demonstrations in the provinces. The state of the neighbouring kingdoms perfectly well accounts for the local disposition of the legions. In Rome itself, the sole seat of government, and depository of even nominal liberty, and by whose coercion by the soldiery, the legitimacy of the phrase 'military despotism' must be in effect determined, we do not discover any of the features of such a condition of things. Any comparison of ancient and modern states is necessarily often delusive. Important links in the two series of facts are perpetually escaping our attention, either from ignorance in the one case, or the heedlessness of too complete habituation in the other. Yet, the scarce observed presence of large bodies of troops in every capital of modern Europe, furnishes some sort of presumptive evidence, that a camp of nine cohorts, outside the metropolis, may be no such sure token of military domination, as an array of the same force would have been in the petty city-states of antiquity. The admixture of foreigners certainly affords ground for suspicions of the ulterior intentions of the princes who incorporated these guards; but the equivocal purity of all Italian and Roman blood, when all men were emulous of a residence near the fountain of all offices and dignities; the inadequacy of one land, itself given up chiefly to the desolation of huge pasture lands, to supply the garrisons to the whole world, which the nature of its sway demanded; and, yet more, the speed with which foreigners were infected with the Roman tone of feeling, debased as it was at this period, render this circumstance of less importance. The strongest proof how overrated, at least in the earlier reigns, has been the importance of the military element in the government, is the carelessness betrayed by the anti-Imperialist historians of so fruitful a theme for animadversion. Our own Parliamentary effusions, for the next century succeeding the Restoration, on the subject of standing armies, evince how obvious a topic they afford to cotemporary opposition. Yet the *Annals of Tacitus*, the most dexterous disclaimer against the monarchy, afford very slight indications that the Imperial power was supposed by any party to rest upon the support of mercenaries, or that the military arm in the provinces was deemed rather an upholder of the prerogative of the sovereign, than the safety of the state. The collection of the prætorian guards into one camp is imputed to Sejanus, whose plan it primarily was, as an evidence of aspirations after the supreme power; and his flatteries of these troops excited Tiberius' liveliest apprehensions. It would surely be unjust, then, to denominate the prince a military dictator, because the

seeds latent in his realm of a force whence such an abortion might subsequently spring, had been carefully fostered by conspirators against his dignity. In his fears of the result of this deeply-laid plot, he had squadrons ready equipped to waft him to the legions of Syria; but, that recourse had by a threatened administration to its paid troops should be allowed as an argument of its intention to rule by military power, would compel us to comprehend so numerous a list under that heading as to make the name no reproach. It is the habitual employment, whether directly or indirectly, of such an instrument to enforce obedience otherwise not rendered to its decrees, which ranks a rule as military. The perilous mutiny of the legions of Germany quelled by Germanicus, though it proves the disturbed state of the frontier, which necessitated such elaborate preparations, and infused a feeling of self-importance in the breasts of the soldiery, is so far from showing (any more than the discontents at nonpayment of their arrears throughout the armies of Charles the Fifth's extended dominions) that they had at their disposal the gift of the empire, that the suppression of the revolt, without the use of any counter force but that of the authority of the home government, is a weighty testimony to the proposition that as yet its soldiers were an integral part of Rome, and though, like the armed *plebs* in the days of the *secessions* challenging a right to a voice in public measures, confessedly bound by the conclusion of the majority. Rome was essentially a military power, a very den of wolves ever ravening for their prey, as the Samnite leader in the social war indignantly termed it; but the effects of its military despotism were experienced rather by foreigners (the provinces were for the most part in too apathetic a condition to need coercion by actual force) than by itself. It was reserved for a later period, when long years of one continued proscription had swept away the old houses and their traditions, for the master of the Roman world to include the fountain-head of his dominion in the same category with the rest of his territories. That time was not come yet, no not even at the death of Tiberius.

Perhaps the affections of the capital—for it is to its disposition that the observations of Tacitus and Suetonius are confined—were not the more conciliated by the semblance of republican equality maintained prior to the death of Sejanus. It was not a tyranny, but as perfect obedience was exacted and paid as under a tyranny. The contrast between the forms and the reality galled men. Certain, however, it is, that this prince had succeeded in amassing a plentiful store of unpopularity without any very apparent cause. Great cities are usually of democratical sentiments. Any restraint on the free assertion

of opinions, or espionage on the conduct, presses upon them the more severely for the temptation afforded by the concourse of men of various orders of minds to indulge in political discourse. Trade itself, the main occupation of large towns, requires greater freedom, as compared with the routine pursuits of agriculture, than an absolute government usually considers it politic to allow; and the moral weight of numbers excites a certain kind of self-confidence and inclination to assert independence. The composition of the population of Rome increased this disposition. Either great nobles, their dependants, or a sordid rabble which claimed almost a monopoly of the name of 'Romans,' with, severally, a haughty disdain of a dignity unknown to their ancestors, the counter-partisanship which makes retainers feel themselves aggrandized in the contempt shown by their lords for the sovereign, and the miserable pride of a populace which took the State-dole in right of their heritage of the Roman name;—where could have been found fitter *matériel* for the workmanship of faction and the reciprocated suspicions of a jealous emperor?

There could not have been a prince of a character less adapted to deal with these elements, and mould them into dutiful submission to the new order (if, indeed, that rabble, *plebs* and licentious nobility were still to be regarded as the essence of the *Nomen Romanum* which had spread its fame throughout the world), than the successor of Augustus. There were three courses open to him. He might have put himself at the head of the nobility, as a Claudius had a right to do, not dissociating himself from them, but letting himself be accounted as the first gentleman in his dominions, sharing freely in all their pleasures, and using the advantages of his position to constitute himself the arbiter of fashion and head of a brilliant court; or, he might have frowned upon their vices and disdained their flatteries, putting aside the old traditions of the Republic, and legislating boldly for the whole empire, maintaining himself through the favour of the provinces, and gathering round his person and place the wisest and most influential advisers; or, lastly, if the world were not yet prepared for so complete a reversal of the ancient policy as such a career would imply, it was in his power, as Caligula and Nero tested, while still adhering to the principle of centralization, so deeply rooted in the national sentiments, to keep under and annihilate the great men, by courting the rabble with shows and largesses, and to coerce the latter in their turn by the agency of military power.

Tiberius could not conceive any such bold line of conduct, or, if conceived, carry it out. His character has been painted in the glowing colours of hatred by the hand of a master greater

even than Clarendon. The features are not summed up and opposed in any continuous description, but the entire history is penetrated with a feeling of the marvellous conception. Every word employed in narrating the simplest act of his administration, the *contour* of the sentence, and the arrangement of the antitheses, is a vivid commentary on, and philosophical analysis of, the motives which induced the course of conduct, and the ingrained malignity of the soul which devised it. The constraint, and, at the same time, hurry of the curt, brief sentences, striving to express more than language can, seem to suggest (for the author aspired to do no more) the horror and detestation of a mind unable or almost afraid to express its full sentiments. The sullen, vindictive tyrant, whose very acts of justice were morally murders, from the love of destruction (thinly veiled under a hypocritical and counterfeit affectation of clemency) which exulted in the obligation to perform them, breathes in every line. At once suspicious, and in awe of the whole human race; a melancholy desperado, but afraid of death; anticipating the same morbid selfishness and cupidity after power from every member of his court and family, without discrimination, which had engrossed his own affections; jubilant at the death of his adopted son, whom he believed a real rival, and apathetic respecting that of his own, whom his fears painted as a possible one; a foul debauchee in the mysterious solitude of his palace, but a prudish cynic towards the vices of others; without love for man or reverence for Heaven in his heart,—a universal and undoubting misanthropy, which supplied the place of subtlety with the wariness which represented all men as liars, still did not enfranchise him from a mad and old-womanly superstition, or assure his vigilance against being lulled to sleep by the base adulations of a Sejanus.

The picture has a dramatic interest incompatible with the portraiture of a mere mediocrity. Tiberius is delineated as no ordinary usurper, compensating for the defect in his title and his felt incapacity as an administrator, by indiscriminate cruelty. There was method in the Emperor's madness; a systematic barbarity, which flowed, not from his opinion of the accidental exigencies of the times, but from a radical depravity of heart and mind. He had no eye for the good and great qualities of humanity, and no comprehension of the possibility of ruling mankind by the agency of their affections. But, looking at him as a tyrant, there was an element of grandeur in his character, the very heroism of wickedness, which redeems the portrait from the interest and insignificance of ordinary flagitiousness. Not a politician who could extemporise a *coup d'état*, yet his restless and anxious judgment did not

prevent his conceiving and abiding by one settled course; and, without hope of consummating it in his own day, initiating the policy of his successors. Those embarrassed sentences, whence the Senate was forced painfully to guess their sovereign's resolves, were no index to the character for firmness and consistency of the design, the track of which they served to conceal. He was not a warrior or a statesman, like Cromwell, but, like him, the incoherence of his oratory was assumed, to hide the pertinacity and rigidity of his decision. His models and exemplars in Roman legend must have been the 'proud' King Tarquin, and the reproach of the Claudian house, the decemvir Appius, the Lord Angelo of Rome; and, like the former, the keystone and aim of his policy was the annihilation of the loftiest stocks of Roman nobility, without, in his anxiety for such a consummation, substituting popular violence for the disdainful haughtiness of an aristocracy.

With such a conception of the sovereign's character, it is not hard to predict how the historian would interpret every act of his administration. The death of every one who might have endangered the peace of the imperial government, any misfortune which could indirectly advance his projects, is imputed, in all the sincerity of conviction, to the prince; as though popular rumour, or even his probable wishes, were sufficient ground for the most terrible accusations. Examples of such a spirit are perpetually occurring. Fabius Maximus had been a witness, perhaps, of the reconciliation of Agrippa Postumus, a half-witted, brutish youth, *stolidus ac præferox*, to his grandfather, Augustus. The interview might well excite the fears of Livia and of Tiberius, related to the emperor by adoption only; but it is surely too much to impute the subsequent death of Augustus and Maximus to the vengeance and jealousy of the former's wife and son. The revolutions in Armenia and Parthia were viewed, according to the annalist, with pleasure by Tiberius, as an opportunity for withdrawing Germanicus from the legions of Germany, which adored him; and the useless waste of strength in the wars conducted by him beyond the Elbe altogether disregarded, through as probable an explanation. Domestic jealousy is represented, at once, as the cause of the withdrawal from the provinces of the same general, the idol of the soldiers, and of the invention of pretexts for dismissing him from Rome, where he must have been entirely under the court's supervision, with powers, civil and military, the most ample over the East. The emperor's apparent unconcern at his death is wrested into an evidence of his joy; and the more charitable theory suggested by the general reserve of an undemonstrative temperament, which the untimely death of his own son did not disturb, quietly passed over. A



natural emotion of exultation at the circumstance of twins being born to Drusus is carped at, and the seeming concord in which he had lived with his mother explained, on the supposition that it was thought more decorous to *conceal* the bickerings which the previous conception of the character made it necessary for the writer to anticipate must have arisen between the prince and any human being.

Yet, in the midst of the frequent imputations of murder and misanthropy, there are continually peeping out indications of a policy the most antagonistic to the ordinary phases of such a disposition. Tacitus acknowledges that, before his accession to supreme power, he had gained the goodwill of men by the excellence of his private life; forgetting that, following out his own preconception, he had previously assigned the practice of the grossest licentiousness as the true reason of the privacy in which he lived at Rhodes. To obviate the objection, that the proof of the crimes laid to his charge, during the first years of his reign, rests merely on the unsubstantial fabric of popular report, we are told that he was a trained hypocrite who showed his cunning in assuming the outward semblance of virtue, while Germanicus and Drusus lived to reap the fruits of his unpopularity. For the sake of a nice graduation in the evolving of the catastrophe, to his mother's influence are attributed the relics of good government; and to fear of Sejanus' ultimate projects, the veil thrown over his debaucheries, when he had lost all anxiety to conceal the brutality of a savage temper. And then at last, in the fifth and closing act, we are suffered to behold the strange spectacle of the worn-out tyrant stripping off the thin cloak of shame, clutching desperately at life, and striving in vain to rekindle the embers of emotion by all the appliances of superstition, cruelty, and lust. Common opinion, which is the guarantee for the murder of Agrippina, the suicide, is also the chief evidence to the profligacy of the Palace and Capreae. The idea of a morbid temperament which could despise pleasures, and disdain popular applause, was something inconceivable to the sensuous Italians. A contempt for the amusements and vices, of which all might be cognizant, the banquets of an Apicius, and the gay allurements of a Baiae, must, it seemed to them, be but a shallow disguise of a deeper thirst for darker and more foul delights. Again, in the same spirit with the Jacobites of William III.'s reign, they interpreted the natural reserve, the *tædium cœtus*, which shunned the pomp and plaudits of popular spectacles, as a proof of the unhealthy isolation of soul which avoided because it abhorred mankind, and saw in every one who approached a rebel and assassin.

Tacitus himself furnishes materials out of which might be

constructed a very different view. From his pages might be gathered the lineaments of a disposition patient and indefatigable in business; averse to the familiarity of nobles, who passed their lives in open and notorious debauchery, and the flatteries of a rabble of petty placemen, or would-be placemen, and parasites, the world's dregs; conscious of, and disgusted at, the rude debasement of morals, but sagacious enough to perceive that, not the rude compulsion of sumptuary laws, but the example of a higher rule of life, must be looked to as the remedy; sufficiently self-sustained to despise the glory of victories, which could only exhaust the real strength of the nation, but a prince who never retreated a step from the lofty assumptions of Rome, or relinquished a mile of territory; confessedly anxious to seek out and retain the services of real patriots, men who could, and were willing to do their duty, whatever their birth, not those of comprehensive genius, perhaps, but, as was the policy of our own Queen Elizabeth, minds of steady poise and certain calibre, yet eager to recognise merit in the heirs of the glories of old Rome—never, when they were once chosen, apt to search out occasion for disavowing his election, though prompt in punishing the violation of the subject's privileges; fulfilling religiously his part of the contract between people and sovereign, tempering justice with mercy in the avenging of crimes; not affecting popularity by the dedication of temples, or the solemnization of games, though, with unostentatious munificence, repairing the calamities of fire and earthquakes; even disdaining, while he longed for posthumous fame, the gratitude, or adulation, which vied in rearing temples in his honour, as the third Genius and tutelary heir of the empire; lastly, postponing the natural love for his own born grandson, to the necessity of bequeathing the charge of the world to years more mature; only to be blamed for the parsimony of nature, which had denied him a more original genius, the graces of an affable demeanour, greater faith in the mass of mankind, and a less implicit trust in the discernment which commended to his confidence men like Sejanus and Macro;—such is the monarch, as represented by his actions and allowed to have been in outward semblance, whom the great historian, on the faint testimony of rumours handed down from the preceding generation, the calumnies of slaves, and the libels preserved in the records of the courts of justice, where they had been rightly punished, was branded to all future ages as the most systematic hypocrite whom the world has ever beheld.

We do not suppose that the above portrait will be considered to approach more nearly to the original than that drawn by Tacitus; at least, it has in its favour the testimony of the historian himself to the details. The difference between them consists mainly in the dissimilarity of the arrangement, and the

deductions from and commentary on the facts. Mr. Merivale seems to have succeeded very remarkably in interpreting the spirit of the emperor's administration by the light of his acts:—

‘It was not in vain that Augustus had cherished among his subjects the remnant of religious feeling; he was rewarded by becoming himself the centre of their idolatry, and imparting a ray of his own adorable godhead to the heir of his name and titles. But with the fortunes of Augustus, Tiberius did not inherit that generous reliance on his personal merits, which nerved the arm of his great predecessor, and imbued him with so lofty a sense of his political mission. Though a man undoubtedly of no mean ability, both administrative and military, he seems to have been wanting in the higher quality of genius, which seizes, makes its opportunities, and floats proudly on the crest of the swelling waves of a national inspiration. Of this he was himself painfully sensible; and it was the consciousness that he could neither kindle the imagination of the soldiers, like Julius, nor of the citizens, like Octavius, which made him feel less secure of their obedience than he really was. He had suffered, indeed, though mainly through his own perverseness, a fall from power which rendered him keenly alive to the precariousness of his elevation, and to the dangers which attend upon infirmities of temper in the great. The secret of his predecessor's success had lain, as he was perhaps aware, in the perfect equilibrium of his temper and his abilities, in the combination of genius with self-command; his own conscious deficiency in this important particular chilled him as an omen of ultimate failure, as it had already been the cause of his temporary disgrace. Tiberius reigned in the constant apprehension of the crash which he expected to overwhelm him; a sword, like that of Damocles, seemed ever suspended over him, and he scanned with angry perturbation the countenances of all who entered his presence, to discover whether they, too, saw the fatal spectre which was never absent from his own imagination.’—Vol. v., p. 3.

It was, indeed, the radical defect of Tiberius' government, that, though endued with undoubted capacity, he was possessed of no genius, that comprehensive power of taking in at a glance all the bearings of a novel situation, and adapting policy to circumstances. We may well doubt whether the constitution could have been so modelled in any way as to conciliate the affections of the nobles and citizens of the metropolis. But there are no signs that the emperor had conceived the plan of a new system, which should take the place of the old. In his reign, the different provinces first became consolidated into an empire, and were no longer looked upon as territories to be occupied by an armed force. The transference of the right of election to *curule* offices, (passed over by Tacitus in a sentence or two), from the people to the senate, a body appointed by the ruler of the whole Roman world, and, in effect, no longer representing especially the citizens of Rome, indicates the change, and was, so far, a tendency in the right direction. Complaints were heard by a competent tribunal, not merely municipal, and decided upon with justice; and, in the imperial governments, the procurators were nominated and removable directly by the prince. The beneficial nature of this state of

things appears to have been fully appreciated abroad. While the capital was full of secret murmurs, Philo Judæus and Josephus assure us that the provinces were in a condition of the highest prosperity and contentment; nor was the road barred to the advancement of their inhabitants to the honours of the central government. It was of the essence of the constitution, which was still, in all important points, adhered to, that all dignities and emolument were to be sought at Rome. There, however, genuine Romans had no close monopoly of official employment. Even the senate, and, though more rarely, the highest magistracies were the prize of distinguished talents, or, as detractors declared, of refined flattery.

Nevertheless, in the empire, as so compacted, there was no principle of life and health, which could penetrate and infuse unity into the whole mass. Sovereign and subject knew their relative duties of protection and obedience, which were indifferently well performed on either side; but the total want of any representative scheme made that one vast range of dominion an inert pile, which kept together only by its bulk and weight. A single nation may continue to flourish with unabated vigour under a pure despotism, for the force of public opinion will be still more or less felt and obeyed by the sovereign; almost unconsciously, he will be formed by the surrounding influences; and, while the people appear but to register his absolute decrees, it will be obeying what it has in effect already dictated. It is seldom, indeed, that a dominion of positive force, which that must be in which the acts of the government do not reflect the national spirit, can endure beyond a generation, without completely debasing the public tone. So it was with the Roman sway: never has a nationality grown up with a greater power of impressing itself on subsequent ages: in the sternness of its foreign policy, and independence of external influences, we see the spirit of the republic revived in the empire. The prince partook of the same sentiments with the conquering caste, the citizens of the capital, who called themselves Romans; and, whatever his temperament or abilities, never legislated for the provinces as though they had a right to his protection, but always doled it out as a matter of mere grace. His rule extended over too wide an area, occupied by so many different races, and these never identified, by the gradual working of equal laws and a representative scheme, with the conquerors, to compel him to learn to sympathise and think with them. The monarch still remained as completely and exclusively prince of Rome, as a Tartar Khan in his native horde. Had the subjugated countries possessed, previously to their reduction, liberty, they might, when the impetus of the victorious eagles had died away, have shaken off the thralldom. But the ready spoil of

every succeeding gust of conquest, the satrapies of Asia, and the anarchical tribes of Gaul, had no stamina to retain their nationality against that mighty force whose destiny it was to break down all boundaries and lines of separation which might impede the progress of the new spirit soon to regenerate the world.

The empire, with its existing constitution, had no vitality in it. It only awaited a sufficiently prolonged series of risings of the same character with those which Germanicus quelled, and a few men like Arminius, to totter and fall. But if Tiberius was not able to reorganize the mass, neither did he anything to accelerate its dissolution. His vigilant administration at least searched out and repaired the flaws which every age now produced, although he did not comprehend that the whole world needed revivifying. It is doubtful how far the following remarks of Mr. Merivale, on the policy of withdrawing Germanicus from his career of successful skirmishes in the north of Germany, hold true :—

‘The conquests, indeed, of Germanicus had been merely visionary; the language of the historian Tacitus is equally extravagant, both in vaunting his triumphs, and in blazoning his disasters; and the almost total silence of Dion, a far more sober authority, upon the exploits of the youthful hero, stamps his campaigns with merited insignificance. Nevertheless, there seems no reason to doubt that the discipline of the legions, and the conduct of their officers, even without the mighty genius of a Sulla or a Cæsar at their head, must have gradually broken down the resistance of the northern freemen, and that but little more of toil and patience was wanting to make the Elbe the permanent frontier of the conquests of Italy. This accession of territory would have materially abridged the long line of national defences, and the garrisons of the Elbe and Danube might have afforded each other mutual support in the peril of a barbarian invasion. It is not impossible that the result of one or two more campaigns at this critical moment might have delayed, for a hundred years, the eventual overthrow of the Roman empire.’—Vol. v., p. 52.

However this might be, Tiberius may be excused for not understanding that the diminution in the extent of the frontier, to be defended by a future age, would be cheaply purchased at a cost of a certain waste of much military force, in the reduction, to the form of a province, of those savage districts, which tasked the utmost strength of Charlemagne’s fresh and vigorous sceptre. His policy was conservative, and generally rightly so, as far as regarded rash plans of territorial encroachment, but proved insufficient to stay the gradual decline, from an excessive caution, or rather want of capacity to feel his position and the circumstances of his dominions.

Absence of commanding genius in the master of the Roman world is regarded as a crime, or the third emperor might have come down to posterity as a provident and benevolent sovereign. As it is, he has been represented, by turns, as an incapable and cowardly idiot, and as another Louis XI. But the crafty

founder of the absolute monarchy of old France was a man who outstripped his age, while the Roman failed in conciliating the affections of his people by a too servile waiting upon the present. Alike in their addiction to a miserable superstition, to which a general distrust of the good faith of mankind drove them, in their aversion to the old nobility, and encouragement of the rising importance of the middle classes; yet the resemblance, in mind and disposition, is more apparent than actual. In his consultations of the stars respecting the fortunes of himself and courtiers, the emperor was led on by a morbid curiosity; but Louis believed that, in his knowledge of the secrets of the heavens, he possessed a key to the mysteries of human undertakings, and that, by the vow of silver lamps and shrines to his tutelary saints, he could cheat the Deity, and purchase cheaply, by a share of the spoil, forgiveness for the rapacity which had seized it. All with him was a process of calculation: he never acted but for a purpose. So too, in his regular and continuous persecution of the feudal nobility, he had one end in view; the enfranchisement of the crown of France, and the consequent concentration of the whole power of the kingdom. The prosperity of the commercial and middle ranks was both a means to and a consequence of this; and, as such, he promoted it with vigour and success. All that hostile writers have endeavoured to demonstrate Tiberius, Louis of France was; in short, the ideal and impersonation of selfishness. The Cæsar, with a far lower order of mind, and far less acute perceptions, excelled his imitator in the goodness of his intentions. He listened to the beguiling inventions of astrologers, but in defiance of no higher light; for there was then no religion or idea of a Providence in Rome. He feared the discontents and regrets of the nobles; but no good evidence can be brought that he ever laid plots against their honour, or snares and allurements to draw them into rebellion. The provinces were well administered, and the worthiest governors chosen out of all ranks; but he did not seek in the wealth of the commercial classes only a counterpoise to the weight of the superior, or raise the lowest of the people to a level with the ancient families, to mortify the pride of the latter and their estimation in the eyes of the nation, or to secure unscrupulous instruments for every crime. It is strange how many features may be identical in two characters, yet the men most dissimilar. We can rarely discover any with more conspicuous lines of likeness,—superstition; aversion to an aristocracy, yet liberal administration of the other ranks in the state: even a love of privacy and retirement, and contempt for popularity; and yet all these resembling traits issued from no residuum of resemblance in their original organization,—for the morbid temperament of Tiberius was the gift of nature, but

that of the French king the direct product of a life of perpetual cunning, and the well-earned consciousness of all men's hatred.

It is strange that the ingenuity of early Christian writers has erected on the historical basis of the emperor's superstition, a hypothesis of his half-concealed belief in the novel doctrines which had scarce yet become an element in the world's moving principles. There is nothing self-contradictory in the opinion that the startling story of Christ's miracles and cruel death may have penetrated into the sanctuary of Cæsar's palace, as it did in the reigns of Claudius and Nero, and been listened to by the prince himself, rousing in him the indignation of a ruler dishonoured by his deputy, or even exciting a passing sentiment of awe, as in the breast of Pontius Pilate. If the sceptical Athenians were dissatisfied in the midst of their hundreds of deities, and built an altar to 'the Unknown God,' whose attributes they could not conceive, though they felt that what they ascribed to their gods could not be divine, well might the gloomy mind of Tiberius, with its perfect distrust of men, and restless recourse to the chance guesses of soothsayers, lend a momentary credence to the history of a Jew. There is even nothing grossly improbable in the fact of the half-doubting belief, which the fears of popular bigotry would naturally prompt him to conceal, being kept from his subjects' knowledge till the growing power of Christianity allowed the publication of the tradition, preserved till then in the little community, or, if guessed at all, being perverted into a corroboration of the dark mysteries of Capreæ. But that his suspicious temperament should comprehend the abstract purity and singleness of the system; that the persecutor, indiscriminately, of everything novel and foreign, of the Great Teacher's countrymen and the priests of Isis, should propose to his Senate the introduction of new rites,<sup>1</sup> and, stranger still, propose in vain, is a theory which a cloud of original witnesses could hardly guarantee. How feeble, then, must the authority of such a story be deemed, when no pagan of cotemporaneous testimony to its truth can be alleged! Is it to be supposed that the conservative Tacitus would have omitted the obvious occasion for invectives against the detested sovereign, had he discovered in the records of the Senate so audacious an attempt to contaminate the state religion itself? Such a view is devoid of common plausibility. Though the historian had himself related the tale, we should have been bound to accept it with extreme doubt. A

<sup>1</sup> *Pilato de Christianorum dogmate ad Tiberium referente, Tiberius retulit ad Senatum ut inter cætera sacra reciperentur: verum, cum ex consultu patrum Christianos eliminari urbe placuisset, Tiberius per edictum accusatoribus Christianorum comminatus est mortem; scribit Tertullianus in Apologetico. (Ann. Dom. 88.)—Eusebii Cæsar. Chronicon. Hieronymo Interprete.*

desire to innovate in religion forms so favourite a charge with hostile chroniclers, and the bias of this writer is so pronounced against his chief character, that there is little doubt the faintest symptoms in administration of clemency to the new religion, would have furnished endless matter for attack.

Even the excessive encouragement of informers, and the fatal extension of the significance of the crime *majestas*, must not be regarded as direct and irrefragable evidence of the tyrannical sway of Tiberius. There is such a rank luxuriance of vegetation in the whole race of state prosecutors and spies, so foul a propensity in human nature to subserve to the sovereign power, whether a *demus* or a despot, and to insult the declining fortunes of the great, that the spontaneous detestation which attends upon their trade who do the duties of patriots for hire, is but a necessary protection afforded by nature to defenceless dignity. The next, and all following ages, have stigmatised with infamy the court policy of this reign. But we are not to suppose that it was viewed with the same horror in its own day as in after years. Mr. Merivale has surely been drawing upon his own imagination when he observes that the *delatores* were popular with the *plebs*, who looked upon them as a sort of tribunes against the great; but yet we have no reason to suppose that the profession was dishonourable, or one which at once connoted a disregard of all the obligations of honesty. The position of the emperors was an unhappy one. With the whole weight of government upon them, and all the shafts of odium and calumny directed against their persons, the conservatism of public opinion forbade their openly asserting sovereignty and avenging the disavowal of it. Positive and actual despots, yet the sentiment of the nation compelled them to commit the chastisement of their own injuries to their subjects, and to put up to auction the contract for the prosecution of manifest high treason. With this obligation of hypocrisy, which deceived no one, imposed on the prince, concurred the national taste for parades of eloquence, and even the bare semblance of political freedom and equality.

‘The Romans, it will be observed, were not a people of readers; the invention of printing would have been thrown away upon them, or rather, had they had a strong appetency for reading, they would have undoubtedly discovered the means (on the verge of which they arrived from more sides than one) of abridging the labour of copying, and diminishing the cost of books. But to hear recitation, with its kindred accompaniment of action, of which they were earnest and critical admirers, was to them a genuine delight. Nor were they content with being merely hearers. With the buoyant spirits and healthy enjoyment of children, the Romans seem to have derived pleasure akin to that of children, from the free exercise of their voice and lungs. If the Greeks were great talkers, the Romans were eminently a nation of speakers. Their earliest education was directed to conning and repeating old saws and legends; such as the laws of the



twelve tables, the national ballads and histories; and from their tender years, they were trained to the practice of debate and declamation. Rhetoric was taught them by regular rules, and reduced indeed to so formal a system, that children of twelve years, or even under, could come forward and deliver set harangues on the most solemn of public occasions. Julius Cæsar pronounced the funeral oration of his aunt in his twelfth year; nor was Augustus older when he performed a similar feat. But in fact such *lours de force* were merely school exercises; the form, the turns of thought, the cadences, everything but the actual words, were modelled to a pattern, allowing neither opportunity for genius, nor risk of failure. Under the free state, these scholastic proflusions were soon exchanged for the genuine warfare of the forum or the tribunals. The ever-varying demands of these mighty arenas on the talents and resources of the noble Roman, required incessant study, and compelled the orator to devote every leisure hour to the toils of practice and preparation.'—Vol. iv., pp. 561, 562.

Augustus, it is true, 'pacified eloquence along with all things else;' but it was the eloquence of the forum, those impassioned declamations which appealed to the universal sense of Rome, and made the 'select jurors' representatives of the entire nation. In the Senate, with its allowed judicial functions and occasional glimpses of political prerogative, ample scope existed for the display of oratorical powers. Though the harangues were not delivered in the presence of an excited *corona* of hearers, and the stream of invective stimulated by their signs of approval and sympathy, doubtless, reports of the debates circulated far and wide, and spread the fame of the speaker through the Roman world. But the majority of discussions had a more special object, viz. the conciliating the favour of the high judge and sovereign who sat among them. The surest clue to his grace was the advocacy of measures favourable to his government, under pretence of patriotism. Yet, however adulation might have prompted the part and even many of the charges, we must not, therefore, conclude that the accused commonly fell guiltless. It would be a great error to infer the innocence of the Earl of Essex from the faithlessness of Bacon. Before a constitution is settled and well understood, there is always a tendency to claim justice on individual and personal considerations. The idea of abstract right, or the unity of the nation, is too metaphysical a notion to prevail in such times. The sentence must be demanded by an individual, and the man who feels aggrieved has to require satisfaction. A like tendency is evinced by the latitude sought for the title 'high treason,' in the times of the Tudors and Stuarts, as in Rome for the analogous *majestas*, which was, according to Tacitus, *complementum omnium accusationum*. A charge of extortion against a proconsul was not considered complete, unless the prosecutor appended *majestas*; as Chief Justice Thorpe was hung for treason (though the fact is controverted) on the ground of having alienated, through his perversion of law, the

affections of the subject from the king. Even adultery in ladies related to the imperial family was prosecuted as traitorous, on the same theory, viz. the injury done to the prince's authority by the profligacy of the members of his house. Doubtless many acts of most palpable injustice and tyranny were perpetrated in the reign of Tiberius. Indeed, when all the slight relics of his confidence in mankind had been rudely dispersed by the discovery of Sejanus' treachery, he seems to have turned upon the whole nation, like a wild beast at bay, and to have studied no more the arts of government, but of self-defence. But we ourselves, and all nations, have had, within the period of modern history, too many precedents for the misery to the innocent which generally follows upon the detection of the guilt of a few, to judge with excessive harshness the poor, friendless old man, because he no longer exerted sufficient control, as he confessedly did at an earlier time, over the mad fury of the highest body in the nation, which itself took into its own hands the task of vengeance. Even then, the instances of harshness and lenity are not unequally balanced, and the convicted perjuries of informers punished with exile or death. That not a single victim should fall after a plot the ramifications of which had intersected the very foundations of the empire, would have been strange indeed; nay, such clemency might have been plausibly impugned as false mercy, and a premium on the wild and dangerous projects of revolutionary conspirators. Tacitus could not comprehend how usurpation, such as he thought Tiberius' administration, could confer any of the rights of sovereignty. Every vindication of offended majesty he regarded as a fresh insult to the indefeasible liberties of Rome, and the very punishments of the accomplices of the detested minister carried no feeling of gratification to his heart, when demanded by (in his estimation) the equally guilty master.

Yet it is curious, with all the republican or aristocratic partisanship in the historian, to note how the national sentiment had been gradually growing into a feeling of loyalty towards the Julian house, and learning to recognise a certain sort of 'divine right' in its members. The family of Germanicus were the centre of this feeling, and their harsh treatment by the head of the house mourned over by Tacitus as treason to the Roman people. The love and fervour of admiration which, in the midst of the triumph, found time to lament the sad destiny of all the hopes of Rome, is the one beautiful thing in the history of the period. It adds pathos to the dreary list of suspicions and state-trials, and intertwines the dramatic interest of a plot amongst the monotonous signs of the sinking fortunes of the empire. How much of the national affection and regrets was

sincere, and how much the birth of the writer's imagination, we cannot tell now. Charles II. was lamented with a true grief by a dissolute people, and even the rabble of the Roman capital were at least successors in name of true-hearted men.

The marvellous genius of Tacitus has thrown so bright a mist over a period chiefly remarkable for dull routine, that the position and relative importance of all things have become obscured and changed. With his vision darkened by gazing up the long vista of calamities, which led, from the commencement of the dynasty of his patrons, the Flavii, through the reigns of Vitellius, Otho, Galba, Nero, Claudius, and Caligula, to the death of Sejanus, and by philosophical forebodings on the yet sadder times in store, he has enveloped everything which his pen touched with the melancholy hues and solemn pall of tragedy. He was a student of the stern discipline of the Porch, which had been precipitated upon Rome when the larger moral training furnished by continual wars, and the excitement of political conflicts, had ceased for ever. The materials of the school were borrowed from Greece; but it was in Italy that Stoicism attained its full development, and found its proper arena. We miss in Roman moral philosophy, as in the decline of the Greek, the grandeur of the master minds which cast so broad a track of light down the long line of ages. The leaders of the school, however masculine their genius, were seldom more than representatives of the national character, as influenced by the national fortunes. They laboured hard, each in his generation; yet we see no effort to reconstruct life, only a melancholy and proud conviction that imperfection and misery are the lot of man, and of the obligation on every one to work out the design of his nature in his own way, trusting to himself and Heaven alone for success. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, had this system of philosophy grown upon the Roman mind; under the guise of simple education, and with a foreign name; but truly national and proper to the people's temperament and circumstances, though no heroic intellect had given the first impulse, or watched over its progress. The general uniformity of philosophic sentiment in the nation was owing to the uniformity in the popular character, the love of the practical, and a proud self-reliance, and in the corresponding condition of things. The same *scope*, as in Greece, was observed, viz. the training up the individual as such, and in accordance with his natural bias, which was not to the logical subtleties of Chrysippus, or the forced and pedantic arguments by which it was attempted to reconcile to the dogmas of the Porch every adverse school. In the Stoicism derided by Horace, there was no national spirit at all; Lucan's heroes, by a poetical anachronism, speak the senti-

ments of thirty or forty years later; and even Cicero, the great critic and Eclectic, though Brutus and Cato had in some measure anticipated the later development, regarded Stoicism rather as a storehouse of materials for rousing occasional moral enthusiasm, than as an art of life. His was too unsteady a temperament to comprehend the sternness which was not a result of moral apathy, but of a passionate vehemence and energy coerced by the obstinacy of a Roman will. To do, and then, if need were, to die, was the sum of the lessons which loftier souls deemed it befitted a descendant of the old blood to learn. 'Scaurus, ut dignum veteribus *Æmiliis*, damnationem anteit hortante Sextia uxore, quæ incitamentum mortis et participes fuit.'—*Annal.* vi. 29.

But Tacitus, beside being a philosopher, was a poet also. It was the poetic imagination which taught him how to hide the uninteresting and gazette-like barrenness of a period almost too recent for the discriminating touch of time to have swept away events of temporary importance, and how to fuse the isolated fragments of a nation's discontents and a usurper's violence into one regular scheme of suffering and tyranny. His fancy revels in the picture of a Roman army lamenting in the lonely forest over the spot consecrated by the slaughter of the legions of Varus, and conceives, as a fact of history, Germanicus listening by the sentry's watch-fires to the praises of his own virtues, and the taunts of the enemy. This same temperament, however, while it has rendered the 'Annals' and 'Histories' a glory of human genius, not unfrequently spoils the fidelity of history. It matters not when, for the sake of painting a picturesque scene, he describes a conversation between the German patriot, Arminius, and his brother Flavus, a centurion in the hostile army, conducted across the broad river Visurgis; but there is, unfortunately, reason for more than a suspicion that, in accordance with his preconceived notions, or, it may be, prejudices, speeches and reports are put into the mouths of the Roman people, because they ought to or might so have spoken or thought. The philosophy of history is of two sorts,—manifesting itself as a power either of generalizing from and colligating facts, which constitutes the great excellence of Mr. Macaulay; or, after the German school of Niebuhr and Ranke, of guessing out a hypothesis to fit many particulars, as their law and principle of connexion. But the Roman annalist aspires to the palm in both these departments. By the assumption of the fulness of the emperor's iniquity, and the colligation of facts, nowise numerous, by one continuous chain of conjecture and suspicion, he has left us a *chef-d'œuvre*, but yet not so much a history as a drama.

It has been said, we believe, by the historian of the *Conquests of Peru and Mexico*, speaking of Transatlantic narratives of the American War of Independence, that there is, and must be, a defect in any history by a foreigner, which no genius can supply. This may be the case at first, when a narrative or chronicle of events is desired; but for writing a critical history of the times, when the just relative importance of every circumstance is to be weighed, and the true position of the national heroes among the world's great men estimated, the dispassionate judgment of one not born to certain local sentiments and 'idols,' to use Bacon's expression, may be found better adapted. No modern author could hope to tell, as he of Halicarnassus has done, how the mighty impetus of Persian conquest dashed in vain on the young liberties of Greece, or to foreshadow the decline of Rome with the spirit and pathos of Tacitus. But what Grote has achieved in the one theme, by contemplating the actions of the great minds of antiquity, as subject to the common laws of humanity, and assaying their patriotism and mental calibre by tests universally applying, Mr. Merivale has laboured zealously to accomplish in the other. Without the rich storehouse of materials in historians, poets, orators, and philosophers, by the aid of whose unconscious hints the former has learnt so fully to appreciate the genius of Athens, or the same prodigal abundance of modern learning, expended on every more obscure point in the history of the Roman Republic, which assisted Niebuhr, if but by warning him off the rocks on which preceding critics had struck, the historian of the Empire has contributed as well a lucid and, at times, animated narrative, as an acute commentary on the cotemporary writers. The following apology for the theory of the toleration of the huge massacres in the Circus, throughout the period, is no bad specimen of skill in throwing new light on apparently hacknied topics:—

· 'Men of reflection though far, themselves, from sharing the vulgar delight in these horrid spectacles (and it should be noticed that no Roman author speaks of them with favour, or gloats with interest on their abominations), acquiesced without an effort in the belief that it was necessary to amuse the multitude, and was better to gratify them with any indulgence they craved for, than risk the more fearful consequences of thwarting and controlling them. The blood thus shed on the arena was the price they calculated on paying for the safety and tranquillity of the realm. In theory, at least, the men who were thus thrust forth to engage the wild beasts were condemned criminals; but it was often necessary to resort to the expedient of hiring volunteers, to furnish the numbers required; and this seems to prove that the advantage was generally on the side of the human combatant. The gladiators, although their profession might be traced by antiquarians to the combats of armed slaves round the pyre of their master, ending in their mutual destruction in his honour, were devoted to no certain death. They were generally slaves purchased for the purpose, but not unfrequently free men, hired with liberal wages; and they were, in

either case, too costly articles to be thrown away with indifference. They were entitled to their discharge after a few years' service, conducted under fixed regulations. Under the emperors, indeed, express laws were required to moderate the ardour even of knights and senators to descend into the arena, where they delighted to exhibit their courage and address in the face of danger. Such was the ferocity engendered by the habitual use of arms, so soothing to the swordman's vanity the consciousness of skill and valour, so stimulating to his pride the thunders of applause from a hundred thousand admirers, that the practice of mortal combat, however unsophisticated nature may blush at its horrors, was actually the source of more pleasure than pain to the Roman prize-fighters. If the companions of Spartacus revolted and slew their trainers and masters, we may set against this instance of despair and hostility, the signal devotion of the gladiators of Antonius, who cut their way through so many obstacles, in a fruitless effort to succour him. But the effect of such exhibitions upon the spectators themselves was wholly evil; for while they utterly failed in supplying the bastard courage for which they were said to be designed, they destroyed the nerve of sympathy for suffering, which distinguishes the human from the brute creation.—Vol. iv., pp. 544, 545.

Mr. Merivale has done much, and would have accomplished still more, had he trusted more to his own powers, and asserted as full independence of his authorities, as the forty-sixth chapter of the fifth volume, where Tacitus is only an occasional guide, evinces he might have done with safety. The character of the critic and commentator is over-rigidly adhered to, and there is the appearance of a constant reference of the reader to Tacitus, Dion, and Suetonius, as though the author were diffident of his own right to rehearse what had been already so well described in their pages. But Mr. Grote has shown that even the genius of Herodotus and Thucydides could not forestall subsequent efforts on the same ground, or render a delineation of the phases of classical times, as exhibited to the eyes of a modern, a work of supererogation. Not that we need a narrative of 'Tiberius' reign even resembling Gibbon's wonderful production; the position which he has occupied for ever had not been anticipated by the superior claims of any native historian of eminence. But there is a mean between the constructive and the destructive aspects of history; between, that is, and combining the several yet not incompatible provinces of the critic and the chronicler. The period of the Empire well deserves the tribute of such a work; and it can only be explained by the fact of the ground not having been already sufficiently prepared and levelled for the edifice, that the learning and acuteness of conception, which could succeed so well in depicting the character of Tiberius and the catastrophe of Sejanus, can be scarce allowed to have exhausted the subject.

ART. III.—1. *The Police of England; as it was, as it is, and as it should be.* By the CHIEF CONSTABLE FOR NORFOLK. London: Ridgway. January, 1856.

2. *An Act to render more effectual the Police in Counties and Boroughs in England and Wales.* 21st July, 1856. (19th Vict. cap. lxix.)

THE subject of crime has of late attracted a most unusual measure of public attention. Statesmen, philanthropists, and earnest Christians have at length come, by various lines of thought, to the one common conclusion—that the extent, the nature, and the sources of our crime and criminal population present a paramount claim upon the regard of Parliament, appeal to an inalienable function of the Government, and offer a new field of duty to religion. Half-a-century ago, the House of Commons witnessed a contest, as stern and honourable on the part of a handful of its best men to mitigate the severity of our criminal code, as that which was waged at the same time, and mainly by the same individuals, against the continuance of slavery in the British dominions. Of the terrible necessity for such an effort, some opinion may be formed from the fact that, at the date of its commencement, there were on the English Statute-book no less than 230 capital offences. And of the absolute, though gradual and in part posthumous, success with which its promoters have been rewarded, we may mention, as an illustration, that, between 1829 and 1854, the number of persons condemned to capital punishment decreased from 1 in  $9\frac{1}{2}$  of the criminal population—by which we mean, of course, convicted criminals—to 1 in 460; whilst 1 in 10 only of those condemned to death suffered the extreme penalty of the law, and the number actually executed was therefore reduced to 1 in 4,600. But a more striking monument is the fact, that at the present moment, the sum total of our capital offences is statutorily four, and practically *one*. This movement followed immediately upon Howard's efforts to improve the condition of prisons, which only terminated with his death in 1790; and nothing, one would think, but a judicial blindness could prevent two such proofs of compassion for the imprisoned and convicted offender being forthwith followed by corresponding measures for counteracting the temptations to crime, and cutting off the supply of criminal population. Whilst, however, the population was rapidly doubling itself, exposed to all the withering influences of dense crowding, passionate competition, ruinous speculation, non-residence of

employers, ignorance and irreligion, no pastoral, and, therefore, no adequate educational, provision was, made for them. The elements of crime, instead of being neutralised or dispersed, were suffered to gather with a multiplied intensity; and gaols seemed to have been cleansed, and galloes superseded, only that more prisoners and convicts might experience the reality of the victories already won for them by Christian sympathy.

Previous to 1850, taking an approximating date, the chief, if not the only steps taken to repress criminal tendencies, were such as these: the erection of several model prisons, and one or two State penitentiaries, or schools of probation, for adult convicts and juvenile felons; the partial adoption of the solitary and silent systems; the introduction of the crank, and other devices, in place of the too social treadmill, to render imprisonment doubly distasteful by the galling sense of *labor fustus*; the improvement of criminal statistics; the appointment of *bond fide* chaplains and schoolmasters for gaols; together with the enactment of several statutes for an improved constabulary in towns and counties, which, either from being optional rather than obligatory, or too dependent on local agents and local views of interests, were by no means commensurate with the necessities of the case, nor worthy of the name of a national system of police.

Recently, however, a new impulse has been given, and a new pressure exerted, to force the whole subject into its just prominence. It is superfluous to specify those philanthropists to whose exertions we owe this struggle, hitherto but partially successful, against the suicidal *laissez faire* of social selfishness. But no zeal, no eloquence, no force of example, would have sufficed for the purpose, had not the retributive effects of past neglect become so burdensome and alarming, that, with the mass of men, the appeal lay from selfishness to selfishness again. The terrible cost of crime, as witnessed by a national, county, and borough expenditure of five or six millions a-year for the detection and punishment of criminals; and by Mr. Kingsmill's elaborate estimate of two millions a-year for loss of property by theft—a sum more than twice the amount of the Church's entire revenues; the unmistakable evidence of public insecurity afforded by the presence and prominence of the classes termed *dangerous*, in such displays as the last bread riot at Liverpool, and the late Sunday gatherings in Hyde Park; the revelations of local Police Reports, such as those of the Metropolis and Manchester, and of the Home Office criminal tables, illustrated and confirmed, if often exaggerated, by writers of the school of Mayhew and Dickens; the failure of every effort to repress crime by prison discipline; the progressive ingenuity and



versatility of criminals, keeping pace with and defeating the successive developments of a patchwork police; the increasing and ominous disregard of parental responsibility, manifested in all our densely-peopled districts, and witnessed in a corresponding increase of juvenile delinquents; and, more than all, perhaps, the cessation of transportation, and the consequent enlargement of convicts on tickets-of-leave at home,—have appealed to the lowest as well as to the highest instincts of the country; and every thoughtful citizen, every prudent householder, has been compelled, by force of evidence, to stand and deliver his vote for the repression of crime, much as if a highwayman's pistol had been pointed at his breast.

It is matter of little astonishment, though of much regret, that the proper office of the Church, as the appointed instrument for man's renewal, by the grace of God, has not been duly recognised in the particular measures or general considerations to which these arguments have given rise. But the reasons are only too plain: here, again, is a manifest retribution; and the Church must be content to take her part in the common work, as one of several forces, unaided by any especial favour or encouragement from the powers that be, bent only on retrieving lost ground, and on illustrating, by laborious success, that claim to a divine commission, and to public recognition and support, which she may fitly delay to urge, but she may never compromise. In common, however, with every patriot, the Churchman must rejoice to see that the existence of a mighty evil, a largely-demoralized population, with unquestionable, if not increasing, criminal tendencies, is recognised amongst us; and he will see it with this further satisfaction, that the confessed failure of all remedies which have been either exclusively or chiefly secular, has prepared men to welcome the office of religion, and has opened to the Church, at least equally with other bodies, a field of spiritual exertion in which statesmen will gratefully see her occupied; and by occupation of which she may at once discover and develop her own spiritual resources, and exhibit in the broadest light the transforming power of the love of God.

The points which we have reached in reference to the suppression of crime, are indicated by the two cotemporary movements for the establishment of reformatories, and the extension and consolidation of the police; the former having originated with, and being still mainly dependent on, the high sense of duty and the individual energy of private persons, though aided and encouraged by recent regulations of the State; whilst the latter was most fitly a Government measure, and dependent on the will of Parliament. The history of the reformatory movement, both Continental and English, is alto-

gether of such recent date, as to be familiar to most of our readers ; but that of our police appliances is a matter of antiquarian research, and is replete with illustrations of the manners and habits of successive generations of our forefathers, as well as suggestive of not a few ideas for our own benefit. Following, therefore, for the most part, the sketch given in the pamphlet No. 1, at the head of this article, we propose to give a *resumé* of the various constabulary institutions which have been adopted in England from the period of the Saxon monarchy. In selecting this subject, we are very far from ignoring the immediate bearing of any and every successful effort to ameliorate the domestic and physical, as well as the moral and intellectual, condition of our crowded poor, on the diminution of offences against the law. The promoters of model cottages, model lodging-houses, baths and wash-houses, and general sanitary measures under the Health of Towns Acts, all receive our homage. The friends and supporters of religious education and industrial instruction, the promoters of sound friendly societies, and the founders and maintainers of colleges for working men, well-ordered reading-rooms, &c., are all patriots in a like sense. But we confine ourselves to a single subject.

In connexion with our legal institutions for the preservation of life and property, as in the case of almost every department of Church and State, Anglo-Saxon terms are still in use, although the system to which they originally belonged has passed away, and the idea upon which they were imported into the service is well-nigh forgotten. Thus, though the term *Hundred* is no longer associated with its proper correlative, decennaries or tithings of free-borhocs, *i. e.* freemen who were pledges, *borhocs*, for the good conduct of their fellows,—nor with the ‘view of frankpledge,’ or ‘sheriff’s torn,’ their ancient judicial courts,—it is still an element of our constabulary arrangements; its present meaning being purely territorial. And in like manner, the existing courts of *Leet*, deriving their title from the Saxon *lathian*, or *gelathian*, to assemble, are remnants of a jurisdiction coeval, or very nearly so, with the view of frankpledge, and have preserved to this day much of their ancient character, though retaining little of that judicial authority which they once exercised independent of the sheriff’s torn.

The system of frankpledge, and its accompanying courts, are noticed by the Chief Constable of Norfolk, as having been well-suited to the period and state of society to which they belonged.

‘By this system of mutual pledge and responsibility, peace was preserved, and felonies and riots were said to be infrequent. This may well

be believed; for to the prospect of almost certain detection, there was added the powerful effect of summary punishment, according to the nature of the offence.'—*Police of England*, p. 5.

Such a system was in strict accordance with that love of self-government which proverbially characterises the Anglo-Saxon race, and of which it is little disparagement to say, that, under a different state of things from that which gave rise to it and justified its general application, it is not unfrequently an impediment to progress, and defeats the ends of justice.

Hume, in his account of the origin of frankpledge, assigns the complete idea and system to the authorship of Alfred; whereas the Chief Constable of Norfolk assigns to the time of the first Henry the appointment of a 'borh'-eolder over every nine freemen, to be, as elder or chief of the pledges, an additional security for the public safety, and a spur to the relaxed vigilance of the previously coequal ten. Whichever of these authorities we follow (and the title of the office in question pleads, perhaps, for the earlier date), thus much, at least, seems certain, that we still retain, under the form of *headborough*, the very title with which was honoured the chief of each company of freemen among our Anglo-Saxon progenitors. But, following the Chief Constable of Norfolk, we observe that the system in question received a decided modification in the time of Henry the First, by the institution of itinerant justices, whose work in great part superseded that of the older sheriffs' courts; whilst they also were doomed in turn to give place to local justices of the peace.<sup>1</sup>

The statutes of Westminster and Winchester (3 Edward I., statute 1, and 13 Edward I., statute 2) forcibly exhibit the necessity of adapting police systems from time to time to the altered circumstances of society, and of correcting those impediments to the detection of offenders which invariably connect themselves with a multitude of separate and independent jurisdictions. Chap. ix. of the former of these statutes runs as follows:—

'Forasmuch as the peace of this realm hath been evil observed heretofore for lack of quick and fresh suit-making after felons in due manner, and namely because of franchises where felons are received; it is provided, That all generally be ready and apparelled at the commandment and summons of sheriffs, and at the cry of the country, to sue and arrest felons when any need is, *as well within franchise as without*. And they that will not do so, and thereof be attainted, shall make a grievous fine to the king. And if default be found in the lord of the franchise, the king shall take the same franchise to himself. . . .'

The Chief Constable of Norfolk is careful to italicise, as above, certain words of this statute, in order, probably, to point attention to it as a precedent for imitation in our own day. And

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<sup>1</sup> Conf. 1 Ed. III., st. 2, c. xvi.; 14. Ed. III., st. 2, c. ii., &c.

accordingly, in his suggestions for 'Police as it should be,' we find the following recommendation :—

'Constables are frequently impeded in the performance of some important service requiring secrecy and despatch, by the necessity of getting a warrant backed by a magistrate having jurisdiction in the place where he desires to execute it. The warrant of a magistrate should be effectual everywhere throughout the kingdom; and the protection of the subject should be secured by requiring that the person arrested should be taken before the (a?) magistrate as soon as possible after his arrest, and *previous to his removal*; the same as would be done if the person were arrested in the county in which the warrant was issued. Felons should be pursued without check, and arrested without hindrance; so that, for this service, a sworn constable should be a constable everywhere.'—*Id.* p. 45.

The preamble of the statute of Winchester introduces its provisions by stating that, 'from day to day robberies, murders, burnings, and thefts, be more often used than they have been heretofore; and felons cannot be attainted by the oath of jurors, which had rather suffer strangers to be robbed, and so pass without pain, than to indite the offenders, of whom great part be people of the same country; or, at the least, if the offenders be of another country, the receivers be of places near.' A penalty is then enacted (c. ii.) in the king's name, obliging the inhabitants of every hundred, or franchise, to answer within forty days for the bodies of offenders by whom robberies were committed within their hundred or franchise, on pain of making good the amount of property stolen, and paying the damages. The king further 'doth command' (c. i.) 'that cries shall be solemnly made in all counties, hundreds, markets, fairs, and all other places where great resort of people is, so that none shall excuse himself by ignorance' (of the penalty;) 'that henceforth every county be so well kept, that immediately upon such robberies and felonies being committed, fresh suit shall be made from town to town, and from country to country.' The same statute (c. iv.) provided for the due nightly watch of walled towns, and the search of suspected lodging-houses in the suburbs :—

'And for the more surety of the country, the king hath commanded that in great towns, being walled, the gates shall be closed from the sun-setting until the sun-rising; and that no man do lodge in suburbs, nor in any place out of the town, from nine of the clock until day, *without his host will answer for him*. And the bailiffs of towns every week, or at the least every fifteenth day, shall make inquiry of all persons being lodged in the suburbs, or in foreign places of the towns. And if they do find any that have lodged or received any strayers or suspicious persons against the peace, the bailiffs shall do right therein. And the king commandeth that from henceforth all towns be kept as it hath been used in times passed, that is, to wit, from the day of the Ascension unto the day of St. Michael, in every city six men shall keep at every gate, in every borough twelve men, every town six or four, according to the number of the inhabitants of the town, and shall watch the town continually all night, from the sun-setting unto the sun-rising. And if any stranger do pass by them, he shall be arrested

until morning; and if no suspicion be found he shall go quit, and if they find cause or suspicion, they shall forthwith deliver him to the sheriff, and the sheriff may receive him without damage, and shall keep him safely until he be acquitted in due manner. And if they will not obey the arrest, they shall levy hue and cry upon them, and such as keep the town shall follow with hue and cry, with all the town and the towns near, until they be taken and delivered to the sheriff as before is said: and for the arrestments of such strangers none shall be punished.'

The concluding chapter of this famous statute (c. v.) defines the extent of armour required to be kept by each man, in proportion to his property, for the preservation of the peace; and makes due provision for its inspection, with a view to securing an effective hue and cry whenever necessary. Our antiquarian readers will readily excuse us for introducing the entire chapter:—

'And further it is commanded, That every man have in his house harness for to keep the peace after the ancient assize; that is to say, (2) every man between fifteen years of age and sixty years, shall be assessed and sworn to armor according to the quantity of their lands and goods; (3) that is to wit, From fifteen pounds in lands, and goods forty marks, an hauberke, a breastplate of iron, a sword, a knife, and an horse; (4) and from ten pounds of lands, and twenty marks goods, an hauberke, a breastplate of iron, a sword, and a knife; (5) and from five pounds lands, a doublet, a breastplate of iron, a sword, and a knife; (6) and from forty shillings land, and more, unto one hundred shillings of land, a sword, a bow and arrows, and a knife; (7) and he that hath less than forty shillings yearly, shall be sworn to keep gis-arms, knives, and other less weapons; (8) and he that hath less than twenty marks in goods, shall have swords, knives, and other less weapons; (9) and all other that may shall have bows and arrows out of the forest, and in the forest haws and bolts; (10) and that view of armor be made every year two times; (11) and in every hundred and franchise two constables shall be chosen to make the view of armor; (12) and the constables aforesaid shall present before justices assigned such defaults as they do see in the country about armor, and of the suits of towns and of highways; and also shall present all such as do lodge strangers in uplandish towns, for whom they will not answer; (13) and the justices assigned shall present at every parliament unto the king such defaults as they shall find, and the king shall provide remedy therein. (14) And from henceforth let sheriffs take good heed, and bailiffs, within their franchises and without, be they higher or lower, that have any bailiwick or forestry in fee, or otherwise, that they shall follow the cry with the country, and after, as they are bounden, to keep horses and armor for so to do; (15) and if there be any that do not, the defaults shall be presented by the constables to the justices assigned, and after by them to the king, and the king will provide remedy as afore is said. (16) And the king commandeth and forbiddeth, that from henceforth neither fairs nor markets be kept in churchyards, for the honour of the church.'

'In this statute,' says the Chief Constable of Norfolk, 'much that remained of the "view of frankpledge" is struck down, the conservancy of the peace being vested in "justices assigned," to whom defaults were to be presented; and we see a firm determination to repress felonies, breaches of the peace,

‘and the improper harbouring within the realm of all suspicious persons.’ He adds,—

‘This statute is the parent of every subsequent enactment relative to watch and ward, as well as the better pursuit of felons, and it is conceived in the true spirit of constableness. *A sufficient watch from sunset to sunrise, fresh suit from town to town and from country to country, and the responsibility of the constables and justices to the king, that no duty connected with the detection of criminals shall be neglected,* form the very essence of a police system. It is true that the injunction to be appalled at the command of the sheriff, and to pursue felons, did not originate with Edward the First, but was a law supposed to be coeval with “frankpledge.” The vigour of the king is shown in his having discarded all that he considered inefficient in the law as he found it, and in having grafted upon it such alterations as he deemed necessary to ensure peace and good order in his kingdom. In this statute, constables are for the first time mentioned as the executive officers “chosen” in the hundreds and franchises; and from the duties assigned to them, it would appear that the office was still intended to be one of considerable power and responsibility, for they were directed to present the defaults of all who might neglect to obey that statute, even to the sheriff, and the bailiffs of franchise.’—*Police of England.*

The reader will have observed the care taken for the presentment of ‘such as do lodge strangers in uplandish towns, for whom they will not answer.’ Stringent as was this provision for the public safety, it is but fair to remember that such an inroad on the vaunted ‘rights of man’ has not been found absolutely dispensable in our own generation. Witness the instructions, or notice, given by order of Government to the householders of Fleet-street, and some other parts of London, ‘to admit no one for whom they could not answer,’ on occasion of the visit paid to Guildhall by the emperor of the French in 1855: so little cause have our low lodging-house keepers to imagine themselves alone of all men, or now, for the first time in history, subjected to a police-surveillance! But the accustomed liberty of Englishmen, verging on unlimited licence, has rendered all classes slow to apprehend the truth, that for the prevention of physical disease and moral contamination, no less than for the preservation of life, property, and peace, it is essential to the public welfare that the maxim, ‘My house is my castle,’ be sometimes set at naught.

The statute of Winchester authorized the apprehension of ‘night-walkers’ only; but another and stronger exercise of the royal prerogative was shortly afterwards levelled against the dangerous classes of those days, by a statute authorizing and encouraging the capture of suspicious persons, by night or by day, at the instigation of almost any one; a measure compared with which the most despotic movements of our Channel Island authorities for the expulsion of French democrats, however distasteful to red republicans, sinks into the shade; and the utmost stretch of parental vigilance for the public safety, which tanpers

with letters in their transit through the Post-office, is a very trifle.

In the 5th Edward III. c. 14, (not the 15th, as given by the Chief Constable,) it is thus ordered :—

‘Because there have been divers manslaughter, felonies, and robberies done in times past by people that be called robberdesmen, wastors, and drawlatches, it is accorded that if any man have any evil suspicion of such, be it by day or by night, they shall be incontinently arrested by the constables of the towns, &c.’—*Police of England*, p. 11.

It is true, that the Metropolitan Police Report for 1854 exhibited returns of no less than 279 ‘reputed thieves,’ and 2,480 ‘suspicious characters,’ who were taken into custody in that year, for no specific offence beyond that which their description implies, namely, as persons whose liberty was deemed dangerous to society. It appears, moreover, that the whole of the former number, and no less than 519 of the latter, were summarily convicted, or held to bail by the magistrates. But, though we write in ignorance of the precise instructions under which this arbitrary power is exercised, we cannot for a moment doubt that they differ widely from the terms of the statute just quoted, which authorized ‘any man having evil suspicion’ to set in motion the constabulary action of arrest; nor do we doubt that they are founded on grounds of justice and necessity.

By the 27th Eliz. c. 18, a tax was ordered to be laid upon such hundreds as were remiss in the important duty of pursuing felons. And the 33d Henry VIII., c. 9, enacted that mayors, bailiffs, constables, and other head-officers, should make due search of houses in which unlawful games were carried on. Whilst another great step towards the prevention of crime, which finds prominent notice in the historical summary of the Chief Constable of Norfolk, belonged to a period previous to those last mentioned, and consisted of the application and enforcement of street-lights; an auxiliary whose value all those of our readers can estimate from experience, who remember the evil hour to footpads when the dim twilight of oil-lamps gave place to the comparative illumination of gas.

‘As early as 1416, street-light was discovered to be a great auxiliary to nightly watch; and there existed a law that lanthorns and lights should be hung out from houses in the winter nights, as a check upon the deeds of violence and robbery which were then so frequent. Stowe says that in Queen Mary’s time, one of each ward “began to go out all night with a bell, and at every lane’s end, and at the ward’s end, gave warning of fire and candle.” This practice fell into disuse from the difficulty of enforcing it; and Macaulay says that in the reign of Charles the Second most of the streets of London were in profound darkness, and thieves and robbers plied their trade with impunity. “There was an act of Common Council which provided that more than a thousand watchmen should be constantly on the alert in the city, from sunset to sunrise, and that every inhabitant should

take his turn of duty; but this act was negligently executed. Few of those who were summoned left their houses, and those few generally found it more agreeable to tiddle in ale-houses than to pace the streets." — *Ibid.* p. 13.

Our author next notices the addition of sanitary duties to the previous service of the peace officer; and observes, from Defoe's *History of the Plague of London*, that 'to constables were entrusted all the important and responsible executive duties during that awful visitation.' Thus gradually was being accumulated that varied mass of duties, which forms the onerous task of our modern police; duties which the ancient statutes and records have acknowledged to have required both higher moral and intellectual qualifications, and, consequently, a better social position in the agent, than have been deemed necessary by the enlightenment of the nineteenth century. And whether we are content to gather those duties one by one, as history shows them to have been imposed on the guardians of life and property, by the ever-growing necessities and novel dangers of an increasing people and an advancing civilization; or whether we turn at once to the ingenious and fearfully enlarged categories of crime and legal offences presented in the pages of a modern Police Report, and there see at a glance how perplexing and responsible is the proper office of every individual member of a police force, in the streets and purlieus of such a place as London or Liverpool: in either case we may record our astonishment, that there should have been of late imposed on the Metropolitan Police, over and above the enforcement of the Hackney Carriages' Act, and the supervision of some 9,000 drivers and conductors, and besides the inspection of common lodging-houses, and lodging-house nuisances, such an additional, and scarcely germane work, as the surveillance and care of 'insecure buildings.' One would have thought that, for the discharge of such a duty as this, the Metropolis Local Management Act might have made a more suitable provision; and that one or other of the well-paid officers attached to its recently-inaugurated Board, might have taken the oversight of a distinct department, with this particular object in view. But, however that may be, we must return to our historical summary. In 1610, an account was given by Lambard of the specific duties of high constables, as distinct from those allotted to constables and borsholders generally, from which the following items are extracted:—

'1. To receive from the churchwardens every Sunday the money levied for the relief of prisoners in gaol; 2, to hold statute sessions for servants and labourers; 3, to make presentments to justices of the defaults of watches, and the defaults of the king's highways; 4, to hear and determine the complaints of the workpeople of clothmakers, by examination of the



parties, having power also to commit to gaol such as refuse to pay the said workfolks; 5, to pay, at every quarter sessions, such monies as they may have received from churchwardens for disabled soldiers, prisoners, &c.'—*Ibid.* p. 16.

A similar list is given, and on the same authority, of the peculiar civil offices of constables of towns and parishes, as distinct from the ordinary duties which, as peace-officers, they held, in common with the borsholder or tithingman; 'for about the beginning of the reign of King Edward the Third, petition constables were devised in towns and parishes for the aid of the constables of the hundred.' (Lambard.)

This list again clearly indicates a selection of constables from a class more than one remove above the ordinary labourer; and the fact that it was the practice in some shires to appoint a constable to every three tithings, 'in which case the officers of the other two be called Thirdborough,' confirms that view, by implying that such constable was chosen as the person most fit to be entrusted with the more delicate and responsible duties of police:—

'1. If wools or other merchandise should be shipped in the staple in any suspected place, an indenture to be made thereof between the owner and the mayor or constable. 2. The mayor, sheriffs, bailiffs, constables, and other head officers within every city, borough, and town, once every month to make search in all places where unlawful games are expected to be, and imprison the keepers and frequenters of the same. 3. To search and gauge the barrels in towns where no warden of coopers may be. 4. To view and inspect malt made in towns, so that no improper malt may be put to sale. 5. In default of agreement of the parishioners among themselves, the constables and churchwardens had power to assess the proportion for the county stock, and to levy upon any parishioner, by distress, for the same. 6. Constables and churchwardens might levy penalties inflicted by mayors, bailiffs, and justices of the peace, upon innkeepers who suffered improper tippling, or charged dishonest prices. 7. To have power in conjunction with the mayor, or other head officers of towns, to enforce certain sanitary regulations during an infection of plague. 8. To present at quarter sessions the absence from church of popish recusants. 9. To levy forfeitures on persons destroying the spawn of sea-fish. 10. To have certain powers, in conjunction with the clergyman, churchwardens and overseers, in parishes and towns not incorporated, relative to the apprenticing of children of the poor.'

We have no space or leisure to pursue such questions as these lists suggest, with regard, for example, to the connexion once subsisting between the office of churchwarden and a Sunday levy for the relief of prisoners and disabled soldiers; or between constables and matters of excise; or as to the original and excellent purpose of the now demoralizing and simply mischievous *mops* and *statute* fairs. We can only mention, and point attention to them.

'As towns increased, and walls no longer encircled them, the statute of Winchester became inoperative; and gradually city after city, and borough

after borough, adopted other arrangements for security. Finally, the corporate bodies sought the aid of parliament, and obtained special acts for the better watching (frequently combined with lighting and paving) of places within their jurisdiction. So general was this course, that by the end of the reign of George the Third there was scarcely a town which had not its own separate system and order of police. In some there was only a nightly watch; in some there were constables by day and a watch by night (whence "watch and ward"); and in others there were constables for duty both by day and night. The government of these peace-guardians was even more varied than their titles, or the modes of employing them; and while each town boasted of its superior and economical management, the harvest of the thieves became more abundant year after year, and the usefulness of the watchmen became a "bye-word and reproach."—*The Police of England*, p. 18.

In 1798, parliament had under consideration, together with certain suggestions from a committee of finance on the general subject of constabulary, a proposal by Mr. Colquhoun, a metropolitan magistrate, for the establishment of a central Police Board; a proposal grounded upon this, among other reasons, that the amount of property stolen in the metropolis, in the course of a single year, amounted to two millions of money. But it remained for the late Sir Robert Peel to take really effective measures for the detection of crime, by the institution of a *bond fide* police system in and around the metropolis, by the Act 10 Geo. IV. c. 41, amended ten years later by the 2 & 3 Vict. c. 47. The preamble of his Bill, introduced and passed in 1829, rehearses the grounds of legislative interference in the following terms:—

‘Whereas offences against property have of late increased in and near the metropolis, and the local establishment of nightly watch and nightly patrol have been found inadequate to the prevention and detection of crime, by reason of the unsuitness of the individuals employed, the insufficiency of their numbers, the limited sphere of their authority, and their want of connexion and cooperation with each other,’ &c. &c.

From the passing of this Act dates a new era in the history of the English police—an era inaugurated also by the commencement of a better system for the counties; for, in the same year, the county of Chester obtained an Act (10 Geo. IV. c. 97) to enable its magistrates to appoint high and petty constables within its hundreds and parishes, who were to be paid for their services. In 1830, a permissive Act (11 Geo. IV. c. 27, subsequently amended by 3 & 4 Wm. IV. c. 90) was passed, which empowered vestries to provide for lighting and watching in towns not incorporated, as well as in country places; of which, however, owing to its non-compulsory character, very limited use was made. And, a few years later, the old and proverbially inefficient system of ‘watchmen’ was superseded by the Act 5 & 6 Wm. IV. c. 76, which obliged municipal corporations to appoint a ‘watch committee’ of their own body, charged with

the express duty of engaging a 'sufficient number of fit men' to be sworn to act as constables 'by night and by day,' at the cost of the borough.

Ten years' experience of the results of the Metropolitan Police Act produced or facilitated, in 1839, the passing of an Act, 2 & 3 Vict., c. 93, commonly called 'The County Constabulary,' or 'The Rural Police Act.' This Act (amended subsequently by 3 & 4 Vict., c. 88) was based upon the report of a Royal Commission, whose labours had extended over a period of two years and a half, and whose first recommendation was as follows:—

'That as a primary remedy for the evils set forth, a paid constabulary should be trained, appointed, and organized on the principles of management recognised by the legislature in the appointment of the metropolitan police force.'

It empowered justices in counties, with the authority of one of the Secretaries of State, to determine the number of constables necessary to be raised, and their rates of pay, and to levy a rate to defray the cost; the government and disposition of the force being entrusted to a chief constable. But being merely permissive, and fixing no minimum amount of force to be employed, its efficiency has been doubly impaired; for those counties which have not shrunk from the expense necessary to avail themselves of its provisions, have found themselves deprived of their full benefit by the neglect of neighbouring counties to impose the same check on crime; and whilst 'in some counties 'there is a police-officer in the proportion of one to about every 'thousand of the inhabitants, in others there is only one to 'every *three thousand*; and in point of area there is a like disproportion.' (*Police of England, &c.*, p. 33.) This Act was followed, in 1842, by the 5 & 6 Vict., c. 109, which, dictated by the parsimony of those counties which declined a 'Rural Police,' provided a less expensive (and far less efficient) machinery, by empowering justices of the divisions, in sessions, to appoint parish constables, selected from lists annually prepared in vestries; and by further enabling the justices in quarter sessions to appoint over such parish constables paid superintendents. The provisions of this Act, as amended by 13 Vict. c. 20, applied to every county in England; and required that, where a county police was established under the former Act, the parish constables should be subject to the chief constable. It also gave power to vestries to tax themselves for the maintenance of a *paid* constable—a power which we hardly needed the somewhat scornful testimony of the Chief Constable of Norfolk to assure us they have seldom exercised.

We come, at length, to the last Police Act in the Statute-

book, and the first that has professedly aimed at, and provided for, a really national system of constabulary. Despite some manifest imperfections in Sir George Grey's original Bill, and the very dubious results of that outcry against *centralization* which defeated many of its provisions, and which was, in all probability, loudest where justices and watch committees were least worthy to be entrusted with an option; we have at least the satisfaction of feeling that, from this time forward, our police districts will be co-extensive with our country; and that the rogues and vagabonds expelled from any given borough or county will no longer find sanctuary in the nearest village or neighbouring shire, and carry on a system of border forays with comparative impunity, because the justices of the latter jurisdictions have decided against the cost of a rural police. We do not remember many things for which our gratitude, as Churchmen, is charged with a debt towards the present Home Secretary; but, as citizens, we readily avow ourselves his debtors for the 19 & 20 Vict., c. 69, otherwise called the 'Police Counties and Boroughs Act.'

From an analysis of the Act, it will be seen that the management of police remains in the same hands as before, both in counties and boroughs; and that the Acts relative to parish constables are not yet repealed. The larger towns, such as those to whose Police Reports we just now referred, are virtually exempted by sec. 19 from consolidation with the counties; and the small boroughs are, as happily, incorporated with the same. How far the provisions of sec. 16 will secure a sufficient and efficient force, time alone can show; but the Chief Constable of Norfolk would have been better pleased if a *minimum* had been fixed by law.

'A minimum number of police should be determined by law; which ought not to be less in the counties than in the proportion of one constable for every fifteen hundred of the inhabitants, and for every six thousand acres of land; or, at the option of the justices, of not less than the number arising from a mean of these two; and not less in corporate towns than one constable for every thousand of the inhabitants.'—*The Police of England*, p. 42.

The abolition of fees to constables is the removal of a fertile and too just cause of suspicion and distrust; and this, together with the care taken to keep the superannuation funds in a state of solvency, will tend to raise the general estimate of a policeman's office, and thereby to recruit the ranks of the constabulary from a class more allied to the *yeomen* and *honest men* of former centuries than that of village blacksmiths or broken-down butchers. Nothing can be more true than the following; nor could it be said, we are sure, by any man more becomingly than by the author:—

'In looking to the steps that are necessary in securing the respectability of a constabulary, not the least deserving of attention are these: the officer at its head should be a gentleman, to whom those under him could look with confidence and respect. The officers entrusted with minor responsibilities should be of a respectable class, scrupulously upright, just, and courteous. The constables should be made to know and feel that the respectability, the comfort, the independence of their position, depend upon their own integrity, straightforwardness, and demeanour. . . . Men of a lower class are obsequious and servile to those above them, insolent to those beneath them, and ready to lend themselves to any crooked proceeding by which they might derive profit, or gain the favour of those having power to confer a benefit.'—*Ibid.* p. 44.

This valuable pamphlet, though dated 1856, appeared before the last session of parliament began, and was evidently not overlooked by Sir G. Grey in the preparation of his Bill. Appended to it are tabular statements, prepared by Captain Harris, chief constable for Hampshire, from which are drawn the following inferences with respect to the numbers and cost of a general Police, more or less such as the late session of parliament has made compulsory.

'If a constabulary force were general, it might be taken upon a moderate computation to number about 12,000 men in England and Wales, exclusive of the police of the metropolis and of the city of London, amounting to 6,500 more.'—*Ibid.* p. 47.

'I conceive that the sum of 700,000*l.* would amply suffice for all possible expenses. If a fourth part were paid from the general purse (as in the Metropolitan and city of London police), there would remain 525,000*l.* to be defrayed by the ratepayers, or about three halfpence in the pound per annum upon the assessment to the poor.'—*Ibid.* p. 43.

We are, as we have said, grateful for Sir George Grey's Act; and we fondly hope that the above estimate of costs may prove tolerably correct. We have but one uncomfortable feeling with respect either to the Act or the estimate, and that is the remembrance, that the already over-burdened Clergy who are holders of rent-charge, are still liable to be assessed for all parish and county rates, on a far higher scale than any other class of men; that our own efforts to expose this injustice, and Dr. Phillimore's to redress it, have not yet obtained, and perhaps (as may *unhesitatingly* be said of his Committee) have not yet deserved success; and that, therefore, the *three halfpence* in the pound, which seems so light a thing to the Chief Constable, may prove to be a back-breaking straw to the ignorantly envied vicar, whose gross income of 310*l.* pays 79*l.* in yearly poor's-rate, and on that basis of assessment is already pared down to 130*l.* nett by other charges. We have before us the highest testimony which can be offered by the most experienced Police authority in England, as to the invaluable and *essential* aid of the Clergy in reducing crime and vice, and in civilising society. It is confessed that the policeman is next to powerless for either

of those purposes; but that the mission of an additional curate is *equal to both*; whilst his pastoral diligence and largeness of sympathy, with the trials and temptations as well as the joys and sorrows of the crowded poor, make him *felt* to be the minister of Christ and steward of the mysteries of God. Notwithstanding this, his class—the order to which in that very capacity he belongs—is to be made to pay twice as much to a police-rate, in respect to almost all its property, as even the most crime-and-vice-begetting classes of the community, the distillers, the brewers, and the various vendors of intoxicating drinks, and other panders to sin and crime. And they narrowly escaped precisely the same treatment, by the same parliament, in respect to Education. Themselves the greatest educators in every district of the country, and confessedly the most heavily self-assessed for the establishment and maintenance of schools; it would have pleased Government still further to *rate* them, upon the assessable value of their professional *income* (as in the case of all *existing rates*), for the support of a system of instruction which they could not approve. From this, however, though attempted in various forms, they have been hitherto preserved. But not a session should be lost in reasserting their general grievances; for, with the imposition of every new rate, the difficulties in the way of remedying their wrongs are rendered greater. It may, however, be well worth their consideration whether their own just ends would not be better and sooner secured, if their friends in parliament would introduce the requisite clauses as part and parcel of that far larger measure for which good and thoughtful men of all parties have long been clamouring; viz. a Bill to supersede parochial rating, by making the Union the basis of assessment, than by any specific enactment professing an air of class-legislation.

- ART. IV.—1. *A Discourse concerning the Being and Attributes of God, the Obligations of Natural Religion, and the Truth and Certainty of the Christian Revelation, in answer to Mr. Hobbes' Spinoza, the Author of the Oracles of Reason, and other Deniers of Natural and Revealed Religion. Being sixteen Sermons preached in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, in the years 1704, 1705, at the Lecture founded by the Honourable Robert Boyle, Esq., in which is inserted a Discourse concerning the Connexion of the Prophecies in the Old Testament, and the Application of them to Christ. There is also an Answer to a seventh Letter, concerning the Argument à priori, in Proof of the Being of God.* By SAMUEL CLARKE, D.D., late Rector of St. James's, Westminster. The Ninth Edition. London: Printed by W. Botham for John and Paul Knapton, at the Crown in Ludgate-street. 1738.
2. *Natural Theology; or, Evidences of the Existence and Attributes of the Deity, collected from the Appearances of Nature.* By WILLIAM PALEY, D.D., Sub-dean of Lincoln; Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Rector of Bishopwearmouth. London: Printed for Richardson and Co., Sharpe and Son, Baldwin and Co., W. Baynes and Son; G. Oppen; W. Robinson and Sons, Liverpool; Barclay, Lawson, and Burdick, York; Whyte and Co., Edinburgh; also Griffin and Co., and Wylie, Glasgow. 1821.
3. *The Bridgewater Treatises*, 1833, &c.
4. *Natural Theology. Lectures on Butler's Analogy; Introductory Lectures, &c.* By THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D. LL.D. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1855.
5. *The Logic of the Christian Faith; being a Dissertation on Scepticism, Pantheism, the à priori Argument, the à posteriori Argument, the Intuitional Argument, and Revelation.* By PATRICK EDWARD DOVE, Author of 'The Theory of Human Progression,' 'The Elements of Political Science,' &c. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1856.
6. *Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation.* By the REV. JAMES MCCOSH, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the Queen's University in Ireland, Author of 'The Method of the Divine Government, physical and moral,' &c.; and George Dickie, A.M., M.D., Professor of Natural History in the Queen's University in Ireland, and Author of a number of Papers on Zoology and Botany. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co. Dublin: W. Robertson.. Belfast: Shepherd and Aitchison. 1856.

7. *Christian Theism ; the Testimony of Reason and Revelation to the Existence and Character of the Supreme Being.* By ALEXANDER THOMPSON, M.A. In Two Volumes. Vol. I., On the Existence of the Supreme Being. Vol. II., On the Character of the Supreme Being. London: Rivingtons, Waterloo Place. 1856.
8. *Theism ; the Witness of Reason and Nature to an All-wise and Beneficent Creator.* By the REV. JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., Principal and Primarius Professor of Theology, St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1855.
9. *An Essay on the Existence and Attributes of God.* By EDWARD STEERE, LL.D. London: Bell and Daldy, Fleet-street. 1856.

THE boundaries of Natural Theology are, like those of most other sciences, very difficult to fix. Probably some would be inclined to restrict it to the demonstration of the being of a God, content if, from the phenomena of the material universe, they can elicit, by a satisfactory process of argument, the idea of a presiding mind. There have been thinkers who have been satisfied with a less definite result even than this; such, for instance, as those alluded to by Pascal, as gaining their notions of the Infinite Being from the undeniable fact of the conception which all men have of the infinity of numbers. On the other side of the question, there is a tendency in some writers to enlarge the number of doctrines which may fairly be considered within its scope, and to take in many for which, as to any certain knowledge we possess of them, we are indebted to Revelation. The different modes of proof adopted, and the different amount of evidence required by different writers, are, in part, the causes of this varied estimate of the capacity and the value of Natural Theology. Nature and reason, so far as we can detach them from Revelation, do indeed throw some faint glimmerings of light upon some of the more mysterious doctrines of religion, and perhaps may be regarded as having to some minds suggested images of the deeper truths of Revelation. Thus, the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity is not wanting in a kind of evidence to be produced from various branches of science. There is, perhaps, a reflection of it to be seen in the necessary conditions of space; and a still darker hint of the same doctrine may be embodied in the idea of time. It seems natural, if we may so speak, to expect some kind of impress of the mind of the Creator upon his creatures; and Holy Writ certainly sanctions the notion that 'the invisible things of Him are understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead.'



But there is a wide interval between guesses at truth, and the glimpses of light obtained by a certain class of minds, and the almost or quite demonstrative evidence which, it is alleged, is accessible to all who are endowed with the reasoning faculty, on the elementary doctrine of the existence of a Being absolutely infinite. And equally wide, speaking in a moral point of view, is the distinction between the man who acquiesces because he cannot help doing so in what he thinks he can prove by a process of pure logic, and him who is willing to be guided in the twilight that surrounds him by the light that seems to illumine the dark places of his mind, and to receive such doctrines as commend themselves to his moral instincts. Between these extremes, the one of which, morally speaking, possesses no value, there exist many positions which may be taken up by the defender of Natural Religion.

Bishop Butler has observed that 'the great doctrines of a future state, the danger of a course of wickedness, and the efficacy of repentance, are not only confirmed in the Gospel, but are taught, especially the last is, with a degree of light to which that of nature is but darkness.'—(*Analogy*, Part II., chap. i.) And he here implies his belief that some light, in different degrees, is shed upon all these doctrines by natural religion. In another place he remarks that 'the essence of natural religion may be said to consist in religious regards to *God the Father Almighty*; and the essence of revealed religion, as distinguished from natural, to consist in religious regards to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.'—(*Ibid.*) Again he says (Part I., chap. ii.), that 'the general consideration of a future state of punishment most evidently belongs to the subject of natural religion;' and 'that all which can positively be asserted to be matter of mere revelation with regard to this doctrine seems to be that the great distinction between the righteous and the wicked shall be made at the end of the world; that each shall *then* receive according to his deserts.' 'Reason,' he adds, 'did, as it well might, conclude that it should finally, and upon the whole, be well with the righteous, and ill with the wicked; but it could not be determined upon any principle of reason, whether human creatures might not have been appointed to pass through other states of life and being, before that distributive justice should finally and effectually take place.'

However, the position which, upon the whole, has been considered as peculiarly the domain of this science, is, according to the title of Dr. Clarke's book, *A Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God.* But even here there is an ambiguity. If it be admitted that we quite understand what is meant by the term

‘Being,’ yet what sense shall we assign to the word ‘Attributes?’ It does not mean all the Attributes of the Deity; for Revelation itself opens to our view but a small part of the Divine Nature. And which of these are to be selected as the field in which Natural Theology may speculate? The more we enlarge the sphere of objects, the less power has mere intellect to reach and comprehend them; and perhaps it may appear that Natural Theology, no less than Revelation, has to make its appeal for any really valuable truths that it can elicit to the moral characters of her votaries. If it be indeed true, with regard to the higher doctrines of religion, that he that doeth the will of God shall know of the doctrine, it seems probable from analogy that the same rule shall hold good with regard to those elementary truths whose chief value, and indeed whose only value to us is, to lead us on to the embracing of Christianity.

St. Paul tells us ‘that he that cometh to God must believe ‘that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently ‘seek Him;’ and if the Gentiles are represented as being without excuse for letting this amount of knowledge slip from them, we may take it for granted that this at least may be made so clear to the reasoning faculty, in which the moral sense is included, as that men are answerable for not possessing or not acting up to such knowledge. We apprehend, then, that so much as this,—that there is an eternal God of infinite power, who is the rewarder of those that diligently seek Him, together with whatever is necessarily and obviously implied in these expressions—is the very smallest compass into which the subject of Natural Theology can be compressed. And this will be sufficient to save us from coming under the scope of Pascal’s remark above alluded to: ‘Quand un homme seroit persuadé que les proportions des nombres sont des vérités immatérielles, éternelles et dépendantes d’une première vérité en qui elles subsistent et qu’on appelle *Dieu*, je ne le trouverois pas beaucoup avancé pour son salut.’ We have fixed what we may call the inferior limit of the subject of Natural Theology: we have no wish to define its superior limit. If mankind in general are held responsible for a given amount of knowledge on this subject, nothing prevents but that individuals or classes of men may be so situated that a much greater amount may be required of them, and degrees of evidence which may be conclusive to these latter may have some weight to others to whose minds they may be presented. The outskirts of the science on the side towards Revelation must therefore necessarily be considered as undetermined.

The fact that even Natural Theology makes its appeal to the conscience, and not to the mere speculative faculty, is not, that we

know of, denied so much as ignored by writers upon this subject. What is called the *à priori* argument omits all consideration of this,—and of the argument from design it forms no necessary part. Yet it is important to bear this fact in mind, if for no other reason, yet because it will serve to alleviate the distress, and remove the difficulties of those who meet with others whose minds do not seem open to evidence on this point, and who are therefore disposed to underrate the value of the evidence itself. Whatever may be the other defects of Dr. Paley's celebrated work, this is undeniably one. The results of Natural Theology are there treated as if they were reached by a mere intellectual process; observation and argument, according to him, leading to the conclusion of the Being and the omniscience, omnipresence, and omnipotence of the Deity. A short chapter is devoted to the Unity of the Godhead, which probably few will think entirely satisfactory who are acquainted with philosophical systems; and another to His goodness, where goodness is tacitly substituted in the heading of the chapter for benevolence, which is its real subject, and which the author considers to be exemplified in the fact, that in a vast plurality of instances in which contrivance is perceived, the design of the contrivance is beneficial, and that pleasure has been superadded to the animal sensations. If it be asked, What is the value of such a result as this, and, derived as it is from the mere exercise of the senses and the intellect, will it have any reflex effect upon the moral conduct?—we answer, that it is not our business to find any reply to this question; but we recognise the consistency of the author, who, in his treatise on Moral Philosophy, denies the existence of a moral sense, making no appeal to any such faculty in his abstract investigations into the nature of the Deity. If it be said that the demonstrated existence of such a Being entails the obligation of gratitude on those who can follow the argument, the next question that would arise would be, how such gratitude was to be evinced; and we suppose the difficulty, on his principles, would not be solvable. Or again, if Natural Religion is regarded as the handmaid of Revelation, how will such a view as this lead on the inquirer to the true God, rather than to any other false system which retains the same attributes in its Deity?

If there be, as we have said, a difficulty in fixing the boundaries of the science of Natural Theology, it at least is not singular in this respect. All sciences are, from the very nature of the case, perpetually shifting their limits, and in the progress of knowledge the provisional definition of any science may require to be altered to suit the exigencies of an improved state of things. Moreover, many subjects really belong to two or more contiguous sciences: neither is there any necessity for

determining accurately the provinces of the respective sciences under which they fall. It might be difficult to say of certain imaginable phenomena whether they more properly belonged to astronomy or meteorology, and so of other sciences. Each physical science touches each other science at many distinct points. The connexion of the physical sciences is an idea which must have occurred to any learner who has advanced any way in physical pursuits, though there had never been written any treatise especially upon this subject. And this connexion is itself of the greatest advantage to every science, each one drawing from and contributing to each other. And here is a point in which Natural Theology stands at a great disadvantage in comparison with every other science. It is in its very idea, and as it were by the terms of the original compact between teacher and learner, precluded from borrowing any light from that quarter from which it could derive its strongest proofs. The very first moment that it begins to borrow from Revelation, it forfeits its character. It stands single-handed, and is under this additional disadvantage, that it is at every step liable to the charge of borrowing from Revelation, a charge which it is often extremely difficult to refute. The writer upon this subject is bound to ignore Revelation, to place himself in the position in which the reader is supposed to be, but in which much the larger proportion of readers of works of Natural Theology are not; viz., that of being entirely ignorant of all the inheritance of dogmas which the Christian Church possesses, or that traditional knowledge which in various forms has been handed down in the heathen world.

We must not attempt to disguise from ourselves the fact that the main body of persons addressed in such treatises are not heathens, but Christians, and those who, though not Christians, have been brought into contact with Christianity, and so are within the sphere of the influences of Revelation. The subject is no longer what it appeared to be in the last generation, or in the boyhood of the present generation, a game of play at argument, where we are sure to win in the end, and so where it mattered little what flaws there might be here and there in the course of the argument. We have at this day to argue, not merely against those who do not believe in revelation, but for the sake of those who, from various causes, are in danger of being dragged away from that standing-ground of natural religion from which they might have been enabled to descry the narrow path that leadeth unto life. Most of us can probably remember the time when Paley's treatise was taken up as a pretty exercise, when our view of the matter was, that however few might be the number of persons who stood in need of such an argument, yet there it

was, ready for use when occasion required, and so undoubtedly conclusive, that we never supposed it capable of objection, much less of refutation.

Every one, in whatever department of knowledge he may have been engaged, is familiar with the difference between arguing out doubtful conclusions, and accounting for that which is, on whatever grounds, already certain. Thus, in history, persons who pretend to be philosophical historians, think they are able to show that things have happened just as they ought; but, certainly, very little advantage has in point of fact been derived from the study of history, in the way of predicting coming events or attempting to avert foreseen catastrophes. Livy's '*Inde tibi tuæque reipublicæ quod imitere capias; inde fœdum inceptu, fœdum exitu quod vites,*'—and Thucydides' idea, '*τῶν γενομένων τὸ σαφὲς σκοπεῖν καὶ τῶν μελλόντων ποτὲ αὐθις κατὰ τὸ ἀνθρώπειον τοιούτων καὶ παραπλησίον ἔσσεσθαι,*'—may be a very good ideal for the writer of history to propose to himself; but the advantage derived from such works has not been commensurate with the expectations of the writers. People all recognise that it is very easy to account for what has happened, but the man who will venture to predict must have an unusual amount of sagacity and keenness of perception. There is much the same difference in argument between adducing the evidence for an admitted truth, and endeavouring to elicit a disputed conclusion from admitted premisses; and probably not one in a hundred of the admiring readers of works on Natural Theology stops to inquire critically either into the exact nature of the conclusion he has arrived at, or the mode in which it has been established. We are far from wishing to deny that there may be considerable advantage to be derived to readers of Natural Theology, though they should over-estimate the amount of evidence producible, or though they should feel persuaded that more has been proved than in strict logic could be allowed. Even those who may be capable one day of detecting the fallacy in which they have indolently allowed themselves to acquiesce, and who may be called upon to expose its pretensions, may yet have derived benefit from the thoughts to which it introduced them. And the argument itself was, after all, not a fallacy in itself, but only fallacious in its application to a different class of readers from what was intended. They were wrong in their estimate of the extensiveness of its power of application. It was conclusive to them; but not to a class of sceptics whose existence they ignored. Or, again, the argument may abstractedly be perfectly valid, and be felt to be so by those who impugn it, though the terms in which it is expressed are such as to leave an opening for logical objection. However, it is at

least worth while to attempt to disentangle what is merely logical from what may be quite as conclusive, though not brought out by any deductive process. And, first, restricting ourselves for the present to Dr. Paley's view; let us bear in mind that the conclusion arrived at is not the conclusion which at first sight most people suppose it to be. Let it be granted that there is a proof of the being of a God; it at least is not a proof of the God whom we (whether ignorantly or not) worship—the God who is not far from every one of us, in whom we live and move and have our being. We really can see no reason to suppose that much of the true nature of the Creator could be made clear to man by the consideration of a very limited portion of His works; especially that portion which, by the consent of all, is not the highest exhibition which we possess of His powers. If any one will take the trouble to look through Paley's treatise, he will find that, after stating the argument, the greater part of the rest of the volume is occupied with its application, and consists of various details on the subject of astronomy, the elements, plants, insects, instincts, comparative anatomy, the animal structure in general; in the midst of all which, a few pages are devoted to the mechanical arrangement of the human frame. We should have expected a Christian writer to have searched more diligently in a different portion of the creation for records of the Creator, as Revelation seems to direct him to do in the information that is given us, that 'In the image of God made He man;' yet throughout the minor premises of this elaborate argument, the constitution of the human mind is entirely ignored.

This author fairly states the different aspect which his argument assumes when applied to the being, and when to the attributes of God. In speaking of apparent failures in nature, he says,—'Irregularities and imperfections are of little or no weight in the consideration, when that consideration relates simply to the existence of a Creator; when the argument respects his attributes, they are of weight;' but it is very strange that, recognising the distinction between the proof of the existence of an Eternal Mind, and the qualities of that Mind, he should have had no perception of the different value of two conclusions, one of which should reach to (if we may use such terms) physical and intellectual perfections, and the other should include moral perfections.

No one would imagine that the science of Natural Theology has mere speculation for its end. It is obvious that, whatever be its conclusions, some practical duties must follow from them; and it is strange that this author should have failed to perceive that, so far from eliciting the idea of such duties as resemble

those which revelation makes known to us, the view of external nature to which he confines his attention rather points in an opposite direction to that of 'the efficacy of prayer.' Nature is inexorable; and though she provides remedies for apparent failures in her first designs, and is, so to speak, elaborately inventive in repairing the damages which she appears to sustain, yet those very remedies and inventions supply but a further instance of regularity and law. It need not be denied that they may be suggestive to our minds of the attribute of mercy, but they have no more tendency than the original laws of which they are the supplement, to teach the means by which a revelation makes known to us that mercy may be obtained. So far as the mere external world is concerned, and the evidence which it affords for the being and attributes of an Almighty Creator, it cannot be denied that Pascal was right when he said that 'All nature teems with evidence of a God that hides Himself.'

And now, before we have done with Paley, we must notice one capital defect in his mode of conducting the argument from design. He slurs over the objection of irregularities and imperfections,—which is a real objection, and ought to have been noticed as such, or else shown to be inconclusive. Even of evils in the physical world, it is absurd to say that the attention must be withdrawn from them, for they are the very points upon which the attention will fix itself most tenaciously. They 'are,' he says, 'to be taken in conjunction (the attention is not 'to rest upon them, but they are to be taken in conjunction) 'with the unexceptionable evidences which we possess of skill, 'power, and benevolence displayed in other instances; which 'evidences may, in strength, number, and variety, be such, and 'may so overpower apparent blemishes, as to induce us, *upon the 'most reasonable ground*, to believe that these last ought to be 'referred to some cause, though we be ignorant of it, other than 'defect of knowledge or of benevolence in the author.'

And though this author devotes a few pages to the subject of the origin of evil, yet there is no appearance of his having any misgiving that what he says of physical evil is utterly inapplicable to moral evil. Surely, the author who denied the existence of a moral sense, was not bound, by any notions of consistency, to ignore the existence of moral evil.

With regard to the argument itself, it is nothing more than a syllogism whose major premiss is as follows: 'Where there is a design, there must be a designer; where contrivance, a contriver.' The minor premiss, the establishment and exhibition of which is the main subject of treatises on Natural Theology, is the fact that creation exhibits manifold traces of design and contrivance;

and, the premisses granted, no further objection can be urged against the conclusion that there is a designing and contriving mind. Now, as it is certain that exception is taken against the conclusion, and equally certain that none can be taken against what logicians call the *consequentia* of the argument, it remains for the objector to demur to one of the premisses. It is a mere question of words which premiss is to be regarded as the obnoxious one. The whole argument will be called a *petitio principii*, whether it be considered that the major is an identical proposition, in which case the conclusion is absolutely the same with the minor premiss, in which, therefore, the begging of the question lies, or whether it be considered that the assumption lies in the major, in which case no one would think of demurring to the minor premiss; and the question reduces itself to the simple one, whether or not the idea of a designing mind is irresistibly forced upon him who considers the phenomena of creation, and whether any other hypothesis than this is self-contradictory.

And here we are met by the very acute observation made by Hume, that this world is a singular effect, that there is no connexion whatever between the observation of the effects of human skill and the inference of a designing mind in adapting means to ends, on the one hand,—and the conclusion that there must be a Being of infinite wisdom and power, to produce matter out of nothing, on the other. How can you argue from the common case of human adaptation of given materials to the singular case of the creation of those materials by a supposed Master-mind out of nothing? We have stated the objection, not in Hume's words but in our own, in order to distinguish it from another, which, though it looks the same at first sight, is entirely different; and we willingly admit that the objection in this form does appear to us conclusive. The analogy between the cases of creation and adaptation—creation on the part of Almighty God and contrivance on the part of man, as exhibited in his adaptation of created materials for certain purposes—is far too weak to be regarded as possessing anything like logical conclusiveness. The distinction between this comparison and the comparison between the adaptations which are due to human agency, and those which, it is asserted, evidence a Divine Mind as governing and regulating, has not been sufficiently adverted to. A very important assumption lies hid in the comparison of these two arguments; and the logical possibility of the eternity of matter is thus ignored by writers on Natural Theology. The question of the eternity or non-eternity of matter must be reserved for another part of the argument. At present, issue is joined upon the question, whether the inference of a disposing mind in nature is fairly brought out from the fact that we infer mind from material combinations



of human workmanship. And here we must remind the reader again, that we are arguing a question which Paley did not, perhaps would not face—one which is prior to his whole argument, and one which must be settled in one way, before his or any other treatises upon the subject are entitled to a hearing.

There is one class of treatises which we do not place in the same category with his. Most of our readers are acquainted with the name, at least, of 'The Bridgewater Treatises,' and probably nearly all know something of the contents of one or more of them, the selection having been made according to the particular bias or pursuits of each. It is now about a quarter of a century since the plan of these essays, intended to carry out the wishes of the Earl of Bridgewater, as expressed in his will, was made public. Whether designedly or not, the bequest itself makes no mention of the *proof* of the being and attributes of God, but appears to restrict the writers selected to the subject of 'The Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation, &c.' All, therefore, that the writers had to do was, each in his respective sphere to put out, in as attractive and intelligible a form as possible, the manifestation of Wisdom, Power, and Goodness. And this was done with very great success by some of the essayists—a success which may, in part, be judged of by the sale which these books met with. We have now before us the sixth edition of the second of these treatises, by Dr. Whewell, which is dated 1837, showing that this particular essay passed through five large editions in the course of four years; and perhaps Dr. Chalmers' two volumes, on the adaptation of external nature to the moral and intellectual constitution of man, were even more popular. The recent reprint of certain other volumes of this series shows that the interest felt in them is even yet unabated; and, indeed, it may be said, perhaps, that the very best possible selection of writers was made. The subject was brought up to the advanced state of science at the time of writing, by men who were perfectly familiar with the different branches of science assigned to them; and probably some of them will be read at a future day, when many of the facts alluded to will have altered their relative position in this argument, and many a supposed independent testimony to wisdom, or power, or goodness, will be merged in a more general law, which may be adduced in the same cause. We remember hearing it alleged, in excuse for the delay in the appearance of one of these treatises, that the author had to re-write much of his work, to accommodate it to theories which had displaced the views upon the faith of which it had been commenced. In the relation in which these essays ought to be viewed, such changes in science do not affect the argument which

they have to sustain. We have, indeed, seen it asserted, that these treatises were entirely thrown away, that they quite failed of their purpose, never made a single convert from Atheism to Theism, nor relieved the minds of the distressed, by throwing any light upon the awful questions which were weighing them down. But this is entirely to mistake their purpose, which was to illustrate a recognised truth, and not to bring evidence for a doubtful conclusion. We do not mean that these authors were always on their guard, or carefully abstained from any expressions which should seem to prove more than they really did. It was not likely that they would, nor was it to be expected of them, that they should continually be reminding their readers of the exact argumentative value of their illustrations. Neither do we wish to deny that they, like most other writers on Natural Theology, themselves occasionally confounded the two arguments which we have been attempting to distinguish. Nevertheless, upon the whole, they confined themselves to their proper sphere of illustration; and within these limits we are inclined to think they have been far more useful than many of those who disparage this whole subject seem willing to admit.

We need not quote largely from the pages of these treatises to prove what we are saying, that the authors were quite aware of the province assigned to them. Perhaps Dr. Whewell's is the ablest treatise of them all, and the following passages will show that he neither overrates the amount of evidence producible, nor mistakes his proper subject. In the very opening of his work he observes :—

'It is needless here to remark the necessarily imperfect and scanty character of Natural Religion, for most persons will allow, that however imperfect may be the knowledge of a Supreme Intelligence which we gather from the contemplation of the natural world, it is still of most essential use and value. And our purpose on this occasion is, not to show that Natural Theology is a perfect and satisfactory scheme, but to bring up our Natural Theology to the point of view in which it may be contemplated by the aid of our Natural Philosophy. Now the peculiar point of view which at present belongs to Natural Philosophy, and especially to the departments of it which have been most successfully cultivated, is that nature, so far as it is an object of scientific research, is a collection of facts governed by laws; our knowledge of nature is our knowledge of laws; of laws of operation and connexion, of laws of succession and co-existence, among the various elements and appearances around us. And it must therefore here be our aim to show how this view of the universe falls in with our conception of the Divine Author by whom we hold the universe to be made and governed.'—P. 2.

Again, a few pages later, the same author observes :—

'However strong and solemn be the conviction which may be derived from a contemplation of nature, concerning the existence, the power, the wisdom, the goodness of our Divine Governor, we cannot expect that this

conviction, as resulting from the extremely complex spectacle of the material world, should be capable of being irresistibly conveyed by a few steps of reasoning, like the conclusion of a geometrical proposition, or the result of an arithmetical calculation.'—P. 13.

Certainly it is a most gratuitous and unfounded assertion, that 'they did not confirm in a single soul already resting therein, the living faith, the loving trust in a Father—God.' We have no doubt, on the contrary, that many religious minds were strengthened by the striking illustrations met with, perhaps for the first time, in the perusal of these volumes. We have known, for instance, devout persons who would be obliged to take on trust geological facts and theories, alluding to the alleged series of preparations for man's inhabiting this globe, as an instance, the truth of which they cared not for, except just so far as it exemplified the goodness of God to man; and probably most of those readers who had not met with the same views before in Bishop Butler, must have experienced some such feeling as they followed Dr. Chalmers through his eloquent exposition of the care taken by a superintending Providence in adjusting the appetites and affections of human nature, so as to serve the cause of the preservation of the individual and the well-being of society. And, perhaps, there were few readers, whether scientific or otherwise, who did not read these essays with considerable interest, not merely for the grouping of the facts and skilful arrangement of the arguments, but in the particular relation of which we are speaking, as suggestive of the regards due from man to the Deity, some of whose perfections they recalled to the mind.

Neither in this point of view is their value in the least interfered with by subsequent discoveries which have been already made or which hereafter may be made, and which alter the exact place held in the argument by certain alleged facts. Certain phenomena may fairly be urged as indicative of wisdom, power, or goodness, to him who views them as special collocations of nature, though a deeper knowledge of physical science may transfer them from the domain of independent facts to that of general laws. To explain what we mean by a particular instance. A very striking evidence of forethought occurs in the fact that the larger and more important bodies of the solar system move in the same direction and in planes not much inclined to the ecliptic. It is these arrangements which secure what is called the stability of the solar system; and it has been demonstrated by Laplace, that the secular inequalities are periodical, and included within narrow limits. Now surely, in the present state of science, this provision brings before the mind, in a very remarkable way, the ideas of power and wisdom. Neither ought the conviction of the value of this argument as now

adduced, to be at all interfered with by the suspicion, that perhaps the whole of these phenomena may one day be simplified and exhibited as the result of a single collocation of matter, subjected to the operation of a more general law than we are yet acquainted with. The progress of science will inevitably change the relation in which certain phenomena stand to the conclusions of Natural Theology; but it does not affect their value as illustrations at the time when they are used as such. The facts themselves, however inadequate the solution of the problem of which they form a part, and whatever be the existing state of science, are legitimately urged as instances of the power, wisdom, or goodness, as the case may be, of the Deity whose existence and perfections are presupposed. The case would be, of course, altogether different, if these phenomena were the only premisses out of which man had to grope his way to the idea of an Eternal and Infinite Deity. It would be necessary in that case to determine their exact value and position, for they could not, logically speaking, do service under the two views of 'complication of adaptation for a certain end,' and 'exemplifications of unity and comprehensiveness of law.' We shall recur to these views hereafter. Meanwhile, before we dismiss the Bridgewater Treatises, it is right just to notice another very foolish objection which has been urged against them, viz. that, 'by their logical weaknesses and their inaptness of conclusion, they may have suggested to many minds 'doubts and perplexities which might otherwise have been 'escaped.' We think it will hardly be maintained by any seriously reflecting person, that the weakness of the proofs in the Bridgewater Treatises, or any such essays, have driven any readers into Pantheism, or Dualism, or Atheism. We fully sympathise in the apprehensions which many religious persons entertain with reference to the whole subject of evidence as applied to religion. Doubtless the mere presentation of the Evidences of Christianity to many minds is fraught with danger, even if the arguments on which the cause is rested are ever so skilfully exhibited; and writers on this subject ought to be much more careful than some have been, not to press arguments beyond what they will bear. As an instance of this sort of unfairness, we may notice Dr. Paley's treatment of the subject of the miracle said to be wrought by Vespasian, as related by Suetonius and Tacitus, in connexion with the miracles recorded in the New Testament. Even truth itself cannot bear to be supported by fictitious arguments. Perhaps it may be said that it belongs to its very majesty and sacredness that it resents this insult so indignantly. Every one is familiar with the dislike which is felt by one who has changed his side, for the party with

whom he once cordially acted; but in no case is the recoil so fearful as when a man has fallen away from the truth, after recognising the fallacy of the grounds on which he fancied he had adopted it. Still the Evidence for Christianity cannot be dispensed with; and since books on the subject must be written, we must make the best we can of the case, and the dangers which beset it. But the exhibition of the arguments of Natural Theology is not fraught with the same dangers, though the arguments themselves be ever so inconclusive. In the first place, the difficulty of believing Christianity, with all its doctrines and consequent duties, is powerfully urged on and backed by the wishes and hopes of those to whom the argument is addressed; and this cannot be said of the class of persons to whom the meagre amount of doctrine implied in the term 'Natural Theology' is proposed for acceptance, excepting always the case of those who are far-sighted enough to see the bearing of the subject upon Revelation, and who may therefore entrench themselves behind the denial of the Unity and Personality of God lest they should be forced to admit the probability of Revelation. It must not, indeed, be forgotten, that the side which the sinner would like to take, even in Natural Theology, would be the negative. What we assert is, that there are by no means the same powerful inducements to disbelief here as in the argument for Revelation.

Again, it is really absurd to speak of 'logical weaknesses and meagreness of conclusion' in the argument *à posteriori*. Here are two objections compressed into one sentence, so as to look like a single objection. But it is obvious to remark that the two admit of being played off against each other. First of all, it cannot seriously be contended that there are logical weaknesses in the plural, though it may be admitted that there is one logical weakness which affects the argument as a whole, whatever be considered the amount of comprehension in the alleged conclusion. And it is plain that, the more meagre the conclusion arrived at, the more conclusive (intellectually speaking) is the process by which it is drawn out; but, in point of fact, this is the last objection which should have been alleged against the Bridgewater Treatises, which, as a whole, have brought out the evidence for the unity, supremacy, power, wisdom, and goodness of God. And we think scarcely any one will have the hardihood to assert that his idea of the insufficiency of the proof was strengthened as he followed the writers in the examination of the complication of the details of nature, the simplicity of her general laws, the wonderful adaptation of her collocations, and, what is most striking perhaps of all, the unity of type, upon which things the most dissimilar in kind

have been constructed. We could indeed imagine the pantheist or materialist, puzzled as he would certainly be by the minute details revealed in microscopic investigations, confirmed in his view by that which, after all, is most obviously, to our mind, conclusive against it, the unity of type in nature. And, again, we could imagine one such, here or there, overpowered, he scarcely himself knows how, by some special exhibition of power, wisdom, or goodness, which makes a successful appeal to his better judgment. Still more effective, perhaps, with one class of minds, and under certain favourable dispositions, would be the evidence afforded of their great Creator's character by the natural affections and principles of human nature. But what we cannot imagine is, that there is any tendency in such thoughts in themselves to suggest either form of the atheistic hypothesis.

The pantheist or materialist may take up such volumes and cast them aside with ridicule and contempt, as not touching the particular point of the question at issue between him and the religious man; but to one who starts with his prejudices in the opposite direction, there is no single part of the *a posteriori* argument which is at all calculated to interfere with those prejudices, whilst the concurrence of the various lines of thought which run through its different parts is likely to appear to him absolutely conclusive. Now, let us suppose such a person to hear for the first time of the Manichæan, or any other such hypothesis; and, admitting that he has overstated to himself the logical value of his conclusion, could it be thought that he would be worse off than if he had never applied his thoughts to these pursuits? It is true that he might be misled by what appeared to be the evidence of his senses, in investigations of his own; as, for instance, in the notion that higher forms of life were produced out of lower, by a natural process of development; but in such treatises as those of which we are now speaking, these crude notions are either not noticed at all, or are treated with the contempt which they deserve. And it is, perhaps, one main safeguard of Theism, that its impugnors are obliged to adopt some other hypothesis to account for the existence of the universe as it is at present. The antagonists of Christianity are not placed at so complete a disadvantage as those of natural religion, as the former do not feel themselves driven to the choice of another form of religion. The phenomena that have to be accounted for, the wants and aspirations of humanity, &c., are not so palpable to sense as obviously to require a solution. People who profess to be intellectual will be content without a theory of religion. They cannot consistently acquiesce in leaving nature without some solution.

After all, though the professed object and the principal use of

the Bridgewater Treatises, and other similar works, be the confirmation of an admitted truth, and not the proving an unknown conclusion, it would be understating the case to speak of them as if that were the only function they performed. Admitting, as we fairly must, that Paley's Treatise is one grand *ignoratio elenchi*, there is at least this merit in the *à posteriori* argument, that, insufficient or inadequate as it may be, it nowhere actually breaks down the hypothesis which it is enlisted to support. And this statement is really of more value than appears at first sight. For a false hypothesis when matched with known truths, which cross it in endless variety, is sure in the long run to fall foul upon some one or other of them, and so be disproved. An extreme instance of this would be, in an arithmetical question, to suppose two expressions to be equal which were really not so. The absurdity would be detected immediately upon the common rules of arithmetic being applied to the case; the supposition, that is, would not bear being confronted with the truths of numbers. And in cases less palpable than this, say, for instance, the Undulatory Theory of Light, if it be a false hypothesis, it will most certainly be some time or other broken down by coming into collision with observed phenomena, or conflicting with other ascertained laws. Now, there is scarcely any one who doubts the Undulatory Theory, although it is notorious that there are phenomena which it does not account for, and which to some appear to militate against it. Perhaps if the *à posteriori* argument alone be considered, the position of Natural Theology is somewhat similar. The hypothesis of One Supreme Deity who created and governs the world has (no matter how) been proposed, and it has borne to be confronted with the phenomena of the universe. The existence of evil is the one fact which the theory fails to account for. We can have no wish to underrate the difficulty that arises on this point. Only let us be careful not to overstate the matter as if it were inconsistent with the theory. The very existence of the hypothesis at this day, commending itself (to say the least) to the great majority of people and the highest style of intellects, is enough to show that the existence of evil is to be regarded in the light of a *difficulty*; and as such we shall have occasion hereafter to allude to it.

And now to recur from this digression to the notice of Hume's celebrated objection. Waiving, then, the comparison between the adaptation of existing materials by the human mind, and the creation of matter out of nothing by the Deity, on the ground that the cases do not present any close analogy, there remains a really conclusive argument on the comparison of the human mind, modelling, and fashioning, and adapting

machinery for definite purposes, the purpose being judged of from the result produced, and the observed adjustment of material organizations for a result which is also cognisable by sense. If mind is the only cause which we know of in the one case, mind is the only reasonably conceivable cause in the other case also. Hume's objection has been met by several authors, and in different ways. Some, as, for instance, Dr. Reid and Dugald Stewart, have evaded the difficulty by taking refuge in the doctrine of an intuitive belief. Others, unwilling to multiply unnecessarily the original and ultimate principles of the human mind, have attempted to answer the objection. Thus, Dr. Chalmers argues that it would be strange if the often-repeated lesson of nature's invariableness, which within the compass of visible nature has never been found to deceive us, should only serve to land us in one great deception when we come to reason from nature to nature's God, that 'in making that upward step which connects the universe with its Originating Cause, there should for once and at this great transition be the disruption of that principle whereof the whole universe, as far as we can witness or observe, affords so glorious a verification.' (P. 87.) Now all this is really beside the point, because it takes the whole matter for granted, that there is an analogy between two cases which, we must confess, seem to us wholly dissimilar. But putting aside creation, and distinguishing the case as we have done, the conclusion for a governing and adapting mind seems to us quite irresistible. We do not say that the conclusion arrived at is of any very considerable value; but such as it is, it is as valid as any argument from analogy can be conceived to be. We do not see how anything can be urged against its probability. This particular argument, it must be admitted, leaves us at a great distance from 'the proof of a Being of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness.' The mind which we have thus evidenced to us may, so far as this argument goes, be finite or infinite. There is no evidence one way or the other, beyond this, that it at least acts in a sphere vastly greater than that in which human agency is employed; and is, therefore, endowed with far higher powers than the mind of man. And, however little way this argument may carry us towards the proposed end, it is at least conclusive against the theory of materialism. It is, indeed, just the point to which almost the earliest efforts of Greek philosophy reached, viz. that whatever were the origination of material things, mind it was that arranged them,—*πάντα χρήματα ἦν ὁμοῦ, εἶτα νοῦς ἐλθὼν αὐτὰ διεκόσμησε*. (See Diog. Laert. in Vit. Anaxag.) The same truth meets us everywhere in Greek philosophy, both amongst those who held and those who denied the eternity of matter,—*νοῦς ἀρχὴ κινήσεως*.



Independently of Revelation directly addressed to the individual, or a revelation which comes to him recommended with an adequate weight of testimony, there are three conceivable modes by which, whether taken separately or conjointly, man may arrive at the knowledge of God. The two argumentative methods are known respectively by the names of the *à priori* and *à posteriori* argument; the third we may call the intuitional view, according to which the existence of the Supreme Being is regarded as commending itself to our minds as an original instinct of our nature, or, as some would prefer expressing the same truth,—the idea of God is an innate idea. Now, before we go on to notice further these theories, we must remind our readers that in entertaining the case at all, we are obliged to ignore the actual state of things: of course, no believer in Christianity could doubt that the belief in the existence of a Creator and Governor of the universe has come down to us by tradition, authenticated in the only way that the case admits of,—by testimony. But, as we observed at the commencement of this article, Natural Theology is, by the very position which it has taken up, forced to forego any appeal to revealed truth. It remains, therefore, for it to show whether at all, and, if so, how far on rational grounds, man is obliged to recognise, in the phenomena of thought, consciousness, and external nature, that limited circle of doctrines usually included in the term Natural Religion. Of the three views spoken of above, no doubt that which is almost universally accepted as the true view is, that which precludes all reasoning on the subject, which acquiesces in the idea of God being an innate idea of the human mind. Locke went so far as to state his opinion that if there were any innate ideas, it would be reasonable to suppose the idea of God would be one, and from the fact that it could not historically be considered so, he argued, in confirmation of his theory, that there could be no such things as innate ideas. His philosophy has generally been adopted by sceptics of all classes. We have never ourselves been able to see what unbelievers would gain if they were able to disprove the theory of innate ideas; but certain it is, that this doctrine seems to afford a great stumbling-block to them, though it appears that they would rather admit that, than be beholden to Revelation for the acknowledged reception of the doctrine of a Supreme Being. Thus a recent writer, to whom we should be doing injustice if we did not recognise his great superiority to the rest of his school, speaks of this as ‘a fundamental truth, self-revealing in us,’ in confirmation of which, and to adapt which to the position which we occupy as beings against whom evil has prevailed, God has given us that entire objective Revelation which began with man’s first

appearance upon earth, and which the writer considers 'as still unfolding.' We entirely concur in the remarks made by this writer obviating the difficulty which is supposed to exist in the alleged instances of non-recognition of this truth, whether individual or national. It is no valid argument against its intuitive character that individuals, or even whole communities, have been found in so degraded a condition as to be almost wholly destitute of such belief, any more than it is conclusive against the existence of a moral sense that some have been known apparently entirely uninfluenced by it. We have little doubt that persons who habitually indulge in any class of sins, frequently attain a deadness of appreciation of the particular duties which they have neglected, long after they have repented, and even whilst earnestly studying to do what is right. That is to say, a portion of the moral sense becomes obliterated, and remains so whilst the rest of it is, perhaps, in active operation. And it is conceivable that it may be wholly obliterated. So, also, it is quite conceivable that the idea of God may be nearly or quite destroyed, even though an innate idea. Nor does the fact that it is so at all interfere with our conception of its being innate. It may, too, be an innate idea, though its conception may admit of being rendered clearer, and the conviction of it deeper and stronger.

Though, as we have said, the common view of the belief in God is that it is an intuition of our nature, yet this is not the view that appears prominently in philosophical treatises. People who believe this do not write books to show that they believe it, and indeed there would be little to be said upon the subject beyond the mere statement of the fact. We are far from wishing to depart from this view of the case, which, after all, in all probability is nearly the true view. It is certainly not our business, perhaps even it may not be abstractedly possible on a subject upon which there has been a revelation, to distinguish the boundaries of the revealed and the intuitional. Neither may it be easy or even possible to ascertain how much the external world, as exhibited through the medium of sense, has contributed to this result. One thing is certain, that men have formed to themselves, somehow or other, the imagination of a Supreme Governor of the universe. And we think Atheism has to answer the remark of Protagoras, which we have never seen fairly met: οὔτε γὰρ τὰ μὴ ὄντα δύνατον δοξάζειν, οὔτε ἄλλα παρ' ἃ ἂν πᾶσιν. On this subject Cudworth has well observed:—'Our human soul cannot feign or create any new 'cogitation or conception, that was not before, but only variously compound that which is, nor can it ever make a positive 'idea of an absolute nonentity, that is, such as hath neither 'actual nor possible existence. Much less could our imperfect

'beings create the entity of so vast a thought as that of an infinitely perfect Being out of nothing, this being indeed more than for God Almighty, or a perfect Being, to create a real world out of nothing; because there is no repugnancy at all in the latter as there is in the former. We affirm, therefore, that were there no God, the idea of an absolutely or infinitely perfect Being could never have been made or figured, neither by politicians, nor by poets, nor philosophers, nor any others. Which may be accounted another argument for a Deity.' (*Cudworth's Intellectual System*, p. 697.)

The other two theories are respectively called the *à priori* and *à posteriori*. We are not concerned to defend the term *à priori*, used in this relation, neither is it worth our while to attempt to dislodge it from the position which it occupies. It is an absurd misnomer of any argument for a first cause to call it an *à priori* argument. We need only observe here, that it does not, as indeed it could not, argue from principles alone. The fact which it assumes is individual, contingent existence, and out of it attempts to educe by a logical process the fact of necessary, independent, eternal existence. Dr. Samuel Clarke is recognised as the great exponent of this system. Different opinions have been entertained as to its validity and its value. Some, with Dr. Reid and Dr. Chalmers, suspend their judgment upon the case, and simply tell us that they are themselves not satisfied with it; whilst some, as Dr. Brown, boldly denounced it as a mere imposture. The first two writers do not, however, hesitate to speak of the view as being of no value, owing to their doubts of the conclusiveness of the argument; thus taking for granted that its only use could be in the direct establishment of the being and attributes of God, and forgetting that, though they and others were not benefited by it, it might still be of especial service in foiling the objection of the atheist. It cannot be expected of us, within the limits of a single article, to give any thing like an abstract of this argument. Mr. Dove, in his *Logic of the Christian Faith*, has devoted a whole book to the subject, and proposes to substitute for the assumption of fact, personality instead of being. This is no doubt as admissible an assumption as Dr. Clarke's, and arrives at the more valuable conclusion that there must be a self-existent Person. There is after all, perhaps, no material difference between this and the intuitional view. The *à priori* view is in reality only a disguised form of the other, thrown into an argument. If it is valid, it can but be derived from and involved in principles of a more general nature, which are themselves intuitional. It may have this advantage, that the objector—if intellectual, and attentive enough to follow the argument—may be driven into the denial of a more obviously and more generally recognised truth. It

may carry the matter higher up, but it will not evade the subtlety of him who is determined not to admit of intuitions at all.

Mr. Dove has placed the *à priori* argument in a very striking light, but does not contend that the conclusion is logically unavoidable. We are not sure that he has not anticipated the remark we have made above, on the intuitional nature of the *à priori* view, though he has not expressed his meaning in exactly the same terms which we have used. Perhaps the utmost that can be said for either of these modes of proof is, that they establish their conclusion with a far higher amount of probability than can be assigned to the results of any form of sceptical philosophy. And this leads us to notice the complaint, which more than one recent writer has made, as to the mode in which the advocates of one of these theories have either openly disparaged or tacitly under-rated the other. Even if they were totally distinct arguments, which in truth they are not, nothing would be gained by placing them in opposition, unless one of them were the true view, and the other a mere fallacy. But, upon the admission that they both establish a separate probability, the combination of the two becomes very important. In point of fact, however, they cannot so be regarded; they form but parts of one whole argument. And here again we are indebted to Mr. Dove for the good idea which he has expanded in his fifth Book, entitled, 'The Intuitional or Composite Argument.' We do not know whether this volume was a candidate for the Burnett Prizes: if it was, we are not surprised at its failure, as so many absurdities are mixed up with the argument; yet we must express our conviction that many parts of it are superior to anything we have met with in Mr. Thompson's work, which gained the first prize.

We have noticed one objection to the *à posteriori* argument, urged from the fact that this universe is a singular result, and have shown that, however conclusive the objection may be in one point of view, it is utterly irrelevant as applied to the adaptation of matter supposed already in existence.

We now proceed to another form of objection urged by the same acute thinker. The objection amounts to this; that cause and effect being commensurate, it is idle to attempt to deduce from a first cause which you have deduced from effects, other effects which are distinct from those with which you commenced. It looks very like judicial blindness, that one of the acutest thinkers that the world has ever seen should have fallen into two such transparent fallacies in the two arguments which he sought to maintain against natural and revealed religion. We allude, of course, to the argument against the possibility of the estab-

lishment by evidence, of the reality of miraculous interposition. The two objections very much resemble each other; and though, being, as they are, levelled, the one against all religion, the other against Christianity in particular, they require to be met in different ways; yet they proceed from one and the same false principle in the mind of their originator, viz. a defective view of the value and the processes of induction. We do not know that many writers have been misled to the same extent; but we are sure that there is a very prevalent confusion as to the nature of induction in general; and we think sceptical writers would not have been so desirous of exalting inductive evidence to the disparagement of deduction, if they had been aware how little it serves their purposes. There can be little doubt that the real view of infidel writers in laying so much stress on induction—as when some, for instance, refer all our knowledge, even the recognition of axiomatic truths, to it—is, that they may more securely deny to the human mind the possession of any intuitions. Absurd as the assertion may seem, it is nevertheless true that people talk and write as if the general principle which is gained by patient habits of induction existed in the facts from which it is deduced; or again, as if it were nothing more than a restatement in one proposition of what had before been stated in a number of separate propositions. They do not seem to care to take cognizance of the mental faculty which enables one man rather than another, with the same facts before him, to lay down the law which ties these facts together. They do not tell us what is the origin of the splendid guess, the inspiration, or by whatever other name it may be called, that found out the subtle link by which the phenomena were united. Nor, again, do they fairly meet the question, whence comes that confidence in the inductive process which all mankind seem to possess; the major premiss, as it were, of every inductive argument.

Our readers, we trust, will not misunderstand us, as if we meant to endorse Archbishop Whately's shallow and absurd theory of the identity of argumentative form in the inductive and deductive processes. The major premiss is not as he has laid it down,—‘What is true of the individuals you have examined, is true of the whole class.’ The question to be answered in every inductive argument by the test of subsequent observation or experiment is,—‘Whether or not is the principle which seems to account for the phenomena the true one?’ and it is the distinguishing mark of genius and sagacity to light upon true rather than false theories. Again, surely the power of making the guess at all is an innate power of the human mind, more or less developed according to the circumstances in which it is placed. And, to ascend still higher, what else can the conviction of the

validity of the inductive process be but an innate idea in the human mind? Without a confidence in this validity, no attempt would ever have been made to class phenomena together. For, after all, it must be remembered that there is no actual nor conceivable instance of a perfect induction; so that experience does not give us the conviction of the truth of our conclusion, which is sometimes even prior to, and always is beyond, the reach of all possible experience, being always, from the very nature of the case, liable to be overthrown by subsequent observation, and never to be rendered certain by any amount of experience.

The faculty to which we are alluding has been considered and spoken of by Dr. Chalmers and other writers under the designation of 'a disposition to count upon the uniformity of nature's processes.' (Book i. ch. 4.) Dr. Chalmers, according to his usual custom of evading nice and critical questions and acquiescing in the common-sense view of a case, was content to describe this as an instinctive expectation of our nature, which is not the fruit of experience, but anterior to it; and in order to avoid joining issue with the disciples of Locke's philosophy, gives as his view that the doctrine of innate ideas in the mind is wholly different from that of innate tendencies in the mind; which tendencies may lie undeveloped till the excitement of some occasion has manifested or brought them forth. We confess that, in the absence of any exact definition of the words 'tendency' and 'idea,' we look upon this as very much a question of words. The faculty which we are now discussing is much more correctly described as recognising the necessary connexion of cause and effect, than as counting on the uniformity of nature's sequences. The two views are not identical; for the mere belief in the uniformity of nature would never have carried us one step towards the investigation of the laws of nature; whilst the intuitive belief in some cause, as being necessary to produce a given effect, is the heart and soul of all induction. The ideas of the connexion between cause and effect, and the uniformity of nature's sequences, are certainly distinct; for there are cases of invariable uniformity, such, for instance, as the succession of sunrise and sunset, which never suggest to any mind the supposition that one is cause and the other effect.

It was mainly owing to his overrating the amount of certainty arrived at by induction, as applied to the laws of nature, that Hume fell into his celebrated fallacy on the subject of miracles; as it was his want of appreciation of the process itself which led him to disparage the value of a process which professed to argue from given effects to a first cause, and thence to infer different effects from this cause supposed to be ascertained.

The argument on the subject of miracles is only collaterally

connected with our present subject; but the importance of the question, and the defective manner in which Hume's argument has been met, will, we hope, afford sufficient excuse for a short digression. The two replies which will be most familiar to ordinary English readers, we suppose, are those by Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Trench. The objection itself is boldly enough stated by the author,—and here we must do Hume the justice to say that he at least writes intelligibly, and not like most of the modern sceptical school outside, and their little imitators inside the pale of the Church:—it is that the laws of nature have been established by a firm and *unalterable* experience, and therefore it is impossible for any amount of counter-evidence to overthrow them. The answer to this given by Dr. Chalmers, according to his usual custom, avoids the abstract question of the comparison of the value of observation and testimony, and is founded upon the distinction of the kinds of testimony. This is a common-sense view of the case, and as such will be useful to many minds, especially such as, not being accustomed to abstractions, judge of the merits of a whole case as it is put before them. He professes to derive his view from 'Dr. Whately's masterly treatise on Logic.' And the sentence which he quotes from this author is the following:—'It would be absurd to consider 'merely the *average chance* from the truth of *testimony in the abstract*, without inquiring *what* the testimony is in the instance 'before us.' (*Evidences of the Christian Revelation*, Book i. chap. 3.) He writes for the class of people of whom it may be said that 'it is not necessary for their coming to a right 'practical judgment on any given case, that they should be able 'to comprehend the true philosophy on the subject of testimony.' And his answer is a real answer, as far as it goes, and certainly much more to the point than Dr. Campbell's view, to which he is objecting,—that faith in testimony is a distinct principle from faith in experience; and that these, not being of the same species, do not admit of comparison, as things do which are of the same kind, but only differ in degree,—that they are independent and incommensurate. Still Dr. Chalmers' answer does not go to the bottom of the matter. The case put is between testimony, as such, in the abstract, and experience or observation. We have no other fault to find with Dr. Chalmers than that he does not meet the assertion of Mr. Hume as it stands. The solution of the case, as proposed by Mr. Trench, is very shallow, and will not satisfy any of the class of persons to whom alone it can be considered to be addressed. We are not concerned here to notice his unphilosophical mode of stating and explaining the balance of probabilities. His view, which he fortifies with a vague quotation from Coleridge, is, that 'against the argument from expe-

‘ rience which tells against the miracle, is to be set, not as Hume asserts, the evidence of the witnesses, which it is quite true can in no case itself be complete and of itself sufficient, but this *plus* the anterior probability that God, calling men to live above nature and sense, would in this manner reveal himself as the Lord paramount of nature, the breaker through and sligher of the apparitions of sense; *plus* also the testimony which the particular miracle, by its nature, its fitness, the glory of its circumstances, its intimate coherence as a redemptive act with the personality of the doer, in Coleridge’s words, “its exact accordance with the ideal of a true miracle in the reason,” ‘ proves to the conscience that it is a divine work.’ It is of course true that men’s belief in a miracle will be determined by their moral condition; yet what has this truth to do with the abstract question whether there can be such an amount of concurrent testimony as to overturn the improbability of an alleged violation of a law of nature? It is no question here whether any miracle stands exactly on this footing, and without any collateral argument to be urged for or against it; but the objection proposed by the sceptic is wholly an intellectual one, and admits of being answered on intellectual grounds. And the answer, which is really conclusive, is, that the value of the evidence of a law derived from experience increases nearly in an arithmetical progression, while that of testimony proceeds in a geometrical ratio. For instance, the probability that an event will happen again in the same way in which it has happened any given number of times, may be represented by a fraction which increases gradually in value from  $\frac{1}{2}$ , to  $\frac{2}{3}$ ,  $\frac{3}{4}$ , &c.; whilst the chance of a statement being false which is deposed to by independent witnesses, diminishes according to the powers of the fraction which represents the probability of one person making a false statement. We do not mean, of course, that this abstract statement of the case is immediately applicable, without any modification, to any actually alleged case of miracle, *e.g.* the cure related to have been performed by Vespasian; but it entirely overthrows the argument urged by Mr. Hume against the credibility of miracles in general. It would be absurd to suppose that Christianity should rest, even for a portion of its evidence, on purely intellectual grounds; but when objections are made which are merely intellectual, it is worth while to meet them on their own ground, and refute them.

It was this same exaggerated estimate of the powers of the inductive process, coupled with its necessary consequence, the idea of the absolute certainty of the conclusion arrived at, that led Hume into that other plausible fallacy, in which he attempts to overthrow the argument for a first cause.



And this leads us to notice two points, which we think writers on Natural Theology have not put prominently enough forward.

In the first place, objections are urged against the *à posteriori* method as inconclusive. And the proper answer to this objection is, not to attempt to evade it or explain it away, but to admit it, adding that from the very nature of the case it must be so. If it is of the very nature of induction to arrive at a conclusion which continually admits of increased evidence, and the certainty of which cannot possibly be considered as established, it would be absurd to expect, so long as this method is adhered to, a demonstration of the being and attributes of God. If men will exclusively adopt this mode of evidencing the existence of the Supreme Being, they must necessarily acquiesce in the *probable* nature of the conclusion arrived at. They may wish for demonstration, but it is not to be had, for the simple reason that they have, as it were, by the terms of their agreement in the investigation, shut themselves out from it.

But, again, the very cause of this uncertainty is, that the conclusion is assumed before-hand on insufficient evidence, and put, as it were, upon its trial. The conclusion may have been suggested by the facts, but manifestly neither is identical with them, nor is comprehended in them. It is beyond them, and implies some idea existing previously in the mind of the investigator, which idea it remains for subsequent observation or experiment to exhibit as a reality, or as a vain fiction of the imagination.

There is, then, an *à priori* element, if so it may be called, in the *à posteriori* argument. And precisely, in the same way, there is an element of fact assumed in the *à priori* argument. Neither of these arguments exactly answer, therefore, to the character of independence which each is generally supposed to possess, and which has led writers of very different views to acquiesce in their separation.

Nothing would have been gained by the separate consideration of them, had they been entirely distinct, but, as it is, both of them having an intuitional element in them, there is an evident advantage in their combination, and in their being regarded as a single argument. This view has been put out by Mr. Dove with great skill; and, indeed, as the whole argument of Natural Theology must be regarded rather in the light of an answer to objections urged against the doctrine of One Supreme Creator and Governor of the Universe, and a method of exhibiting the unsoundness and hollowness of all other systems that have been proposed, the two views are necessary, inasmuch as they afford respectively a reply to different forms of objection and different erroneous theories or suppositions. For instance,

Dr. Clarke's argument, whatever may be thought of its conclusiveness, has assuredly more of unity and consistency; it is more natural and less violent than the theories of materialism, or pantheism, or dualism. This latter theory certainly requires a more careful refutation than it meets with in treatises which confine themselves to the argument from final causes. The so-called *à priori* argument meets this case; and Dr. Clarke has shown the impossibility of two self-existent, independent principles; and this argument, taken by itself, destroys the theory of dualism, or the supposition that there are two antagonistic principles; and, taken in conjunction with the argument from design, which establishes the existence of mind superior to matter, disposes of Spinoza's view, which, admitting that the Self-existent Being must of necessity be but one, maintained that that Being was the universe; or, 'that the whole world, and 'everything contained therein, is one uniform substance, eternal, uncreated, and necessary.' (Clarke, p. 48.)

There is one portion of the *à posteriori* argument which has not met with the attention it deserves, and which, we think, it will one day receive, at a more advanced stage of the physical sciences. Only one of the treatises whose titles are placed at the head of this article makes this part of the subject prominent. We mean the evidence for unity of design, as exhibited in the unity of type on which physical things are constructed. To draw out such an argument adequately, it is not only necessary that the physical sciences should be at an advanced stage of progress, but an immense variety of information would be required to be possessed by the individual who undertook the task. In the present instance, the authors, Dr. McCosh and Dr. Dickie, have combined their forces, and have produced a very interesting treatise, many of the facts of which appear to have been the result of personal observation. Quite independently of its significance with reference to the present subject, this volume contains a considerable amount of information, and is extremely well written. We have only one drawback to the pleasure we have experienced in reading this work, and we must say that we wish the authors had steered clear of theology by omitting the last chapter of the last book, which treats of 'the Typical Systems of Nature and Revelation.' With regard to the view itself which forms the principal subject of this volume, we shall allow the authors to speak for themselves :—

'As this order of facts comes before us, we shall see that science, in its latest advances, is fulfilling some of the anticipations of large-minded observers and deep thinkers, who, in earlier and unsophisticated times, looked upon nature with a fresh eye, and believed in the existence of a profound plan in it, when they were not able to give a scientific reason for their conviction. Systematic research is only coming up in these later

years to the native beliefs and expectations which sages entertained from the beginning. But there are these important differences between the early glimpses and the later discoveries—that what was at first guess and vaticination, has become demonstration; that what was at first a mixture of fact and speculation has become, by the inductive method of weighing and measuring every phenomenon, unadulterated truth; and we may add, that the realities disclosed by science far transcend, in grandeur and true dignity, the loftiest musings of the profoundest sages, or the most brilliant speculators.

‘It is to be regretted, that the recent discoveries as to a harmony of structure running through the whole organic kingdoms have been turned by some to improper purposes. The famous German poet, Goëthe, who did so much by his doctrine—that all the appendages of the plant are leaves, or transformed leaves (he should have said, formed after the same model as the leaf)—to found a scientific botany, has not defined his religious creed (we rather think he could not define it); but it is evident that he was by no means inclined to look upon nature as the work of a personal God. The celebrated French comparative anatomist, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, who laboured so effectually to prove that there is a unity of composition in the animal structure, unfortunately (though no atheist) speaks in a contemptuous manner of final cause. Lorenz Oken, who propounded the idea that the skull is a vertebrate column (he should have said that the skull is formed after the same model as the back-bone), was a pantheist, and sought in a mystical, rhapsodical manner, to find the beginnings of existence and of life, without calling in a living or a personal God. Yet the ideas which these men expounded, after being first denied, and then modified and improved, have received the all but universal consent of scientific inquirers. Admitted, as they now are, among the established generalizations of science, and constituting, as they do, the most brilliant discoveries in natural history of the past age, they cannot be overlooked in a natural theology suited to the middle of the nineteenth century. If they are hostile—as we believe they are not—to the cause of religion, then let their exact force and bearing be measured; and if they are favourable to theology, natural and revealed, as we hope to be able to show that they are, when properly interpreted, then they require, from their number and value, to have a very prominent place allotted to them. We have here a class of phenomena to which Paley has never once alluded in his *Natural Theology*, and which are referred to only in an incidental manner, and without their meaning being apprehended, in one or two passages of the *Bridgewater Treatises*. The authors of these works are not to be blamed for this omission, for in their day the facts had not been discovered, or, at least, admitted into acknowledged science. But now that they have taken their place, and that a very high place, among settled doctrines, it is time to examine their religious import and tendency. They will be found not to be isolated or exceptional in their character, but to belong to a large and wide-spread class, possessing a deep theological signification. It is not pretended that these facts do of themselves prove that there is a living and personal God, clothed with every perfection. But they are fitted to deliver us from several painful and degrading notions, which may be suggested by the human heart in times of unbelief, or by persons who have been lost in a labyrinth built by themselves, and who are not unwilling that others should become as bewildered as they are. They prevent us from feeling that we, and all things else, are the mere sport of chance, ever changing its procedure, without reason and without notice; or what is still more dreadful, that we may be crushed beneath the chariot-wheels of a stern and relentless fate, moving on without design and without end. They show us what certainly looks very like a method pursued diligently and systematically—very like a plan,

designed for some grand end, so very like it that it behoves the sceptic to take upon himself the burden of demonstrating that it can be anything else. Taken along with their proper complement, the special adaptation of parts, they exhibit to us an enlarged wisdom which prosecutes its plans methodically, combined with a minute care, which provides for every object and every part of that object. Conjoined with higher considerations, and in particular with certain internal principles, which have the sanction of the very constitution of our minds, they disclose to our faith a God who sees the end from the beginning, and who hath from the first instituted the plan to which all individual things and events have ever since been conformed. These objects so regularly constructed, and modes of procedure so systematic, fill the mind, and prepare us, if they do no more, to wait for the disclosure of a loving Being who may fill the heart. For the intellect is not satisfied with contemplating, unless the heart be at the same time satisfied with loving. It is the grand mistake of not a few gifted men in these latter ages, when physical nature is so much studied, to imagine that the order and loveliness of the universe, its forces, its mechanism, its laws, its well-fitted proportions, will of themselves satisfy the soul. It will be found that all these, however fondly dwelt on, must, in the end, leave the same melancholy and disappointed feeling as the sight of a noble mansion doomed to remain for ever tenantless, unless they lead on to love, and such love as can only be felt towards a living and loving God.—Pp. 26—31.

It would be impossible within our limits to give even the briefest analysis of their exhibition of this principle of order, as applied to number, time, colour, form, &c.; but it may be proper to notice an exception taken against the principle itself. Sceptical writers delight in playing the two principles of 'unity of type or pattern,' and 'special adaptation to a particular end,' against each other, representing them as incompatible and antagonistic. 'Is then our God to be identified with the principle of order, or with the principle of variety?' The fallacy of the interrogation is transparent; but we protest against the dishonesty of substituting the word 'variety' for 'design.' Unfortunately, this sentence would have wanted all its point, if it had run thus. 'Is then our God to be identified with the principle of order, or with that of design?' Let the question stand thus, and we see in it at once a condemnation of the theories of pantheism and materialism. If God is identical with a principle, and two entirely distinct though not antagonistic principles exist, He cannot be identical with both. And as to a dualistic doctrine not being precluded, we have only to answer at present, that amongst the various forms of dualism, such as Manichæism, &c., we have never yet heard of a form which adopted a designing God for one of its 'Deities,' and a God working according to type for another. When such a monstrous opinion springs up, it will be time to answer it. For the present, we may well rest contented with the view, that if design in adaptation points to mind as its original, similarity in construction, unity in type, certainly contribute their quota towards a belief in One originating mind.

We have left ourselves but little space comparatively for the notice of the Burnett Prize Essays. Yet they are, or at least ought to be, the most important books of the day written upon the subject of Natural Theology. As some of our readers may not know the history of this Prize, we must say a few words about it, before going on to notice the two successful competitors for the valuable prizes awarded now nearly two years since. The following account is abridged from Mr. Thompson's preface to his essay, in which, however, singularly enough, the name of the founder of the Prize has never once been mentioned.

Mr. Burnett, then, was a merchant of Aberdeen, who died in 1784, and who, in addition to other munificent bequests to local charities, left a sum of money to be applied once every forty years in prizes open to public competition, to be awarded to the best two treatises on the following subject:—

'That there is a Being, all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom every thing exists; and particularly to obviate difficulties regarding the wisdom and goodness of the Deity; and this, in the first place, from considerations independent of written revelation; and, in the second place, from the Revelation of the Lord Jesus; and from the whole, to point out the inferences most necessary for and useful to mankind.'—*Preface*, p. x.

This is the mode in which the subject is proposed in the codicil to his will. Of his own individual faith, as well as of his estimate of the value of this particular subject, the following is his own account:—

'I am very desirous to declare that I humbly adore the Divine intentions in the mission of the Lord Jesus, His sufferings, and bitter death; and which, we are taught, were a proper means, in the Divine wisdom, for the forgiveness of sins, and conferring other benefits on mankind; humbly adopting the Divine intentions, so far as I understand them, praying to be more enlightened. I see it a great duty to be deeply impressed with the inexpressible love of our Lord Jesus to mankind, and with a sense of the invaluable benefits they receive by Him. "The striking attention of Providence through nature, in its mighty and minute branches, with other numerous evidences, probably give proofs of the attributes of the Deity. Some unhappily do not acknowledge Revelation, and think all is doubtful. To such, considerations independent of Revelation are necessary. To bring them to the conviction of a Deity is of the utmost consequence, and a step to a belief in Revelation. The considerations on the subject may be beneficial to all."—*Ibid.*

Mr. Burnett had no children, yet he considered himself bound to leave to his heirs a fortune equal to that which he inherited. Accordingly, what he gained by trade was devoted during his lifetime to charitable purposes. By his will, he also provided an endowment for many charitable institutions. If we may judge from one anecdote recorded of him, he seems to have been characterised by a sensitive conscientiousness in matters of business, and it is worth remarking, that he could not attach himself

to any religious community. What were the particular difficulties he felt is not recorded, but it would appear from his own statement that they influenced him so powerfully as to prevent his joining any sect in public prayer. His own words, as quoted by Mr. Thompson, are—‘I have not been able to join in public worship, as I could not declare a conviction of the whole of what is professed.’ (Preface, p. vii.)

Few of our readers will remember the first occasion on which the Burnett Prizes were awarded. This was the 4th of August, 1815, when the first prize was gained by Principal Brown, of Aberdeen. This essay has long since sunk into oblivion, though the treatise which gained the second prize is better known, both on its own account, and for its author's name. The *Records of Creation*, by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, has, we believe, been reprinted at least once. On the present occasion, the sum divided between the two fortunate competitors amounted to 2,400*l*. The judges appointed to decide were Professor Baden Powell, Mr. Henry Rogers, and Mr. Isaac Taylor; and with the fairness of their selection, Mr. Thompson reasonably enough considers that the public may well be satisfied. Of the two hundred and eight essays sent in for competition, the two which gained the first and second prizes respectively were the works placed at the head of this article, written by Mr. Thompson and Dr. Tulloch. With regard to the first, they appear to have been unanimous, though there seems to have been a little difficulty in awarding the second prize, owing to the near approach to equality in two of the essays sent in. We can, of course, offer no opinion about an essay of which we know no more than the opinion of the judges. But we hazard nothing in saying that we should have been sorry if the award had been such as to prevent the publication of Dr. Tulloch's essay; for in its masterly statement of the real nature and difficulties of the subject, its logical exactness in distinguishing the illustrative from the suggestive, its lucid arrangement of the argument, its simplicity of expression, it is quite unequalled by any work we have seen on the subject. And in the three first qualities we have mentioned, it seems to us to stand in striking contrast with the essay to which the first prize was awarded.

Mr. Thompson's reading has been more diffusive; and there is a much greater amount of display of learning, by which we by no means mean to assert that the author has unduly paraded his acquaintance with books or subjects, but only that he has gone over a wider field than his competitor, and has touched upon a greater variety of subjects, upon scarcely any of which, we regret to add, has he thrown any new light.

Considering the dimensions of the treatise (two octavos of

about eight hundred pages in very large type), and the fact that every theory of Atheism is glanced at in the first book, which forms one-fourth of the treatise, and that about a third of the essay is devoted to the objections of Modern Deism, as represented by Mr. Francis Newman, Theodore Parker, Mr. Holyoake, and others, whilst the second and third books, which are devoted respectively to the Being and Attributes of God, make more or less definite allusion to all the previous writers on the subject—Berkeley, and Kant, Locke, Hume, Comte, &c.; and give some account of all the great questions, solved or unsolved, which have in all times distracted the human mind with reference to the existence and perfections of Almighty God: considering all this, we say that it is not wonderful if Mr. Thompson's essay should be, as it is, superficial. It only requires a glance at the contents of the two volumes, which occupy twenty-two pages, and simply give the heads of subjects without any attempt at an analysis of the treatise, to be convinced of the truth of what we are alleging. We have read the book through, and have risen from its perusal with the impression, that had we known nothing of what has been said upon the subject before we began, we should have learned a little by the time we had come to the end; but that as far as regards those deep questions which have presented themselves to every mind which has entertained this subject at all, their obscurity is left very much what it was before.

We can have no desire to impugn the judgment of the distinguished individuals selected to award these prizes; but we gather from their own mode of expression, that they were not altogether satisfied with any of the performances submitted to their scrutiny; and perhaps we may venture the conjecture, that this essay was chosen more on the ground of its being free from absurdities and other objectionable matter, than from any positive merits possessed by it,—more because it offers a tolerable account of the state of the controversy, than because it contains any solution of the difficulties of the question. Most of the other recently published essays on this subject are more interesting than Mr. Thompson's, as well as contain a more definitely expressed view; whilst even Dr. Tulloch's, which we consider the best, is not without some serious drawbacks. What we complain of in *Christian Theism* is, that it is inconsistent and illogical. The author professes to have made some alterations at the suggestion of the examiners; and though he specially mentions Mr. Baden Powell as having furnished him with hints, we think he would scarcely have got the Savilian Professor to endorse his view of the Ideal Theory of Bishop Berkeley. The following note, taken from vol. i. p. 96, will

afford a specimen of logic, the fallacy of which we think even un-mathematical readers will have no difficulty in seeing through:—

‘ Even on the strictest theory of immediate perception, the *non ego* may be the Divine Being. Can no answer to the idealism be founded on our immediate knowledge of the space relations of matter, before we have refused both Kant’s and Sir Isaac Newton’s doctrines of space? A difficult undertaking. To the superficial answers founded on a stone or a precipice Berkeley might have given a mathematical report, that, even if matter be considered non-existent ( $= 0$ ) still, since the human body must in that case also be non-existent ( $= 0$ ), the relation between the non-entities may still be a finite blow! But he debarred himself from this answer by his mathematical speculations. It is a curious fact that the denier of the differential mathematics should have asserted what is equivalent, in the common apprehension of it, to a differential theory of material existence.’

The inconsistency we have spoken of as characterising this essay, is owing to the illogical tone of the author’s mind. We entirely fail to gather from it the amount of conviction which the author expects his views to carry with them, neither does he distinguish the classes of minds to which his different arguments appear to be addressed. At the same time, we willingly admit that some of the collateral questions touched upon have been ably handled; and the work may perhaps afford materials for a future essayist, who may exhibit the argument in a condensed and improved form, without the numerous episodes which occupy the larger part of Mr. Thompson’s two volumes. Perhaps a good statement of some of the questions to which he refers, such, for instance, as that of the co-existence of free-will on man’s part with foreknowledge on the part of God, or the consistency of the existence of physical and moral evil with the perfections of Almighty God, might serve the purpose, not of stimulating investigation or of satisfying curiosity, but of showing the limits beyond which it is hopeless for curiosity to pry, and pointing out the boundary-line beyond which the intellect of man is forbidden to pass.

We have read Dr. Tulloch’s essay with the deepest interest, containing as it does the clearest statement we have met with of the whole case, with its difficulties and alleged objections. Like Mr. Dove, in his *Logic of the Christian Faith*, Dr. Tulloch also objects to the separation of the arguments for the Being of a God into two or more great classes. He takes the whole as one argument, the different parts of which he is obliged to treat separately, but the whole effect of which is combined into a harmonious unity. It will be seen at once, therefore, that the idea of anything like mathematical demonstration is at once put aside. He is content to rest in ‘the great truth of the existence of God’ being ‘preserved as a truth of religion encompassed ‘with a radiance of evidence which only the wilfully blind



' can fail to see, yet not mathematically demonstrated, that they ' who devoutly seek the light may have gladness and reward in ' its discovery (p. 292). This whole treatise is very systematic and compact, and everything is in its proper place; and there is a fairness and honesty in the statement of difficulties, as well as in the estimate of the answers that are supplied to them, which is rarely met with in writers on this subject, who in general write as if they thought they must provide an answer to all questions that may arise, an answer in which it is evident they cannot themselves always acquiesce as sufficient.

The first of the four sections into which the essay is divided is devoted to the preliminary subject of the nature of the evidence in general, and is occupied with the explanation of the ground upon which the whole argument stands. The next section—some parts of which we shall have occasion to object to presently—gives the illustrative evidence itself, that is, goes over much of the ground of Paley and the Bridgewater essayists, beginning with the lowest and gradually ascending to higher forms of creation. This part of the subject, considering its extent, is briefly drawn out. Probably the author considered that the ground had been pre-occupied, and that to enlarge upon these illustrations would be equivalent to repeating a thrice-told tale. Perhaps, also, his tastes and pursuits lie more in the logical than either the physical or mathematical sciences, and thus he is content briefly to notice facts for which he is indebted to other books, though the remarks interspersed are such as to show that the author is at least tolerably well informed on most branches of science to which he alludes. We will give the author's own account of his third section in his own words:—

' Having completed our inductive survey, we return, in a third section, which we have entitled "Moral Intuitive Evidence," to the region of first principles, and in this region endeavour further to establish certain elements of the Theistic conception, viz. personality, righteousness, and infinity, without a special verification of which every Theistic argument must, according to our view, utterly fail of its purpose. Under this section of evidence we are led to treat of the common *à priori* argument, and to assign to it its distinctive value in the general plan of Theistic speculation. It may be inferred from what we have said that, while our second section of evidence corresponds to the common treatment of *à posteriori* argument, as exemplified in Paley and the Bridgewater treatises, both our first and third sections deal simply with the elements of the *à priori* argument. And if any choose to apply the term *à priori* to the discussions contained in these sections, it matters very little. They really, however, embrace a course of reasoning to which that term, in the restrictive sense in which it has been applied to definite arguments for the existence of the Deity, has no proper application. Upon any definite scheme of *à priori* argumentation, involving a process of mere abstract deduction from some single element of thought, or even of experience, it will be seen in the sequel that we do not place any

reliance. We are as little inclined as those who have most zealously opposed this sort of argumentation, to ascribe a convincing force to it. So far, we are at one with the general spirit of natural theological inquiry which prevails in this country, as represented by such writers as Brown, Brougham, and Chalmers. But, then, we consider that these writers, while rightly repudiating the conclusiveness of *à priori* reasoning in reference to our subject, have failed to set forth, and even to apprehend with clearness and comprehensiveness, the subjective conditions, or, in our previous language, principles which their *à posteriori* argument at once pre-supposes as its essential basis, and demands in order to its complete and effective validity. Now, it is simply the object of the first and third section of this essay to determine and verify these conditions or principles, which, as thus forming both the only adequate foundation and the culminating force of the general evidence for the Divine existence and character, seem eminently, in the present day, to claim the attention of the natural theologian. The chain of induction goes up in unnumbered links; but this chain rests at both points on principles of intuitive belief, which must be thoroughly understood and substantiated.'—*Tulloch's Theism*, pp. 6, 7.

The fourth and last section is devoted to the difficulties that present themselves to the conclusion at which the three preceding sections have arrived.

The observations made at the commencement of this article on the propriety of resting the argument for the existence of mind on the adaptations existing in nature, and not on the fact of creation, may be thought somewhat to resemble Dr. Tulloch's view. We think it worth while, therefore, to remark, that they were written before we had seen his essay. Keeping out of view the ambiguous word 'design,' he states the case as follows:—

'Major Premiss—Order universally proves mind.

Minor Premiss—The works of nature discover order.

Conclusion—The works of nature prove mind.'

Accordingly, the first section exhibits the truth of the major premiss, the author rightly observing, that it is neither more nor less than the old doctrine of Final Causes, which, avoiding technical forms of expression, he describes thus:—'Mind is 'everywhere the only valid explanation of Order, its necessary 'correlate.' And here he joins issue with the Pantheist or Positivist, who, though admitting that Mind is, in man and animals, the appropriate explanation of many facts of order, yet stoutly deny that Mind has any claim to be regarded as the only true source and final explanation of all order.

His attack is especially levelled against Mr. Mill, whom he considers the ablest and most systematic expositor of the antagonist doctrine of causation, and of whom he justly observes, that he keeps in the background the theological bearing of his views. Against his view he asserts the doctrine of *efficiency* being implied in *causation*, observing of the relation of the doctrines of final causes and efficient causation that 'they are

‘not to us separate doctrines, but only separate phases of the same fundamental necessity of our rational nature; the relation of the two is not that of dependency—the one upon the other, but of intricacy—the one in the other; for while the theological principle virtually asserts the philosophical, the latter, in its highest conception, already impliedly contains the former.’ (P. 21.)

He proceeds skilfully to track the artifices by which writers of this school, professing to pass by the question of efficient causes as one with which they are in no way concerned, go on to attack the doctrine, whilst they endeavour to raise physical cause into the place of efficient cause. Indeed, it is wonderful to see how really deep thinkers become as it were spell-bound the moment their investigations carry them to an aggression upon theology. Mr. Mill is especially shallow whenever his subject runs in this direction. In opposition to such views Dr. Tulloch lays the stress of his argument on the fact that all that sense takes in of the relation of phenomena is the relation of succession. The idea of causation is, beyond question, distinct from the idea of invariable sequence. And the author has well shown up the transparent piece of sophistry by which Mr. Mill attempts to account for the fact that we do not regard night the cause of day, and day that of night. The supposition that he annexes as indispensable, that the events should be unconditioned, which the succession of day and night manifestly is not, certainly seems to take for granted the whole theory of causation. Dr. Tulloch does not express himself so definitely as this, observing only that ‘it is significant how, in the most earnest effort which has been made in our time to resolve the idea of causation into that of mere antecedence and consequence, there should be allowed to enter an element of belief which is confessedly not generated by our mere observation of sequence.’ We may add that, before Mr. Mill can make good his point, he must be able to show that on the conceivable supposition of such a sequence being thought entirely independent of other natural phenomena, the person who thought so would accept the sequence as sufficient evidence of causation. The sequence of the seasons would perhaps have been a more intelligible fact to ground this issue upon, inasmuch as the cause of their succession is somewhat more remote from the ordinary apprehension of people. Will it be asserted that, under any imaginable circumstances, day and night or the seasons, because of their uniform recurrence in a fixed order, would be considered by any one as even possibly connected in the way of cause and effect? Again, the idea of cause in the general is suggested to the mind, without its having any knowledge of the antecedent. The intellec-

tual common sense, as Dr. Tulloch expresses it, 'does not concern itself with the special conditions under which phenomena emerge, so as to determine their invariable and unconditional antecedents, but on the emergence of any phenomena, the appearance of any change, it simply says that it is *caused*, meaning by this that the change does not originate in itself, but in something else. It says this wholly irrespective of the special sources or conditions of the change; and says it equally although it should never learn anything of these sources or conditions. It pronounces, in short, not what is the relation among observed phenomena, but only that all phenomena, whether lying within the sphere of observation or not, are relative. Springing from even a single basis of experience, this judgment goes forth without hesitation into the whole world of reality, and everywhere proclaims its validity; and it is this judgment which constitutes to the common sense the 'doctrine of causation' (Tulloch's Theism, p. 26). Causation, then, implies power; and the idea of power comes to us not from without, but from within, and is enveloped in our consciousness of will. It is thus that, in the apprehension of ourselves as agents, we possess the idea of cause, and without it the author thinks we could not have risen above sequence, as the obvious fact given us in outward observation. We cannot afford space to follow our author through two objections which are urged against his theory, and which he satisfactorily disposes of. Enough, we think, has been said to enable any person of common sense to answer the real question at issue—Is cause Antecedence or Power?

The following chapter, which is entitled the 'Doctrine of Final Causes,' is the only part of the work where we are disposed to find fault with the arrangement. Mixed up with its proper subject, it contains what we should have preferred seeing in a separate chapter, the answer to the objections that are or may be urged against mind being the *sole* originating cause of all things. Neither is the author quite so clear in this part of his subject as in the other statements and arguments contained in this volume. This is, perhaps, owing to his directing his attack against modern authors, who almost always express themselves vaguely and indefinitely. The school of sceptics of the present day are the pigmy descendants of that giant in intellectual subtlety, David Hume; and certainly none of them inherit his marvellous felicity of expression in stating his views, or argumentative subtlety in defending them.

The main strength of the objection is stated with a remarkable appearance of candour, and with inimitable preciseness of diction, in the following passage extracted from the dialogue

concerning Natural Religion, which we quote from Dr. Tulloch's first chapter :—

“ But can you think, Cleanthes, that your usual philosophy has been preserved in so wide a step as you have taken, when you compared to the universe houses, ships, furniture, machines, and from their similarity in some circumstances inferred a similarity in their causes? Thought, design, intelligence, such as we discover in men and other animals, is no more than one of the springs and principles of the universe, as well as heat or cold, attraction or repulsion, and a hundred others which fall under daily observation. It is an active cause by which some particular parts of nature, we find, produce alterations on other parts. But can a conclusion, with any propriety, be transferred from parts to the whole?” “ But allowing that we were to take the operations of one part of nature upon another for the foundation of our judgment concerning the origin of the whole (which never can be admitted), yet why select so minute, so weak, so bounded a principle as the reason and design of animals is found to be upon this planet? What peculiar privilege has this little agitation of the brain which we call thought, that we must thus make it the model of the whole universe?” “ Admirable conclusion; stone, wood, brick, iron, brass, have not at this time, in this minute globe of earth, an order or arrangement without human art and contrivance; therefore the universe could not originally attain its order and arrangement without something similar to human art. But is a part of nature a rule for another part very wide of the former? Is it a rule for the whole? Is a very small part a rule for the universe?”

Now the answer to this, we conceive, is supplied already to one who admits the account given by the author of the mode in which the idea of causation is developed in the human mind. To put the case on the very lowest ground, the *onus probandi* rests with the opponent. It is so intensely absurd to speak of mind and what are commonly called physical causes as co-ordinate, that we refuse to admit such a view without at least some confirmatory evidence.

Thus the author supposes he has made good the major premiss of his Theistic syllogism; and in the recapitulation of his view which concludes this part of the subject, he proceeds to notice the opposition which is supposed to exist between Volition and the regularity which science, as it advances, shows to pervade all nature. Regularity he rightly regards as being, as far as we can judge, the appropriate expression of the agency of such a Being as he has proved. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, supposing we could see far enough, on the supposition that the Supreme Will is governed by Supreme Wisdom, and we may add Wisdom again by Goodness? This last expression a little anticipates our subject, which has not yet directed us specially to considerations of morality. The idea of the necessary opposition between law and creative will, is the pervading fallacy of the shallow book which a few years ago excited so much attention under the title *Vestiges of Creation*. The writer has added to this first section a supplementary

chapter on the special geological evidence of a Creator, in which he exhibits the present state of the controversy as regards geological structure and successive creations as bringing us into direct contact with creative agency. His cautious provision for the fluctuations of this unsettled science is worth transcribing. The reader will see that a somewhat similar idea has been presented in the earlier part of the paper. He says (p. 69):—

‘Interesting, however, as this question is to the Natural Theologian, it is right to observe that we do not hold it to involve the essential interests of Theism. The theistic argument, no doubt, receives a striking illumination from the idea of successive creative interpositions, manifest in the very structure of the earth and its organic remains. It is in the highest degree significant, that, as we turn over the stony tablets of the geological volume, we should not merely be arrested at every page with impressive manifestations of that pervading design which we perceive everywhere, but at definite intervals should gaze with awe upon the very record of creation, and behold, as it were, the finger of Omnipotence in mysterious operation. Yet it is clearly evident to us, and deserves to be carefully considered, that even should advancing science tend to throw obscurity upon the supposed traces of direct creative energy, the great doctrine of Theism would remain altogether untouched. Even if those finger-prints of the Creator, upon which the Christian geologist has delighted to expatiate, should become dim and obliterated, as the eye of science grows more familiar with them, and pierces them with a keener scrutiny, the fact of a creative presence would not thereby be really affected. God would equally, if not so strikingly, live and work in the supposed extended development of Creation, as in the supposed instances of direct Creative Power.’

This first section is by far the ablest portion of the essay: but we must conclude our notice of it with an expression of regret, that the author has spoken so incautiously of laws of nature as contrasted with the phenomena in which they are read. We entirely dissent from the view, that ‘the true realities are the separate facts. The law is only the summary expression by which we hold these facts before our mind.’ Such a mode of expression seems to us to bespeak a want of appreciation of the beauty of those laws which science has revealed to us.

There is no occasion for us to follow Dr. Tulloch step by step through his second section, in which he establishes the facts or minor premiss of his argument. The ground is not new, and has, perhaps, been exhibited by others in a more interesting way; and we are sorry to see the repetition of the same idea to which we have been objecting. The enumeration of facts is here and there relieved by replies to objections urged against their significance; and it is in answering the assertion, that gravity is an inherent or necessarily existent property of matter, that he observes as follows (p. 100):—

‘Now, so far from one having any right to regard the law of gravity as necessarily existent, the truth is that it is a mere assumption to speak of

this law as existent by itself at all. We know the law in certain phenomena, in those orderly manifestations of which we have been speaking. It is the expression of the relation of those phenomena, but nothing more; it is the name by which we generalise and hold before our mind the action of those phenomena, but nothing more. To regard it for a moment, therefore, by itself, as a necessary power or property, to whose operation we can conceive the cosmical order to be owing, is simply to impose upon our imagination by a fiction; and if it is not so regarded, it amounts to nothing; it explains nothing. It simply assigns for the fact of the cosmical order, the *fact*; while yet our reason imperatively demands an explanatory origin of this fact.—P. 100.

From inorganic matter he proceeds to organic, or those phenomena where life begins to appear; though he takes occasion, whilst on the former subject, to notice the evidence in the immensity of creation for the greatness of its Creator, not forgetting to remind his readers that, from the nature of the case, inductive evidence cannot exhibit other than finite magnitudes, which can, at most, only be suggestive of the infinite.

After giving, in a condensed summary, the prominent evidences, first in vegetable, and then in animal life, and devoting a short chapter to the subject of typical forms, which we have already had occasion to speak of, as treated by Professor M'Cosh, he proceeds to the subject of mind. Of the gradual addition to the force of the argument as it proceeds, the author observes:—

'Our illustrative evidence, while resting from the outset on the same logical basis, thus truly gathers force and comprehensiveness for our special conclusion as it proceeds. Setting out with the theistic conception, its most naked form, it clothes itself with the full attributes of that conception, as it expatiates over a wider and more diversified field of induction.'—P. 136.

Accordingly, upon entering on the subject of mind, which is treated of under the heads of sensation, cognition, and emotion, he considers that the view of goodness as distinguished from wisdom is first opened out to us. And here, of course, at once comes in the difficulty of the existence of pain, which is reserved for a separate consideration at the close of the volume; the author, for the present, pressing into his service the undeniable fact, that pleasure is the natural accompaniment of the *normal* action of sensation. Before going on to the chapter on cognition, a short chapter is inserted on the subject of instinct. Perhaps the most striking phenomenon of this manifestation of intelligence is the exact mathematical accuracy of the angles of the rhombuses which form the roof of the hexagonal cells of the honeycomb. The author does not express his meaning as if he were entirely conversant either with the mathematical or historical part of the subject. The problem was proposed by Maraldi, in the early part of the last century, under this form: 'To find the con-

'struction of a hexagonal prism terminated by a pyramid composed of three equal and similar rhombuses (the whole being of a given capacity), such that the surface may be made with the least possible materials.' Maraldi concealed that he had found the cell of the bee to be so constructed. The history of the solutions of the problem is very curious. The first was by Kœnig, a pupil of John Bernoulli's. This differed in the resulting value of the angles from the true value, afterwards calculated by Maclaurin in 1743, and not, as erroneously stated by the author, first computed by Lord Brougham. The result may be stated as follows:—

The cells of the bees are found to be constructed in exact agreement with the true solution of the problem. The construction of the cells is arranged in such a manner that each cell is placed opposite to three others; its pyramidal roof consists of three planes or sides, each of which is the side of an opposite pyramidal roof. The pyramid, therefore, furnishes on one side the whole roof of one cell, and on the opposite side it furnishes one-third of the pyramidal roof of three other cells. The hexagonal cell is made with six solid angles at the roof. These are equal to each other, and to the solid angle at the apex of the cell, made by three plane angles, each equal to  $109^{\circ} 28'$ , and the other three solid angles are made by four plane angles, each equal to  $70^{\circ} 32'$ . By this the bees gain more space, and save more wax and labour than by any other forms or proportions imaginable. To quote Lord Brougham's words:—

'The form is proved to be that which the most refined analysis has enabled mathematicians to discover as, of all others, the best adapted for the purpose of saving room, work, and material, and at the same time giving the greatest strength to every part of the wonderful building.'

We must ask such of our readers as have any difficulty in following this description, to read it with a piece of a honeycomb before them.

We have dwelt the longer on this particular instance of instinct, because—though in strictness of logic it is of no greater value than any other which indicates a degree of intellectual power which it is absurd to attribute to one of the inferior animals—it is certainly the most striking phenomenon of the kind with which we are acquainted. And our argument here assumes the form of a question, for which we expect a *probable* answer. Whose intelligence is it according to which the bee thus blindly works its geometrical figures?

We must pass over the two interesting chapters on the cognitive and emotive structure in man, observing only that the evidence here is very rich, though ordinarily passed by because of its very obviousness. To those who have not been in the



habit of attending to the processes going on in their own minds, these chapters will be highly useful in the way of suggestion. Having said this, however, we feel bound to caution our readers against Dr. Tulloch's mistakes in philosophy—mistakes which are most prominent in the chapter on the emotions. We do not like, for instance, such sentences as the following: 'Resentment is the deepened and prolonged form of anger' (p. 230); and again, when speaking of pride as, 'self taking the measure of its own claims alongside those of others,' he says, 'When the comparison 'is made with fairness, we recognise the propriety of the feeling, 'as in the common expression, a proper pride' (p. 235.). It will be sufficient to have quoted the last sentence, without our adding a single word of comment. With regard to the first, we protest against introducing new definitions of terms whose philosophical meanings have once been settled; and we venture to say that we prefer that use of the word resentment which is sanctioned by the greatest writer on morals that this country has produced—we mean, of course, Bishop Butler.

It is in the third section, which is headed 'Moral Intuitive Evidence,' that the author first touches on what has been called *à priori* argument. We extract a passage which contains a tolerably exact account of his views of freedom and Divine Personality, and affords also a good specimen of the sound sense which characterizes the whole essay (p. 262).

'Man must be recognised as free in a sense quite peculiar, separating him from all other earthly creatures. While owning, in the actual course of his thought and volition, the great phenomenal law of cause and effect, there must be admitted to be in him at the same time a mysterious centre of personality; nothing else than the soul, which withdraws itself from this law, and asserts itself against it. What, then, is the bearing of this fact on our subject? As we previously said, it is the most vital for our purpose in our whole range of inquiry; but just corresponding with its peculiar depth and importance is the difficulty of fully seizing and expressing its significance. We have already seen in what respect it lies at the root of our inductive evidence, as the source of our idea of cause. The strange relation of affinity, and yet conflict, which thus emerges between the principles of personality and causality, were an interesting subject of consideration, but cannot occupy us here. We have at present simply to do with the direct import of the fact of personality in the enlargement of our Theistic evidence. In tracing back our mental life, we have this fact as the last word for reason. The Me asserts itself as an inscrutable reality, beyond which we cannot go in the way of natural explanation. It refuses obstinately to be related to any higher fact, as a natural sequence. But have we not thus reached a startling conclusion? If the human *ego* be thus, as it so clearly pronounces itself to be, a cause in the highest and indeed only true sense, viz. a naturally undetermined source of activity, is it not thereby, in its very character, its own author? If undetermined, is it not necessarily independent? So far is this from being the case, that we here approach the very peculiarity of the Theistic meaning which this prime fact yields us; for, in the very act of expressing itself, it is found to be its essential characteristic, at the same time to express another. It only realizes itself in another.' The more we sink back into the depths of con-

sciousness, and the more vivid force and reality with which we seize our personal being as something unconditioned by nature, and rising above it, the more directly and immediately do we at the same time apprehend ourselves as relative and dependent. The more we become self-conscious, the more do we feel, at the same time, that the ground of our existence is not in ourselves, but in another and a higher. Our personality, in asserting itself to be distinct from nature, yet with equal force asserts itself to be derived, or, in other language, to take its rise in a principle above nature. The human self, in a word, irresistibly suggests a Divine self; the limited cause, an absolutely original and unlimited Cause.'

From this passage it will be seen that the author finds the idea of the Divine personality in the consciousness of freedom of will. So, in the existence of the moral sense, or conscience, he discovers the character of the Divine Being, and especially the idea of righteousness. The idea of benevolence is here developed by the conjunction with it of that of justice. But it is evident that at every step which we advance now, we are getting further enveloped in the mystery of the existence of evil. It seems, also, scarcely necessary to add, that the denial of this whole part of the argument is open to all those who choose to deny the freedom of the will, and the existence of an intuitive moral sense. To such, it would of course be simply impossible to establish the truths of Natural Theology; or, supposing them, by some strange inconsistency, to admit them, they could be of no practical value to them. As the idea of freedom of will finds its complement in Divine personality, and as there is a similar bearing of conscience to Divine righteousness, so, in the same relation, does the reason (by which term the author designates that 'higher power' of intuition by which we apprehend realities beyond the region of 'the sensible') stand to Divine infinity. The infinite, to use his own words, 'is the revelation of reason, as the finite is the revelation of sense.' (P. 279.) In this view we entirely concur, but are compelled to dissent as entirely from the remarks upon the *à priori* argument in general, and the supposed overthrow of Descartes' view by Kant. There is great difficulty, amidst such abstractions, in appreciating the exact force of an adversary's position; and though the author considers his *intuitive* view to be totally distinct from the *à priori* view of Descartes, and seems, because he has a refuge to retreat to, the more readily to acquiesce in Kant's criticism, as being destructive of it, we think the fallacy of Kant's view might easily be exhibited. It is impossible, at the conclusion of our already long article, to examine the matter at length. To those who have some acquaintance with Kant's celebrated work, we venture to suggest, that in the celebrated comparison between the case of the equality of the three angles of a triangle to two right angles, which is called an analytic judgment, and the predicating existence as a fact of the subject,—

God, which is called a synthetic judgment,—the true answer is, that a triangle has a real existence, which is presupposed in all mathematical investigations concerning it. We do not see what view short of this will account for the difference between a figure mathematically possible, and one mathematically impossible. A mathematical possibility is a real truth—a possible figure, a real existence; and where can that real existence be but in the Divine mind? And thus modern infidelity has receded from a position which Greek philosophy had reached more than two thousand years ago. Indeed, it deserves to be considered whether the idea of an Infinite Mind is not directly implied in the infinite variety of forms which undeniably exist in conception, and therefore, we are bold to say, in fact.

We do not mean to follow Dr. Tulloch in his essay any further. The fourth and last part is occupied with the grand objection of the existence of physical and moral evil. If the whole difficulty of the case does not resolve itself into, at least the whole interest of it is absorbed in, the existence of moral evil. Almost every writer on the subject seems to have thought himself bound to consider the case, and to give what explanation he could of its anomalous character. Yet, in the midst of much that is provokingly beside the point, we have here and there an attempt at solution which only serves to perplex the simple and unlearned reader, without affording him the slightest satisfaction, and in which the more acute inquirer immediately detects either the limitation of Almighty power, or the explaining away of the nature of sin. Most religious writers have (as was to be expected, in the case of believers in Revelation) fallen into the former of these two errors. Even Dr. Tulloch's suggestions, if pushed to their logical consequence, result in this. Mr. Thompson has gone a little further, or perhaps it should be said, has spoken a little more definitely, and suggested that the existence of moral evil *may be* a necessity involved in the admitted existence of free will, and, as such, not fall within the sphere of power to prevent. Other writers, from the time of Leibnitz downwards, and especially in quite recent publications, have expressed themselves yet more incautiously. We do not accuse these writers of asserting that the power of God is less than infinite. They would at once repudiate any such imputation. We only say that we can ourselves attach no other meaning to these attempted explanations of the existence of moral evil.

Our readers will at once recognise that we mean to attempt no explanation of this difficulty ourselves. We abstain from doing so, on the ground that Revelation has left this mystery deeper than it was before, and by the announcement of the mode of its origin, so far as this earth of ours is concerned, seems to

remove it from the sphere of things cognisable by our faculties. It is, therefore, quite hopeless to expect any light to be thrown upon this difficulty from considerations of Natural Theology, aided though they may be by all the illumination which may be brought to bear upon them from Revelation. It must be observed, moreover, that whatever be the defect from exact proof from the constitution of external nature and that of the human mind, this not only contributes to that deficiency, but *appears* to be, at first sight, irreconcilable with our conclusion. With regard to the deficiency of exact proof of the doctrine, independently of the absolute necessity of such inexactness, if the proof be supposed to be inductive, of which we have already spoken, it remains to be added, that such want of completeness in the evidence, as making its appeal to the intellect,—such logical inconclusiveness,—belongs to every step in theology; and that therefore it would be an anomaly of a very singular kind if, in the establishment of the elementary doctrine of which we have been speaking, such should not exist. It would be an inconsistency which, so far from being natural, would itself be altogether unaccountable, and would be a greater difficulty than the one which people would fain remove, if the elementary truths of Natural Theology admitted of being established by a process of argument which made no appeal to man's moral nature. If the vicious and the profligate, and, still more, if those who are wrapt up in the pride of intellect, are gradually driven from the belief in the deeper mysteries of Christianity, surely it is not *à priori* probable that they will find any resting-place in their downward career short of the denial of all theological truth whatever, including those truths which belong to our present subject.

There are some useful remarks on the character of persons led, and on the motives which lead, into the disbelief or doubt of these truths, in the introductory chapter to Dr. Steere's thoughtful *Essay on the Existence and Attributes of God*, a work which, although we are compelled to dissent from many of its statements, deserves a more careful notice than we can here give it.

This author seems fully alive to the danger incurred by the attitude of doubt in which those whose business it is to examine and defend first principles are necessarily placed, whilst almost all the other works to which we have referred, from whatever cause, have more or less ignored the moral aspect under which the reception or rejection of these truths may be viewed. In arguing with Materialists, Pantheists, and Atheists, it seems ungracious to insist upon the hollowness and hypocrisy, the profligacy, the selfishness, the vanity and pride, with one or more of which these views have always been associated. And, indeed, if the object be to convince such, by showing a want of

logical consistency and coherence in their views, or establishing to their satisfaction the superior probabilities of the Theistic hypothesis, nothing would be gained by assertions of this kind, which would be attributed to a weak cause, requiring to be propped up by railing accusations, the relevancy of which to the matter in hand would be disputed; whilst the very persons who are under the dominion of the more subtle of these vices would be the last to recognise their existence in their own hearts. We have little hope that anything we have alleged, or that the treatises noticed by us in this article, will have any weight with those who have once adopted the views against which these works have been directed. For ourselves, we profess to write for a different class of readers. We fear there are many whose belief in the principles in which they were educated has been utterly shaken, in the ebb and flow of the tide of religious opinion that the last quarter of a century has witnessed in this country. Those whose early education dates from a period prior to this time were, nearly all of them, brought up with little attention to religion, or in very defective, and, what is worse, erroneous views in theology; and many of these persons adopted, with an ardour which we suppose has seldom been witnessed, the views which were promulgated in the *Tracts for the Times*. No doubt their very novelty acted as a charm with most, and probably with many the hold that these views had upon their minds was purely intellectual. Such persons turned with the tide of public feeling, and have been drifting ever since, with more or less rapid motion, and with a greater or less amount of deviation or obstruction, towards the broad sea of infidelity. Younger men than these, without having had the same advantages to fall from, are pursuing the same track, and are gradually shaking off the prejudices in which they have been educated, and beginning to doubt whether anything in theology is true. The reaction from the submission of reason to faith which they have been taught, is powerfully seconded by the desire of appearing liberal, and this again by the wish to be thought intellectual. And some, though as yet far from having reached this point, have entertained the doubt as to the reality of a future state of rewards and punishments, or the very existence of the Almighty Being who will deal with men according to their works.

For the benefit of such persons, it is quite worth while, if it can be shown that the theories which solicit their attention are without foundation or consistency; that, viewed as a mere matter of intellect, an immense amount of probability favours the old traditional ideas of religion; and that, when viewed in the higher light of satisfying the aspirations of man's moral

nature, no other form of belief has any claims at all upon their acceptance.

And we cannot but think that these are the cases in which books such as those we are now concerned with are most valuable. If such treatises have little direct value, they indirectly, perhaps, achieve an immense amount of good—an amount which, from its very indirectness, is entirely unappreciable. We had hoped to have concluded this paper with some remarks on the uses of Natural Theology in general, but must content ourselves with having glanced at this one advantage which it possesses. We have before observed, that the mystery connected with the existence and origin of evil stands quite by itself, and cannot be ranked as amongst other defects in logical consequence. We observed, further, that it is manifestly unsolvable upon principles of Natural Theology, if only on the ground that Revelation has thrown no light upon the abstract question. That this mysterious fact should meet us at so early a stage of our argument is not, however, without its use, if it accustom us to an habitual expectation of the mysterious in all those doctrines of theology which cluster round it, and which seem so intimately connected with it. And perhaps the same remark which we have made as to the want of exact and mathematical proof of the most elementary of all the doctrines of natural religion, as compared with the highest doctrines of the Christian faith, may apply to the apparent contradiction in ideas which exists here, and which it is at least easy to fancy in such doctrines as that of the consistency of human freedom with Almighty prescience, that of the existence of a Trinity of Persons in the Unity of the Godhead, the union of two distinct natures in the One Person of our Blessed Lord and Saviour, and, may we not add, the connexion between the outward and visible with the inward and spiritual in the administration and reception of sacramental grace.

ART. V.—*The New Testament, with Notes.* By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. Part I. *The Four Gospels.*

THIS valuable edition of the Four Gospels may be characterised, generally, as an endeavour to combine the industry of German exegesis with the wholesome teaching of the best English theology. It may be considered an attempt, to use the language of Dr. Wordsworth, 'by God's grace, meekly and humbly, wisely and charitably, to elevate the exegesis of Germany to the standard of primitive Christianity; and to assist her in recovering her ancient dignity, and in consecrating her learning and sanctifying her labour, and rendering it more conducive to the maintenance of the truth, and to the extension of Christ's kingdom, and to her own glory and felicity in time and eternity.' This sound and charitable effort must be pronounced to have succeeded, if not completely, yet to such an extent as to lay every earnest reader of the Holy Gospels under great obligations to the industry of the learned editor. The biblical student has now, at last, a commentary, in which competent scholarship is united with an extensive knowledge of the best English divinity; and in which the conclusions of the ancient expositors, both Greek and Latin, are presented to him in a full and complete form. Considering the work from the point of view in which Dr. Wordsworth desires it to be regarded, this latter feature, the continuous citation of the patristic expositors, is what most successfully and most beneficially distinguishes it from the current editions, both in this country and Germany. Hitherto, the Latin fathers have received but little attention, and the Greek commentators have only been quoted with extreme brevity, and regarded rather as witnesses for an interpretation, than as *practical* teachers and expounders of the written word. It is to their critical abilities, rather than to their spiritual profundities, that we have been lately taught to direct our attention; and it is with a feeling of great thankfulness that we turn to an edition in which the doctrine and practical teaching of these wise and holy men, their happy illustrations, their persuasive applications, and their deep spiritual insight, are all presented to us in perspicuous extracts. These are, for the most part, in English, and commonly abridgements or condensations of the originals. To this, in an edition of a more severely critical character, we should object; but, as Dr. Wordsworth's edition must be considered rather as a contribution to theology than criticism, as it is more distinguished for sound divinity than keen-edged biblical

scholarship, we cannot but think the reproduction of the patristic comments in condensed and abridged forms is not only a permissible, but a useful and judicious mode of citation.

We are also much indebted to Dr. Wordsworth for his copious references to our own standard divines. This has been far too much neglected in our more recent commentaries on the New Testament. It is the great desideratum in Mr. Alford's edition. It is equally absent in the recent commentary by Messrs. Webster and Wilkinson; and though, perhaps, in the latter case, constant references to English divines were considered hardly compatible with (so to say) an educational edition, yet we feel certain they would have rendered both this latter, as well as Mr. Alford's commentary, doubly useful and instructive. We rejoice, therefore, sincerely that Dr. Wordsworth has supplied what was so grievously lacking, and we congratulate him upon the sound way in which he has performed this important portion of his work.

We cannot, however, conscientiously express our unqualified approval of every portion of this work. In the first place, as a mere matter of arrangement, we cannot approve of the system of notes upon notes. In some cases, where modern criticism did not seem to inosculate very harmoniously with patristic citations, this might be excused. If it had been the design of the writer to throw all non-theological references, all historical, archaeological, or mere grammatical authorities into this *masora finalis*, the plan would have been, if not convenient, yet perfectly intelligible; it would have been seen that it was to save the student's eye from distraction, and to confine the attention of the less mature reader more to the matter than to the authorities from which it had been derived. If any plan of this kind were recognisable, we could perhaps be brought to tolerate this very inconvenient arrangement; but when, after the most careful scrutiny, we can discover no law which pervades the two collections of notes, we are forced to consider the notes upon notes as, in many instances, additions that the manuscript received in its margin, which had far better have been brought into its text. Take a single instance,—we open the book at p. 41,—why should not the note on *συνάπτης* have the supplementary references to Billerbeck and Winer attached to it? and what is there to prevent the doctrinal comment which follows being added to, or incorporated in the note on ver. 35? We hope this undesirable arrangement will be avoided in another edition. It will lead to a little condensation; and this Dr. Wordsworth's notes will, in many cases, beneficially admit.

To pass to graver matters. We are not satisfied with Dr.



Wordsworth's comments on Inspiration, and fear that they will provoke attacks which will gain reception and popularity from the inconsistencies, and almost opposing statements, that we think can be pointed out in these observations. We confess we cannot reconcile Dr. Wordsworth's statements, nor can we exactly see the ground which he wishes to occupy. It is perfectly intelligible to say, with Dr. Tregelles, 'I believe the sixty-six books of the Old and New Testament to be verbally the Word of God, as absolutely as were the ten commandments written by the finger of God on the two tables of stone.' It is also perfectly intelligible to say that there are, apparently, here and there *trivial* inaccuracies in the notice of unimportant facts, such as are due to that human nature which the all-wise God chose as the medium for conveying his oracles unto men, and for securing their transmission; but that we know and believe that, in everything relating to our faith and practice, Scripture is absolutely inerrant and infallible. But how can we, in the same breath, assert 'that the Apostles and Evangelists, whose instrumentality was used by the Holy Spirit in dictating Scripture to the world, were not infallible in practice' (p. xix.), and 'that there are not any, even the least, errors or inaccuracies in the New Testament' (p. xix.)? How can we maintain 'that the writers of Scripture were under the Holy Spirit in the letter, as well as the sense' (p. xxiv.), and yet be forced to admit, 'that we cannot cherish the persuasion, that we have in the New Testament the words of a message dictated by the Holy Ghost?' Surely such statements require considerable modification before they can be fairly reconciled. Surely they tend to make a subject, confessedly deep and difficult, still more dark and impenetrable. Why are we to fear avowing our belief in the full and pervasive inspiration of Scripture, and yet admitting that there *seem* to be a few unimportant passages, whether from inaccuracy in the writer or the transcriber, in which, it may be to try our faith, human inadvertency has been allowed to appear? Let us not forget that Augustine, who took the highest views on inspiration, was not afraid to say, 'Si aliquid in eis [scil. Scripturarum libris] offendero, quod videatur contrarium veritati, nihil aliud quam vel mendosum esse codicem, *vel interpretem non assecutum esse quod dictum est*, vel me minime intellexisse, non ambigam.'<sup>1</sup> On this subject Dr. Wordsworth writes both with feeling and with reverence, but not with logical exactness.

We may briefly remark that the text seems, on the whole,

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<sup>1</sup> August. Epist. ad Hieron. lxxxii.

satisfactory. Dr. Wordsworth has adopted a more conservative view with regard to the *Textus Receptus* than we are at present able to assent to; but, as an inspection of his text will abundantly show, he never rejects the unanimous authority of the Uncial MSS., and seems in most cases to follow the rules of an intelligent criticism. He calls our attention to the fact that Tischendorf, in his forthcoming edition of the New Testament, has returned to the reading of the Received Text, in more than a hundred places in the Gospel of St. Matthew alone. This is a regressive movement of some slight importance; but we must not forget two things: first, that there is an occasional perverseness in Tischendorf's readings, in his second edition, which can hardly be accounted for, except by a studied opposition to Lachmann; and, secondly, that his whole number of departures from the Received Text, in St. Matthew, amount to above seven hundred and fifty; so that a change in a hundred places is not an overwhelming per-centage of retractation.

We do not think that the introductory note to the four Gospels is completely satisfactory. We should have preferred a more scientifically arranged, and better ordered, discussion. The patristic citations are important and welcome; but we should have been also glad to have seen a comparison of the language, scope, and composition of the four Gospels, derived from the observation of Dr. Wordsworth himself. We are confident that an Introduction to the Gospels, in which the peculiarities of style, the diversities of scope, and the verbal coincidences and discrepancies of the inspired writers might be traced out and compared, has yet to be written, and would be an important addition to our present theological literature.

Of the language and style of the New Testament, Dr. Wordsworth is a vigorous and able defender. He rightly stigmatises, as false and dangerous, every attempt to disparage the style of Scripture as barbarous; he rejects every apology for it on the ground of its being the work of illiterate or unlearned men. His remarks on this subject are extremely felicitous: 'Every sentence—we might almost say, every phrase—is fraught with meaning. As it is in the book of nature, so is it in the pages of Holy Writ. Both are from the same Divine Hand; and if we apply to the language of Holy Scripture the same microscopic process which we use in scrutinising the beauties of the natural world, and which reveals to us exquisite colours and the most graceful texture in the petals of a flower, the fibres of a plant, the plumage of a bird, or the wings of an insect, we shall discover new sources of delight and admiration in the least portions of Holy Writ, and believe that it may be one of the employments of angels and beatified saints, in another

'state of existence, to gaze on the glorious mysteries of God's Holy Word.'

The Commentary is learned, sound, and clear, but too discontinuous in its structure. It fails especially in elucidating the *nexu sententiarum*, the sequence of thought, and in conveying the force of the connecting particles; and in this respect is decidedly inferior to the best German Commentaries. The second edition of Meyer's Commentary on St. John is a proof how much may be done in this important province of exegesis, without in any way being prolix or tedious. If a single chapter in the middle of St. John's Gospel be compared in the two Commentaries, the superiority of what we may term the *evolving* system of interpretation over the independent and unconnected explanations of Dr. Wordsworth will be very sensibly felt; and it will be seen, too, how easily it might have been introduced, without at all interfering with Dr. Wordsworth's system of patristic citations—nay, it would have often introduced them with greater force and pertinence. This is a point which the great masters of ancient exegesis never left unnoticed or unadorned.

We can scarcely enter into details; we may, however, state, in a summary way, a few decisions on important points. Dr. Wordsworth decides on 782 A.U.C. as the year of our Lord's death, and 748 or 749 A.U.C. as the year of His birth. He assigns, with Mr. Greswell, three and a half years to His ministry,—a duration which, after the arguments of Wieseler, we may parenthetically remark we cannot bring ourselves to admit. The Star of the Wise Men is considered to have been a luminous moveable body, and to have been visible to the Magi *alone*. The concluding verses of St. Mark's Gospel are retained in the text, and their genuineness is defended with ability. The History of the Woman taken in Adultery is deemed to have been delivered by St. John *orally*, but not to have been written by him as a part of his Gospel. The Last Supper was the legal Passover; and John xviii. 28 is to be explained by the assumption that the enemies of Christ were so eager in their malicious efforts, that they neglected themselves the proper day. This solution, though of patristic origin, seems to us very unsatisfactory. The Address to the rejected Guest, *ἐταίρε* (Matt. xxii. 12), is considered to involve a reference to Quakers. This interpretation we sincerely deplore.

We notice a few grammatical and philological inaccuracies. *Καλεῖσθαι* (Matt. ii. 23; v. 9) is hardly 'to be and be known to be:' on this point Winer (p. 542) says rightly, that *καλ.* is '*nirgends etwas anderes als genannt werden.*' *Μαμωνᾶ* (Matt. vi. 24) is not derived from *מָמוֹנָא* but *מָוֶן*; see Schaaf, Lex.

Syr. s. v. *Κλίβανος* (Matt. vi. 30) is not derived from *לִבְנָה*; this is to ignore its connexion with *κρίβανος*, and its alliance with a large family of similarly formed words; see Benfey, *Wurzellex.* vol. ii. p. 177. *Ἦν διδάσκων* (Matt. vii. 29) is not an Hebraism; see Krüger, *Sprachl.* § 56. 3. 1; Bernhardt, *Synt.* p. 334. *Δικαίους* (Matt. ix. 13) we cannot admit, on the authority of the antiquated Glasse, to be 'those who *think* themselves wise.' Such glosses lie in the *context*. *Ἐφθασεν* (Matt. xii. 28), '*venit* with an air of surprise,' is not an Hellenistic use of the word; see Palm u. Rost, *Lex.* § v.: *mox* for 'Koray,' read 'Coray.' *Ἠγάπησεν* (Luke vii. 47) is not 'she loved and *continues* to love;' we doubt whether anywhere in the New Testament the aorist definitely expresses *habitude*; see Winer, *Gr.* p. 248 (ed. 6). We could extend this list; but where there is so much that is good and accurate, we have no pleasure in making a parade of inadvertencies. They detract from the critical character of the Commentary, but in no way impair its general usefulness.

We heartily commend this very valuable and important Commentary to the attention of all our readers.

- ART. VI.—1. *Perversion; a Tale of the Times.* London: Smith and Elder.  
 2. *Callista; a Sketch of the Third Century.* London: Burns and Lambert.  
 3. *Fabiola; or, the Church of the Catacombs.* London: Burns and Lambert.

IN this versatile age men are seldom content with one kind of reputation, with one path of exertion, with one field for talent. The sparkling and brilliant like to show that they can be deep if they choose; the gifted speaker is not satisfied with his glorious power, but must needs wield the pen; the ready writer is ambitious to make speeches; the poet will be a historian; the man of science will be also a poet; our novelists turn actors, our leading diplomatists and politicians figure as men of letters, or lecture at mechanics' institutes, and, what is to our present purpose, our theologians turn novelists: that gravest, most comprehensive, most absorbing of all sciences is not enough to fill the mind or occupy the time of modern divines, unless it may be brought to minister to the universal taste of the age for variety of employment. The austere labours of their profession leave a void unsatisfied: logical acumen, subtle reasoning, clear judgment, the triumph of argument, are powers and successes expended on the few; they desire to charm the many, to allure by the play of wit and fancy—by pathos, by humour and satire; they are ambitious to display a knowledge of life and character, and to show that their eyes have read men as well as books. We are not disposed to quarrel with this propensity in those who would be leaders of religious opinion, whether their own authority and credit are gainers by it or not. To the reader it is all so much knowledge, a test of the value of what has already been pressed upon the acceptance of his understanding. Every man who writes a story with any heart and spirit betrays to the world what manner of man he is, what are his tastes and likings, his predominant feelings, his secret impulses and influential motives of action. It is a key to his character, if we have penetration enough to use it. But if this is so with men whose vocation, from mere force of imagination carrying them out of themselves, is fiction, much more is it the clue to a right understanding of those minds whose works hitherto have been simply the results of thought and study; all the processes through which these results have been reached being carefully kept in the background; who are known to the world simply as teachers or controversialists,

the champions of certain classes of opinion, forms of belief, definite creeds, whose course has been to advocate views in an abstract, impersonal manner, each aiming to divest his page of all semblance of prejudice, and to make it reflect the pure truth of reason. A work of fiction, a story of character and incident, from such men is like a personal introduction; thenceforth we know, as it were, the face, the gait, the expression, the costume of their minds. We are let into the secret of their weak points, we can account for their being especially influenced by certain views *apart* from the truth of those views; we see that they have been led to them by natural bias, by habits of thought, it may be by inherent deficiencies and blemishes of character.

It is not easy to generalize upon works of men so distinct and opposite as the authors of *Cullista* and *Perversion*, the two stories that head our list. What in common can there be between Dr. Newman and the Edinburgh reviewer—between the caustic, sharp, vindictive satirist of Church parties, the flippant, gossiping, shallow champion of the ‘Broad Church’ school, and him, now lost to us, the teacher, the preacher, the philosopher, the man of genius, who once knew the way to our inmost souls, whose eloquent words awoke responsive echoes in so many hearts, whose intense study of his own nature gave him the key to the common nature of his kind? There is this in common, that each, in writing a story with the simple purpose of illustrating and advancing his favourite theories and most cherished principles, with certainly no thought of self-portraiture, has, however he may have sped with his conscious purpose, lifted the curtain of reserve, and allowed us a glimpse of himself.

There is a poetical justice especially discernible in the impulse that has produced *Perversion*; indeed we can see no other reason or cause for the existence of this phenomenon in literature, except so far as it throws light on the temper of mind which produced those criticisms on all religious parties, and those unsparing strictures on individuals which won for the Edinburgh reviewer so large a circle of sympathisers, and so wide a reputation amongst general—we should rather say thoughtless—readers. People who are amused are willing to take motives for granted, and in this case there was particular satisfaction in finding so momentous a subject such easy reading. Something of the nature of a good work was mixed with the agreeable occupation of laughing at one’s betters, sitting in judgment on men of note and influence, and, under the guidance of this unsparing reformer, discovering that the leaders of all existing schools of religious opinion were more ridiculous, weaker, subject to lower motives of action, than the world they professed to teach. The more absurdities were brought to light

the more withering the tone of contempt excited by them, the more credit the author gained for perspicacity. But then comes out a novel from the same hand, which reveals in every page that the author has no eye for anything but extravagances, no ear for anything but follies, no faith in the existence of principle and conviction as motives of action; so no wonder he drew such a picture of the religious world, and could discern in it nothing better. The fault evidently lies not in the subject, but the caricaturist, whose attention is wholly absorbed in noting the salient points for exaggeration and ridicule, to the utter loss of all higher perception. Instead of those qualities which lead to successful fiction as well as to all success in the study of mankind—a more than common sympathy with human nature, knowledge of its innumerable shades of feeling, pathos, humour, and all the genial influences which unite man with his fellow—this author betrays one prevailing habit of mind, a continual dwelling on accidental extravagances, until absurdity becomes a condition of humanity, and the most monstrous combinations, which we call monstrous *because* unnatural, are with him normal conditions of existence, not violations of a law, but *the* law of our being. A habit of petty observation, a memory retentive of trifles, and a craving for whatever is strange, grotesque, or incongruous in incident or character, have all ministered to this tendency of mind. We may compliment it with the title of a faculty, to so great a pitch has it been here developed. These qualities played out in common life by common-place people issue in what we call gossip, and under malevolent handling into scandal. The mind loses all discernment in the appetite for marvels; no report is too improbable, no slander too gross, no good story too *outré* to obtain credence where the touchstone of sympathy is lost, and where men do not regard their fellows with a sense of kindred, but either as antagonists or as puppets and actors playing out their parts for their diversion—the stranger the more welcome.

We own we think the love of gossip is at the bottom of both this author's best known literary efforts. Divest them both of the old stories, old jokes, old scandal,—the evident accumulations of a life-time, of a memory that forgets nothing that comes to us in the shape of a personal anecdote,—and each would collapse into very altered dimensions. Now, gossip of every kind, the news, the small histories and every-day questions upon the doings and sayings of our neighbours which reach us, independent of our having any legitimate concern with them, may pass through the mind and do no harm. It is even very fair amusement, but it should pass away and leave no conscious trace. The mind that retains every odd, grotesque, discreditable story that it hears, is the worse for it in time.

The mass of unprofitable matter grows into a bulk, and occupies a space that altogether upsets its equilibrium; its judgment fails, its vision is distorted, its views of life become altogether false and unnatural. It is a case of moral indigestion from unwholesome mental aliment.

It is to some cause like this that we must attribute the blindness to all possibility which characterises the plot of *Perversion*. The conceiver of such a character as Archer must have long lost the power of discerning truth from fiction, good from bad, in the world that passes around him. It betrays an unbounded credulity. When once vice is supposed to leave *no* external traces on person or manner, we may believe anything of anybody. We expect notorious ruffians, who have run through all the vices, to retain some marks of their course; but sin here is not a course, but a disconnected series of crimes, which leaves the man's countenance, demeanour, conversation, gentlemanly bearing, and sense of taste and propriety uninjured. Actions and habits of thought of the most unheard-of atrocity, leave him apparently where he was. The villain retains his taste for respectable society after experiencing the sensation of unbridled licence; the respectable society, companions, ladies, tutors, men of the world, are all taken in, and in the closest association catch no inkling of the truth. Some of our readers are probably aware of the nature of this Archer's course of cruelty, seduction, the thought of murder, if not the act; forgery, Mormonism, and what not, which all precedes an Oxford career of honours and high favour with heads and tutors; during which period he is at once the leading contributor to *The Times*, the writer of its most brilliant and influential political articles, and editor of the Mormonite newspaper, as well as a ruling elder of that community.

But in this picture of life humanity is represented at such a universal dead level of selfishness, that the duped have nothing to complain of. There is little real difference of principle amongst them. Where all are knaves\* or fools, or both, whatever their profession or place in the world's estimation, the amount of evil in each is simply commensurate with the power to do harm. The professed design of the book is to set forth the evils of infidelity, and the powerlessness of all acknowledged schools of religious opinion to cope with this bewitching form of error; but before we enter into the question of refined shades of opinion in a man, we must at least be sure that he is honest. If a High Church archdeacon is a swindler, if a Low Church deputation is a thief or a drunkard, or rather both in one, we cannot enter into the question of their religious differences; the profession of each is a mere stalking-horse. They would profess themselves unbelievers too, if it served their turn. Both are



impostors and subjects for the police courts, and not for controversy. We cannot seriously rebut such charges for any party.

Our strictures seem harsh, but no tenderness can be due to a writer who so recklessly maligns society as a whole, and in every part. We see here how much better it is to be prejudiced than universally cynical, to misjudge opponents than all the world. But, indeed, all are opponents here. His hand is against every man and woman too. Yes, even young ladies do not escape the rancour of the controversialist. They are sneered at not *only* for throwing themselves into party religion, for attending daily prayers, or listening to expoundings, or worshipping this preacher or that, which might have been legitimate ground, but there is a savage onslaught on the sex, on the general charge of being flirts, coquettes, and heartless jilts. We have sneers at the daughters of a college tutor because they assist one another at their toilets, and 'could not afford a maid,' because they travel without an escort, and because one is past her prime, and such irrelevant matter. Even little children fall under the sledge hammer of this universal misanthropy, and we are called upon to be disgusted at the table manners of these innocents, and their mode of eating their dinners. Whole classes catch a malediction in passing, and get wholesale abuse when there is no time or excuse for detail. Thus, when a sexton is introduced, he, 'like most of his class, was a knave in grain.' The coroner pounced upon a letter 'with 'that inquisitorial impertinence which coroners seem to think 'part of their duty;' and again (for we have two suicides) that functionary is maligned for insisting on holding an inquest on a *felo de se*, and his whole medical brotherhood come in for a sharp hit because he insists on a *post-mortem* examination. School inspectors, the National and Propagation Societies, Colonial Bishops and Colonial Deans, all get a rub. There is an especial rancour shown towards the manufacturing interest, as seen in Manchester (Cottonham) society. It is his observation of commercial men, that 'their soul is a mere gland for the secretion of lucre,' in the procuring of which they are absolutely reckless of the principles of honesty, of human misery, and human life. The work-people going home to their dinners are 'a vast *cloaca* of human wretchedness, hurrying to the unknown.' The ladies are caricatures of folly, vulgarity, and pretension. All the old stories of the fashionable novels of thirty years ago, combining ignorance of manners, conceit, and finery, are fathered upon them. No Cottonham drawing-room contains any book but Debrett's Peerage, which is the study of the population, male and female, and induces unbounded assumption and pretence; while, at the same time, their dialect is insufferable, their tempers outrageous, their talk idiotic, and

their manners insolently vulgar. And this, we have said, is all by the way, is all gratuitous evil speaking, and does not advance the story in its main argument a single step.

It is not to be wondered at that, in such indiscriminate attacks, there is no adaptation in the charges, no local colouring. This is especially the case with all descriptions of Oxford life and society. We are aware that the author affects considerable experience of Oxford; but either the uncongenial element of fiction has obscured the judgment for the time being, so that things all changed their character and bearing the moment the pen was taken in hand, or the power of seeing facts as they are is wanting,—or, which seems more likely, the author draws Oxford from the banks of the Cam. The taste for exceptions has destroyed all eye for the rule, and the natural, even flow of events has passed by unheeded. From whatever cause, nothing can be more unlike a plain man's notion of Oxford than this course of tableaux, where we are shown fellows, and head, and undergraduates, and collegiate ladies, acting upon one another in such impossible combinations, and talking and doing such unheard-of things. The manners, in fact, might be borrowed from the old jest books; we seem to see their 'Obadiahs' and 'countrymen' peopling our modern common-rooms, and hear obsolete Joe Millers fastened on their living occupants. Not that modern traits of absurdity are wanting either; we have the weaknesses of well-known men enlarged upon under fictitious names, but with such coarseness of exaggeration, that the modern follies are of a piece with the antiquated, and have the same stale flavour. These pictures of Oxford life have a worse fault than this: they involve a wholesale charge of scepticism and attendant immorality; and we have scenes drawn with a coarseness which make them anything but edifying reading. We could not guess the author's temptation to one particularly offensive description, till it was found in the opportunities it offered for a hit at old painters whose works are popularly known for their purity and sublimity, but whom he wishes to include amongst the corruptors of mankind.

Practical jokes largely enter into his ideas of University wit; the poor tutors succumb, as Dominie Sampson might have done, under Archer's ingenuity in this line, who, in the intervals of his greater enormities, and with the consequences of them hanging over his head, plays tricks with the zest of a boy, and leads the hero into a participation in frauds of this nature, of which we do not think the author sees the full iniquity, or he would not detail them with such relish. This kind of wit is evidently much to his taste; and we have very ancient practical jests brought out of their historical recesses, and aired for our amusement. In the same way, the most venerable *bon mots*, the notorious pro-

perty of Sidney Smith and such worthies, are coolly put into the mouths of young ladies, gaining them, we are assured, a dangerous reputation for 'wit, and scaring their lovers from them. The loves of Charles's undergraduateship are amongst the instances of what we should have called ignorance of Oxford life: no part of the transaction is, we should say, within the bounds of probability; the 'experiences on which they are founded are taken from another state of society, and the whole is of a piece with Charles's constant attendance with the High Church young lady on daily service, in forgetfulness, it should seem, of his own compulsory chapel service, the lady hanging on one arm, her book-bag on the other—an appendage, on her part, we suspect, entirely out of keeping with her profession, and, in fact, a badge of the opposite faction. The satire is all in the same blundering style. It is a mistake of the same class, to make the vehicle of so much caustic comment on clerical doings Clara's letters to her brother Charles. There is no attempt to adapt the style any more than the matter to young lady dimensions: all is viewed from the author's own point, and with the prominence that his professional sympathies would give them. We are left to wonder that nothing else could attract a young girl's interest and curiosity but the ill-doings and short-comings of popular preachers, the interested designs of preferment-hunters, the absurdities of school examinations, and all the array of ecclesiastical small talk. We have abstained from giving extracts from a work which has been long enough before the world for it to have fallen into the hands of most of our readers; but one specimen is necessary to support our criticism, and we take one *à propos* of these letters, adding to it the introductory description of the 'Tractarian' father and son, as necessary to complete the picture.

'The Reverend Henry Morgan was as ultra High Church as Mr. Moony was ultra Low Church; in short, Mr. Moony was a "Recordite," and Mr. Morgan a "Tractarian." His father, the archdeacon, was indeed one of the leaders of the last-named party; for though he had been an infidel when at college, and now laughed in his sleeve at the opinions which he affected to advocate, he had a craving for notoriety, which was gratified by his position as party leader. At the same time, his passion for jobbing led him into so many malpractices, that it was almost necessary for him to command the services of a band of Janissaries, who (from a spirit of partisanship) were ready to defend him, whether right or wrong. Moreover, he found it profitable to raise a dust around him by public agitation, in order to blind men's eyes to his private delinquencies. \* \* \* The rectory of Chetwick, which he had just conferred upon his son, he had acquired in a characteristic manner. Its patronage belonged to an old lady who knew nothing of business, and employed a stupid country attorney as her agent. When the rectory (which was one of the richest in the diocese) became vacant, she presented her grandson to it.

In reply, the archdeacon, who acted as secretary to the bishop, requested

her to send her title-deeds to his solicitor for inspection, on the plea of his anxiety to satisfy himself that there could be no other claimant. To this demand she was weak enough to consent. After a delay of two months from the receipt of the deeds, the solicitor signified his doubts about the title, and raised some ingenious points of law affecting its validity. On these points a discussion was carried on between the solicitors on both sides, the archdeacon professing the most conscientious scrupulosity on the subject, declaring his anxiety to present the old lady's nominee, and only wishing to be quite sure that he should not involve himself in responsibility by so doing.

'This discussion was spun out till the period of six months was over, after which every living lapses to the bishop.

'Then the mask was thrown aside: the episcopal secretary wrote to say that his lordship had satisfied himself that Mrs. Jones's title was defective; and the next day the bishop collated Henry Morgan to the benefice.'—*Per version*, vol. ii. p. 42.

Unless this story is true, there is no point in it at all; and the same may be said of all Clara's observations on this father and son which follow. If they are not all just, and just as belonging to two real people circumstanced as here described, such representations deserve the very hardest name that we can give them; and yet we need not say that we do not believe there is any real warrant at all for two such portraits. Otherwise, this archdeacon would be so notorious, that we should be able at once to lay our finger upon him. The letter opens with a notice of the son's preaching.

'There is no trace of heavenward aspiration either in his countenance or preaching. Nay, his look belies him if he be not both coarse and sensual. I hear, too, that he was expelled from both school and college; and his supercilious dogmatism upon subjects of which I feel sure he is profoundly ignorant, disgusts me. \* \* \*

'Last Thursday was a grand field-day; the archdeacon (who was formerly a colonial bishop, and therefore has a right to confirm, you know) came to hold a confirmation at Chiswick in the morning, and to attend a meeting in aid of the "Propagation Society" in the afternoon. We attended both services, and were asked to dinner at Mr. Morgan's to meet the archdeacon in the evening; so that I saw and heard enough to satisfy my curiosity.

'The confirmation was a pretty sight; and the girls especially, as they came up, with their white veils or handkerchiefs over their heads, to the altar-rails to receive the blessing, realized one's notion of the rite. Had I been at a greater distance, I believe I should have been much impressed; but unfortunately our seat is close to the altar, so that I was, as it were, behind the scenes, and my proximity to the stage destroyed the illusion of the spectacle. The first thing that disgusted me was the pantomimical attitudinizing of the archdeacon. As he sat by the altar, listening to the service which preceded the confirmation, he went through a series of gesticulations in accordance with the words which were read. The Gospel of the day was that which describes the raising of the widow's son. He stood up, and listened to it with an affectation of eager interest, as if he heard it for the first time; lifted up his hands and eyes at the more striking parts; and when it came to the miracle, assumed a look of devout amazement to which nothing but the pencil of H. B. could do justice. The acting was altogether bad and overdone. It is strange that so clever a man should not perceive

that, while he fancies he is playing the part of a saint, every one else sees in him a comedian acting Tartuffe. One ought, however, to make some allowance for the natural difficulties with which he has to contend; for Mammon-worship and worldly cunning have fixed his old leathery features into an expression which can scarcely by any grimace be made to appear consistent with devotion. Another thing surprised me in him; namely, the indecent manner in which he allowed himself to exhibit the violence of his temper on such a solemn occasion. He had placed Mr. Morgan's curate at the rails to help in arranging the children whom the chaplain brought up by batches of twenty at a time, that they might all be blessed at once, which, by the way, is contrary to the Rubric. The arch-deacon-bishop was in a great hurry to get the business over; and whenever there was a moment's pause he exclaimed, in a voice loud enough for me to hear distinctly, "Can't they come up quicker? *ts! ts! ts! ts! ts! ts! ts!* What are they dawdling for?" And when thus irritated, his objurcations of the trembling curate were tremendous:—"Can't you stop where I place you, Sir?" "What are you about, Sir?" and so on. I need not say that all this dissipated the charm which the ceremony might otherwise have wrought upon the imagination. In his charge to the confirmed there was nothing remarkable except the ease and fluency with which he delivered it extempore. He certainly is an admirable speaker. The topic he dwelt on was of course baptismal regeneration, and he contrived to render the disquisition interesting by some sharp hits against the Archbishop of Canterbury.

'This completed the services of the morning. In the afternoon there was service and sermon on behalf of the "Propagation Society," which, you know, is as great a favourite with the High Church as the Millenarian Society was with Mr. Moony and his clique. The sermon was preached by Mr. Morgan, who walked up the aisle in the stateliest manner to the pulpit; the train of his surplice (in which of course he preached) being borne by six Sunday-school children, dressed in the same sacred garments. The text was, "If any provide not for his own, he is worse than an infidel," at the giving of which I observed several of the clergy present look at one another with a smile.'—P. 48.

Then follows the dinner, for which we have not space, giving a further account of this wonderful archdeacon, who 'has one look (meant to be insinuating), the most horrid imaginable. I think it must be the very look with which the 'Evil One uttered the great, original, fatal lie.' All these descriptions must be personalities, or they are utterly unmeaning; and when it is remembered that all schools are pictured in the same style, supported, as the author must intend us to believe, by facts, and illustrations from the life, the reader will imagine what a pandemonium the personages make up amongst them. Clara, in spite of her letters, is the character of most interest in the book. We are capable of a shade of regret for her fate, because there is now and then reality about her; and it is, after all, better to be made the *relater* of old stories, than the peg to hang them upon, which is the lot of all the rest. The mother has especial reason to complain of this treatment: every second or third chapter she has to change her identity; she passes from reason to folly, from the educational advantages

of her class to ignorance the most profound, from tenderness to insensibility, from Evangelical to High Church, from propriety of conduct to forgetfulness of all decorum, by the most rapid transitions, all for the sole purpose of adapting herself for the illustration of some new social or religious eccentricity.

We have so far held aloof from the avowed purpose and topic of the story, because, before entering on such a question, it is well to see what pretensions a writer has to a correct judgment; and when the arguments and views of all religious parties are extravagantly misrepresented and caricatured beyond all recognition, we have no guarantee that the opinions of unbelievers are stated with accuracy; and mainly because Infidelity does not play the important part the writer supposes it to do in his work. *Practical* atheism is the real root of all the mischief, and this not confined to a few, but influencing almost every character in the piece. There is so little earnestness in all the professors of religion, so little thought for anything but the goods of this world, no matter how attained, that speculative infidelity only seems another form of the same thing, and hardly worse than the other. The difference between Archer and the rest is that he squares his principles to his practice, which it is not the interest of the others to do, or they certainly would. He brings round Charles, Clara, and other victims to his own views, and so far the infidel is the more dangerous man; but the religious people, and the so-called Christian teachers, are represented as having made them ready to his hands by their mingled folly and selfishness. There are no favourable contrasts between the faithless and believing till towards the end of the third volume, when we are introduced to one or two good people, who clear away Charles's doubts—we don't know how,—and whose benevolence is so little practical, that it hardly furnishes an example to the reader. The sight of religion in action is represented as the only cure for scepticism; 'nothing, we are told, but personal example will ever make a Christian;' which may be all very true, but we don't derive much comfort from the doctrine if it turns out that goodness only exists in the author's Utopia, and is not to be found in any known school of religious teaching.

In taking leave of *Perversion*, we will own that it has some literary merit, which no fair criticism on its *parts* can do justice to. While we are persuaded that it is the worst novel that a man of any ability ever wrote, the most ill-contrived, clumsy, and outrageously improbable in its plot, the most deficient in all graces of taste, feeling, and temper, the most obtuse and undiscerning in its delineation of character, the most rough and coarse in its pictures of society, the most unfair in its

statement of views, still a kind of force remains : it is a signal failure, but yet a vigorous failure too. It is something, that the reader finishes such a tissue of absurdities, that he reads on to the end ; and he does so because he is conscious of a certain power, however misapplied, in the writer, which makes him curious to know what will come next in this blind, furious onslaught, this indiscriminate massacre, this right and left attack on all forms of society and every social institution. They betray soreness, spleen, anger, all sorts of tempers unfavourable to composition ; but there is purpose in them. We see the writer is urged on to his task by real impulses, and, however coarsely his work is executed, the reader remains impressed by the force and genuineness of the author's own sensations, though with no sympathy in them, or desire to share them. It must be this energy, an energy too often engendered of spite, or bile, or misanthropy, which has found so strange and unprofitable a book so many readers.

The change is somewhat sudden from this pother of modern polemics, from this angry war with existing institutions, with all their alleged anomalies and vulgarities, this bitterness of party strife, to the sublime struggles and majestic repose of the early Church. The subjects are as far removed as the authors who have undertaken to portray them. We prepare ourselves for a lull. The clash of arms subsides ; we enter upon the past. But those who have once fought hand-to-hand, who know the fierce joy of inflicting a successful home-thrust, retain, it would seem, a taste for actual contact with a living foe. To be the historian of others' battles is not enough for those who have fought their own, and therefore we suppose it is, that, in opening *Callista*, we presently find we have by no means taken leave of the contentions of our age ; the familiar faces gradually dawn upon us out of their antique disguise, and we are caught in an ambushade.

*Callista* is a story of the third century. The preface tells us it is an attempt to imagine and express the mutual feelings and relations of Christians and heathens at the period to which it belongs, though without any attempt to give it an antiquarian character. A just and conscientious reservation ; for indeed, though there is no lack of such knowledge as is attainable of the state of things in those early times, so far from being transported back to the days of primitive Christianity, we find ourselves throughout engaged in pursuing a pointed analogy between those distant scenes and the author's own living experiences. Reflection shows us, that antiquarian research can have little charm for this essentially modern ultramontane mind ;

nor might the simple sufferings of the early Christians have engaged his sympathy with any absorbing interest, had he not been able to find or invent an analogy between their trials and his own; if he could not have amused his fancy by identifying modern Protestantism with ancient heathenism, and fought the soul's battles over again by turning the third century into a picture of the nineteenth.

There is, indeed, such point in each part, so much covert allusion, that we feel throughout that the literal interpretation would leave us in the dark as to the true meaning and scope of the writer. The most unsuspecting reader could not turn the pages without perceiving that more was meant than meets the ear, that he needed a key; and this not only where the satire is too keen and harsh for anything but the relief of personal feeling, but in the higher, more poetical passages. Callista herself is evidently an allegory; her doubts, weariness, yearnings, and discontents, out of character as they are to a girl of seventeen, are understood when we take them to be the history of another career, one with the landmarks of which we are all familiar, and the course of which has been noted with continual minute introspective observation. Even her occupation as sculptor and decorator of the temples furnishes a not unconscious parallel with *his* course who, up to the time of deserting the Church of his youth, devoted himself to her decoration and advance in all external beauty, who still laboured, as it were, with the hands in her honour, while his heart was being alienated from her.

It being so, our readers will not wonder that the perusal of this interesting, clever, and—for the reasons we have given—curious book, has given us little pleasure. We can have no sympathy with its tone. Of course, after his change, the convert must see old things from a new point of view. We do not quarrel with this; we expect differences; but until we *feel* them we do not expect the asperity, the ridicule, the contempt, poured in on things once respected and held honourable, if not sacred; we could not expect it till it came, then we see that it is natural. It is painful, but not the less true, that all violent changes of religious belief imperil the virtues that are comprehended in the spirit of the fifth commandment. We know, from the highest source, that fanaticism does this; that there is a fancied devotion of self and substance to God, in ways He has not pointed out, which does sever the heart from natural relations. And do we not, in our own time, see instances of the same severance in those who have left the Church of their baptism to put themselves under a foreign allegiance? do not they say to country, to kindred, friends, associations, forefathers, 'it is a gift, whatsoever



thou mightest be profited by me?' We own it jars on our patriotism to see, as in the volume before us, a Briton born satirise England as heathen Rome, and not very obscurely prophesy for her the same doom; to see John Bull, with all his faults, sit for his portrait in the costume of an old Pagan idol-seller, to see his honest disturbance at change in all he esteems most sacred held up to ridicule, in the unseemly comparison; and real suffering and sorrow thus travestied, detailed in all its circumstances, and dwelt upon with a sort of mocking enjoyment. It may be said that some degree of change, some loosening of sacred natural ties, is inevitable in so great a convulsion of the moral being, that the light of those quiet virtues and instincts pales under the flame of a great sacrifice; but we complain of more than a mere turning *from*, it is a turning *against*; it is not only indifference, it is soreness—anger. The nature hardens under such sensations, not that there is an absence of softness and tenderness towards the new claimants for the affections, but that openness to all impressions, that pity for *all* suffering before the cause is thought of, that sympathy, quickened by old association and remembrance, beginning with home and country and spreading to the widest circles of being, is lost for ever, and with it the power of awakening kindred emotions in others. Whatever they have been, there is no more pathos in writers who have passed this ordeal. If men cast off the traditions of their life, they lose the heart's language with them; they may be keen, witty, eloquent, but they will draw no more tears; they are no longer in harmony with the universal family, they cannot touch the true chord of feeling, they are out of tune themselves. The exception proves the rule: once of late years this keen intelligence, this strong will now in our thoughts, has condescended to look back, to allow memory to revive old thoughts and emotions; the man was, for a minute's space, his old self—old associations, old sounds, old feelings asserted a brief dominion; it is where he gives testimony to the "Marvellous English" of our Bible. The passage can be read almost in a breath; but the heart is more stirred by it, the eye moistened, the pulse quickened, than by all the moving incidents of this tragic story. Now the reader passes through scenes of awe, of grief, of passion, of heroism, of suffering, of death, cool and dry-eyed, not because the style is not graphic, or interesting, or vivid, or eloquent, or even natural, upon occasion, but because his heart does not once thrill with the writer's; something stops the vibration; and this check arises from his having broken with all his old associations.

Nor is it only with regard to country and hereditary faith that we have to make this complaint; there is also a want of reverence towards the sacred intimate relations which bind

society together; our natural feelings receive as severe rubs as our patriotism. Nature, in Callista, is allowed to teach us very little; her strong instincts are represented as so many green withes. Prophets and apostles own her sway, and appeal to her sovereign force; while they acknowledge her to be fallible, and coming infinitely short of Divine love.—‘Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.’ It is true, she *may* forget; but this extreme admission does not excuse so monstrous a creation as the mother of the Christian youth Agellius,—the only mother of the piece, who, in atrocities of thought and act against her own children, must surely surpass all that the fancy of man ever devised before. No one will wonder that the marriage tie meets with little sympathy; there is indeed a frank avowal that nothing but the direct sanction of the Word of God could ever reconcile the author to the thought of so extraordinary a relation between two human beings, which he designates ‘the deliberate surrender of soul and body to the keeping of another.’ The whole thing is clearly to him a trial of faith, and there is an avowed soreness towards wedded life, as being a foe to change and a diversion of the mind from speculative difficulties. In exchange for these gentle influences we have a vast machinery—it is not profane to call it so—of supernatural agency, with good and evil miracles of the most incomprehensible kind; visions and demoniacal possessions are *invented* in lavish profusion, (the whole book is allowed in the preface to be ‘a simple fiction from beginning to end;’) and an impression is left on the reader’s mind how tame and slow must the course of Providence in our own time appear to a mind that pleases itself in imagining so different an order of things, and how welcome would be every tale of miracles to relieve the monotony of natural order.

The scene of the story is laid at Sicca, the central city of proconsular Africa, in the middle of the third century, the events leading up to and concluding with the Decian persecution. The Preface informs us that some chapters were written as early as 1848, then discontinued from sheer inability to devise personages or incidents. It was resumed a year or two since at the instance of a high ecclesiastical authority, possibly Cardinal Wiseman himself, who feels so much the importance of fiction as an engine for the spread and support of opinion, that in the midst of his avocations he has found time himself to write *Fabiola*, the third tale on our list. These opening chapters sketch the characters of Agellius, the Christian hero of the book, and his brother Juba, the latter evidently a conception on which the author has bestowed great pains,

though we own ourselves frequently at a loss to understand the drift of his eccentric course of thought and action. He is intended to be the embodiment of some youthful form of intellectual pride,—pride treading down faith and conviction. These young men were the sons of a Roman soldier who had settled in Africa, and in later life turned Christian, having previously married a Numidian woman, whose temper and evil inclinations, and especial leaning towards the black art, made his life so miserable, that he rejoiced when his conversion gave him an excuse for separating himself from her. On their father's death his brother Jucundus became their guardian, that jovial pagan whom we have already alluded to as finding his antitype in the modern Englishman. The heroine, Callista, is a young Greek of great beauty and genius, under the protection of her brother Aristo. In the absence of all communion with his fellow-believers Agellius had remained constant to his faith, but the attractions of Callista threaten this constancy; indeed, his uncle Jucundus counts on her influence to make him renounce and forget his repulsive and unsocial creed. The portraits of the uncle and his two nephews are, as we have said, the first idea. The opening interview between the brothers will therefore introduce the reader naturally to the story, the dialogue of which is written in studious disregard of ancient modes of expression; a practice which gives life and nature at the small expense of an anachronism, and greatly assists the modern application, if it does not prove as well the modern source of the thoughts and arguments, and views of character. Agellius, who cultivates his father's farm, has returned to the solitude of his home after an encounter with a riotous band of revellers engaged in some foul heathen rites.

'There was more of heart, less of effort, less of mechanical habit in Agellius's prayers that night, than there had been for a long while before. He got up, struck a light, and communicated it to his small earthen lamp. Its pale rays feebly searched the room, and discovered at the other end of it Juba, who had silently opened the door, and sat down near it, while his brother was employed upon his devotions. The countenance of the latter fell, for he was not to go to sleep with the resignation and peace which had just before been poured into his breast. Yet why should he complain? we receive consolation in this world for the very purpose of preparing us against trouble to come. Juba was a tall, swarthy, wild-looking youth. He was holding his head on one side as he sat, and his face towards the roof; he nodded obliquely, arched his eyebrows, pursed up his lips, and crossed his arms, while he gave utterance to a strange, half-whispered laugh.

'“He, he, he!” he cried; “so you are on your knees, Agellius.”

'“Why shouldn't I be at this hour,” answered Agellius, “and before I go to bed?”

“O, every one to his taste, of course,” said Juba; “but to an unprejudiced mind there is something unworthy in the act.”

"Why, Juba," said his brother somewhat sharply, "don't you profess any religion at all?"

"Perhaps I do, and perhaps I don't," answered Juba; "but never shall it be a bowing and scraping, crawling and cringing religion. You may take your oath of that."

"What ails you to come here at this time of night?" asked Agellius; "who asked you for your company?"

"I will come just when I please," said the other, "and go when I please. I won't give an account of my actions to any one, god or man, devil or priest, much less to you. What right have you to ask me?"

"Then," said Agellius, "you'll never get peace or comfort as long as you live; that I can tell you; let alone the life to come."

Juba kept silent for a while, and bit his nails, with a smile on his face, and his eyes looking askance upon the ground. "I want no more than I have; I am well content," he said.

"Contented with yourself," retorted Agellius.

"Of course," Juba replied; "whom ought one to wish rather to be contented with?"

"I suppose, with your Creator."

"Creator!" answered Juba, tossing back his head with an air of superiority; "Creator;—that, I consider, is an assumption."

"O my dear brother," cried Agellius, "don't go on in that dreadful way!"

"Go on! who began? Is one man to lay down the law, and not the other too? is it so generally received, this belief of a Creator? Who have brought in the belief?—the Christians. 'Tis the Christians that began it. The world went on very well without it before their rise. And now, who began the dispute but you?"

"Well, if I did," answered Agellius; "but I didn't. *You* began in coming here; what in the world are you come for? by what right do you disturb me at this hour?"

There was no appearance of anger in Juba; he seemed as free from feeling of every kind, from what is called *heart*, as if he had been a stone. In answer to his brother's question, he quietly said, "I have been down there," pointing in the direction of the woods.

An expression of sharp anguish passed over his brother's face, and for a moment he was silent. At length he said, "You don't mean to say you have been down to poor mother?"

"I do," said Juba.

There was again a silence for a little while; then Agellius renewed the conversation. "You have fallen off sadly, Juba, in the course of the last several years."

Juba tossed his head, and crossed his legs.

"At one time I thought you would have been baptized," his brother continued.

"That was my weakness," answered Juba; "it was a weak moment: it was just after the old bishop's death. He had been kind to me as a child; and he said some womanish words to me, and it was excusable in me."

"O that you had yielded to your wish!" cried Agellius.

Juba looked superior. "The fit passed," he said. "I have come to a juster view of things. It is not everyone who has the strength of mind. I consider that a logical head comes to a very different conclusion;" and he began wagging his own, to the right and left, as if it were coming to a great many.

"Well," said Agellius, gaping, and desiring at least to come to a conclusion of the altercation, "what brings you here so late?"

"I was on my way to Jucundus," he answered, "and have been delayed by the Succoth-benoth in the grove across the river."

"Here they were thrown back upon their controversy. Agellius turned quite white. "My poor fellow," he said, "what were you there for?"

"To see the world," answered Juba; "it's unmanly not to see it. Why shouldn't I see it? It was good fun. I despise them all, fools and idiots. There they were, scampering about, or lying like dogs, all in liquor. Apes and swine! However, I will do as others do, if I please. I will be as drunk as they, when I see good. I am my own master, and it would be no kind of harm."

"No harm! why, is it no harm to become an ape or a hog?"

"You don't take just views of human nature," answered Juba with a self-satisfied air. "Our first duty is to seek our own happiness. If a man thinks it happier to be a hog, why, let him be a hog," and he laughed. "This is where you are narrow-minded. I shall seek my own happiness, and try this way, if I please."

"Happiness!" cried Agellius; "where have you been picking up all this stuff? Can you call such detestable filth happiness?"

"What do you know about such matters?" asked Juba. "Did you ever see them? did you ever try them? You would be twice the man you are, if you had. You will not be a man till you do. You are carried off your legs in your own way. I'd rather get drunk every day than fall down on all-fours as you do, crawling on your stomach like a worm, and whining like a hound that has been beaten."—*Callista*, pp. 24—27.

What these singular gestures and movements are that excite Juba's contempt we are not more distinctly informed; but if there is any truth in the description, we do not wonder at their provoking some strictures from an irreverent mind. The altercation continues with great spirit for some time; at the conclusion, Juba prepares to depart, when Agellius exclaims:—

"Why, my good fellow," he continued in surprise, "you have no leggings. The scorpions will catch hold of you to a certainty in the dark. Come, let me tie some straw wisps about you."

"No fear of scorpions for me," answered Juba; "I have some real good amulets for the occasion, which even *boola-kog* and *uffah* will respect."

Saying this, he passed out of the room as uncereemoniously as he had entered it, and took the direction of the city, talking to himself, and singing snatches of wild airs as he went along, throwing back and shaking his head, and now and then uttering a sharp internal laugh. Disdaining to follow the ordinary path, he dived down into the thick and wet grass, and scrambled through the ravine which the public road crossed before it ascended the hill. Meanwhile he accompanied his quickened pace with a louder strain, and it ran as follows:—

"The little black Moor is the chap for me,  
When the night is dark, and the earth is free,  
Under the limbs of the broad yew tree.

'Twas Father Cham that planted that yew,  
And he fed it fat with the bloody dew  
Of a score of brats, as his lineage grew.

Footing and flaunting it all in the night,  
Each lock flings fire, each heel strikes light;  
No lamps need they, whose breath is bright."

'Here he was interrupted by a sudden growl, which sounded almost under his feet; and some wild animal was seen to slink away. Juba showed no surprise; he had taken out a small metal idol, and whispering some words to it, had presented it to the animal. He clambered up the bank, gained the city gate, and made his way for his uncle's dwelling, which was near the temple of Astarte.'—Pp. 29, 30.

These grotesque rhymes are carried on whenever Juba appears on the scene, and always, to a considerable degree, shock our taste; but we do not deny that they add to the bizarre force of Juba's character, who is a real creation, and a striking instance what odd thoughts may lurk in the most solemn and austere of minds.

We are next introduced to the uncle Jucundus enjoying himself, after the business of the day, at a snug supper with two friends; Cornelius, 'a cockney of the imperial period,' fresh from some grand millenary games at Rome, and eloquent on her greatness and immunity from the reverses that trouble smaller states; and Aristo, the lively Greek brother of Callista. We cannot too much admire the life and spirit both of the *mise en scène* and the dialogue. The description of the shop, of the supper, of the guests, are all excellent, and the conversation is sustained with a flow, and often an eloquence, even where the author's aim is satire, that surely very few could infuse into the picture of times so remote from our own. The covert allusion throughout of course contributes to this, as where in discussing the doings of emperors past and present, Jucundus, after expatiating on the merits of that patron of trade, Gordianus, concludes:—

' "All Africa was in tears; there was no one like Gordianus."

' "That's old world's philosophy," said Aristo; "Jucundus, you must go to school. Don't you see that all that is, is right; and all that was, is wrong? '*Te nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam,*' says your poet; well, I drink 'to the fortune of Rome,'—while it lasts."

' "You're a young man," answered Cornelius, "a very young man, and a Greek. Greeks never understand Rome. It's most difficult to understand us. It's a science. Look at this medal, young gentleman; it was one of those struck at the games. Is it not grand? '*Novum seculum*;' and on the reverse, '*Eternitati*.' Always changing, always imperishable. Emperors rise and fall; Rome remains. The eternal city! Isn't this good philosophy?"

' "Truly, a most beautiful medal," said Aristo, examining it, and handing it on to his host. "You might make an amulet of it, Jucundus. But as to eternity, why, it is a very great word; and if I mistake not, other states have been eternal before Rome. Ten centuries is a very respectable eternity. Be content, Rome is eternal already, and may die without prejudice to the medal."

' "Blaspheme not," replied Cornelius; "Rome is healthier, more full of life, and promises more, than at any former time, you may rely upon it. '*Novum seculum*;' she has the age of the eagle, and will but cast her feathers to begin a fresh thousand."—P. 37.

At length the subject of Christianity comes on the *tapis*. Aristo protests against persecution:—

"Why in the world should you have this frantic dread of these poor scarecrows of Christians," said Aristo, "all because they hold an opinion? Why are you not afraid of the bats and the moles? It's an opinion: there have been other opinions before them, and there will be other opinions after. Let them alone, and they'll die away; make a hubbub about them, and they'll spread."

"Spread?" cried Jucundus, who was under the twofold excitement of personal feeling and of wine—"spread, they'll spread? yes, they'll spread. Yes, grow like scorpions, twenty at a birth. The country already swarms with them; they are as many as frogs or grasshoppers; they start up everywhere under one's nose, when one least expects them. The air breeds them like plague-flies; the wind drifts them like locusts. No one's safe; any one may be a Christian; it's an epidemic. Great Jove! I may be a Christian before I know where I am. Heaven and earth! is it not monstrous?" he continued, with increasing fierceness. "Yes, Jucundus, my poor man, you may wake and find yourself a Christian, without knowing it, against your will. Ah, my friends, pity me! I may find myself a beast, and obliged to suck blood, and live among the tombs, as if I liked it, without power to tell you how I loathe it, all through their sorcery. By the genius of Rome, something must be done. I say, no one is safe. You call on your friend; he is sitting in the dark, unwashed, uncombed, undressed. What is the matter? Ah! his son has turned Christian. Your wedding-day is fixed, you are expecting your bride; she does not come; why? she will not have you; she has become a Christian. Where's young Nomentanus? Who has seen Nomentanus? in the forum or the campus, in the circus, in the bath? Has he caught the plague, or got a sunstroke? Nothing of the kind; the Christians have caught hold of him. Young and old, rich and poor, my lady in her litter and her slave, modest maid and Lydia at the Thermæ, nothing comes amiss to them. All confidence is gone; there's no one we can reckon on. I go to my tailor's: 'Nergal,' I say to him, 'Nergal, I want a new tunic.' The wretched hypocrite bows, and runs to and fro, and unpacks his stuffs and cloths, like another man. A word in your ear. The man's a Christian, dressed up like a tailor. They have no dress of their own. If I were emperor, I'd make the sneaking curs wear a badge, I would; a dog's collar, a fox's tail, or a pair of ass's ears. Then we should know friends from foes when we meet them."

"We should think that dangerous," said Cornelius; "however, you are taking it too much to heart; you are making too much of them, my good friend. They have not even got the present, and you are giving them the future, which is just what they want."

"If Jucundus will listen to me," said Aristo, "I could satisfy him that the Christians are actually falling off. They once were numerous in this very place; now there are hardly any. They have been declining for these fifty years; the danger from them is past. Do you want to know how to revive them? Put out an imperial edict, forbid them, denounce them. Do you want them to drop away like autumn leaves? Take no notice of them."—Pp. 44—46.

From Jucundus sober we pass to Jucundus drunk. He is meditating, after his friends have left him:—

He seemed to think awhile, and began again: "Enjoyment's the great rule; ask yourself, 'Have I made the most of things?' that's what I say to the rising generation. Many and many's the time when I have not

turned them to the best account. O! if I had now to begin life again, how many things should I correct! I might have done better this evening. Those abominable pears! I might have known they would not be worth the eating. Mutton, that was all well; doves, good again; crane, kid; well, I don't see that I could have done much better."

'After a few minutes he got up, half asleep, and put out all the lights but one small lamp, with which he made his way into his own bed-closet. "All is vanity," he continued with a slow, grave utterance, "all is vanity but eating and drinking. It does not pay to serve the gods, except for this. What's fame? what's glory? what's power?—Smoke. I've often thought the hog is the only really wise animal. We should be happier if we were all hogs. Hogs keep the end of life steadily in view; that's why those toads of Christians will not eat them, lest they should get like them. Quiet, respectable, sensible enjoyment; not riot, or revel, or excess, or quarrelling. Life is short." And with this undeniable sentiment, he fell asleep.'—Pp. 48, 49.

We are next introduced to Callista. A slight sketch will describe her here, while yet under the influences of her birth. A fuller picture will belong to the close of her career:—

'That face was clear in complexion, regular in outline; and at the present time pale, whatever might be its ordinary tint. Its charm was a noble and majestic calm. There is the calm of divine peace and joy; there is the calm of heartlessness; there is the calm of reckless desperation; there is the calm of death. None of these was the calm which breathed from the features of the stranger who intruded upon the solitude of Cæcilius. It was the calm of Greek sculpture; it imaged a soul nourished upon the visions of genius, and subdued and attuned by the power of a strong will. There was no appearance of timidity in her manner; very little of modesty. The evening sun gleamed across her amber robe, and lit it up till it glowed like fire, as if she were invested in the marriage *flammeau*, and was to be claimed that evening as the bride of her own bright god of day.'—Pp. 167, 168.

As we first see her, she is full of weariness and dissatisfaction; yearning for a higher life than has yet been presented to her, except in glimpses, first through a Christian slave of saintly life, and next in Agellius, who, however, comes short of her ideal notions of excellence. Instigated at once by his own feelings and his uncle's counsels, Agellius resolves, if possible, to make her his wife, trusting to be able to effect her conversion. He sets forth on his errand of courtship with natural misgivings, which are thus naïvely introduced by the author:—

'It is undeniably a solemn moment, under any circumstances, and requires a strong heart, when any one deliberately surrenders himself, soul and body, to the keeping of another while life shall last; and this, or something like this, reserving the supreme claim of duty to the Creator, is the matrimonial contract. In individual cases it may be done without thought or distress; but surveyed objectively, and carried out into a number of instances, it is so tremendous an undertaking, that nature seems to sink under its responsibilities. When the Christian binds himself by vows to a religious life, he makes a surrender to Him who is all-perfect, and whom he may unreservedly trust. Moreover, looking at that surrender on its human side, he has the safeguard of distinct *provisos* and regulations, and of



the principles of theology, to secure him against tyranny on the part of his superiors. But what shall be his encouragement to make himself over, without condition or stipulation, as an absolute property, to a fallible being, and that not for a season, but for life? The mind shrinks from such a sacrifice, and demands that, as religion enjoins it, religion should sanction and bless it. It instinctively desires that either the bond should be dissoluble, or that the subjects of it should be sacramentally strengthened to preserve it. "So help me God," the formula of every oath, is emphatically necessary here. But Agellius is contemplating a superhuman engagement without superhuman assistance.'—Pp. 96, 97.

This novel comparison between the severity of the two ties of monasticism and marriage may remind some readers of the sailor's compassion for those unfortunates who have to endure the dangers of a storm on land. Callista receives her lover's proposals with disappointment and even with contempt. It has lowered Christians in her eyes, to find them acting on merely human motives; and Agellius is overwhelmed with shame when he sees the effect of his words on her whose soul was as dear to him as her beauty and grace, and finds he is alienating her sympathies from the only true religion. He rushes from her presence, bowed down, crushed by remorse at his own backsliding; the burning mid-day African sun strikes his head on his way to his own home, and a violent fever ensues, in which he is attended by the priest Cæcilius, in reality St. Cyprian, who, having fled from persecution at Carthage, and knowing Agellius by reputation, had chanced to arrive at his cottage when his malady was at its height, and remained to minister to him. This portrait of a saint is necessarily stiff and somewhat unreal beside the other characters. There are, however, some fine touches in Cæcilius, touches which necessarily remind us of the author's own style of teaching,—pointed, abrupt, axiomatic. Here and there we are startled by extreme views of modern Rome being attributed to him, which jar absolutely with our ideas of Christian belief and practice in times so near the primitive ones. Indeed, where now, or at any time, is the doctrine of Transubstantiation made to bear such practical fruit as in the following passage? Cæcilius is in imminent danger of being torn in pieces by a wild pagan mob. Calm in the midst of peril, we are thus told the *source* of his serenity.

'This was the course of thought which occupied him for many hours, after he had closed the door, as we have said, upon him, and knelt down before the cross. Not merely before the symbol of redemption did he kneel; for he opened his tunic at the neck, and drew thence a small golden pyx which was there suspended. In that carefully fastened case was contained the Host, his Lord and his God. That Everlasting Presence was his stay and guide amid his weary wanderings, his joy and consolation amid his overpowering anxieties. Behold the secret of his sweet serenity, and his clear, unclouded determination. He placed it upon the small table at which he knelt, and was soon absorbed in meditation and intercession.'—pp. 165, 166.

Does it mean that *without* this golden pyx he would not have been so serene, would not have had the same *grounds* for confidence; that the secret of his faith was not trust in the great God that fills heaven and earth, so much as the possession of a visible, tangible treasure, external to himself, hanging from his neck, or held in his hands, or set before his eyes? But in discussing the merits of a story we need not plunge into painful controversy; only such startling passages remind us of the reality, and immensity too, of that change which separates the writer from those with whom he once held communion.

There is much truth and tenderness in the account of Agellius' recovery from his fever, and the effect of the lovely scenes of nature on his weakened nerves. At this juncture a plague of locusts, most graphically described, desolates the land round Sicca, producing first famine, then pestilence. Nothing else was needed to fan the rising jealousy of Christians into a flame. The magistrates were forced against their will to look about for victims in obedience to imperial edicts, and to appease the popular discontents. But they were not successful. Christianity was at a low ebb in Sicca; many wavering believers sacrificed to the gods in precipitate haste. Jucundus screened his nephew. The popular fury was exasperated, and rose in tumult. The frantic mob, the wild procession, the hideous uproar, are all drawn with remarkable force. Two or three victims thrown out to them only excite their thirst for blood. Some one pronounces the name of Agellius, and the multitude leave the city and make their way to his cottage. From this peril he is, however, rescued by a dexterous *ruse* of his uncle, who contrives to imprison him safe in his own cellars before the mob reaches him; and ignorant of this, Callista, esteeming herself safe, as being well known for a worshipper of the gods, makes her way to Agellius' farm to give him warning. He is gone, but she finds Cæcilius; and the composure of both stands them in such good stead, that an interesting and critical conversation ensues. It ends by Cæcilius giving her the Gospel of St. Luke to study, and then leaving the house, as the tumult draws near, trusting to be able to reach a place of concealment in the mountains long used by Christians. He is just too late, however; falls into the hands of the heathen rioters; and would have been torn in pieces by them but for the ingenuity of Juba, who chooses, as much out of perverseness as good feeling, to save his life. Callista, in the meantime, has miscalculated her own security. She is seized by ruffians, and carried on their shoulders to Sicca, narrowly escaping the fate of the wild, desperate multitude about her, who, stupified,

blind, and wearied, were cruelly butchered by the Roman soldiery, as they attempted to return into the city, in punishment for taking the law into their own hands. Callista, in the meanwhile, is imprisoned, on the charge of being a Christian, a circumstance not unacceptable to Jucundus, who hopes to work upon his nephew's feelings by it, and thus make human affections quench divine. He and his nephew have many conversations, carried on with great spirit on the part of the elder, who in his own person embodies all the popular arguments against conversions of any kind which have come within the author's experience; so that he is a great deal readier and cleverer a person than exactly suits with his character and calling. This is a sort of fault, however, on which critics are not likely to be hard.

While these things are going on, we are introduced into a scene of strange *diablerie*. Juba seeks his mother, the witch Gurta, in her haunt in the woods near Sicca. We must protest against this revolting picture of unmitigated matter-of-fact wickedness. It is a sin at once against taste and feeling, and is, as far as it goes, an argument against the system that has given it birth. We wonder as we read what conjunction of adverse influences could have put our author upon the invention of such hideous fancies. Quiet men subject to the sweet sanctities of home have no such visions, or would be ashamed of them if they had. The poet will not venture into the region of the revolting: he sympathises too much with humanity to believe in the possibility of a human being utterly loathsome and fiendlike. His most repulsive creations have some touches which save them from the depths of contempt and infamy. But this Gurta is altogether abominable—her malignity and cruelty are vulgar as well as disgusting; her hatred of one son, the language in which it is couched, her blandishments towards the other, and his strain in reply, her maledictions of the Christians, and gloatings over their torture, her dealings with human bones and human flesh, her crucifyings of infants, her gratuitous delight in pain and all manner of loathsomeness, are all unspeakably offensive—vigorous, we admit, but simply intolerable. We will not shock our readers by supporting our charge by proof. Juba has amused himself by telling his mother of *his* share in the escape of Cæcilius from the pagan mob, with the purpose of exciting her to a frenzy of fury. The interview is thus brought to an appropriate and abrupt conclusion.

"You old hag! I'm not of your breed, though they say I am of your blood. I don't fear you," he said, observing the expression of her countenance, "I don't fear the immortal devil!" And he continued his song:—

"She beckon'd the moon, and the moon came down;  
The green earth shrivell'd beneath her frown;  
But a man's strong will can keep his own."

'While he was talking and singing, her call had been answered from the hut. An animal of some wonderful species had crept out of it, and proceeded to creep and crawl, moeing and twisting as it went, along the trees and shrubs which rounded the grass plot. When it came up to the old woman, it crouched at her feet, and then rose up upon its hind legs and begged. She took hold of the uncouth beast and began to fondle it in her arms, muttering something in its ear. At length, when Juba stopped for a moment in his song, she suddenly flung it right at him, with great force, saying, "Take that!" She then gave utterance to a low inward laugh, and leaned herself back against the trunk of the tree under which she was sitting, with her knees drawn up almost to her chin.

'The blow seemed to act on Juba as a shock on his nervous system, both from its violence and its strangeness. He stood still for a moment, and then, without saying a word, he turned away, and walked slowly down the hill, as if in a maze. Then he sat down. . . .

'In an instant up he started again with a great cry, and began running at the top of his speed. He thought he heard a voice speaking in him; and, however fast he ran, the voice, or whatever it was, kept up with him. He rushed through the underwood, trampling and crushing it under his feet, and scaring the birds and small game which lodged there. At last, exhausted, he stood still for breath, when he heard it say loudly and deeply, as if speaking with his own organs, "You cannot escape from yourself!" Then a terror seized him; he fell down and fainted away.

'When his senses returned, his first impression was of something in him not himself. He felt it in his breathing; he tasted it in his mouth. The brook which ran by Gurta's encampment had by this time become a streamlet, though still shallow. He plunged into it; a feeling came upon him as if he ought to drown himself, had it been deeper. He rolled about in it, in spite of its flinty and rocky bed. When he came out of it, his tunic sticking to him, he tore it off his shoulders, and let it hang round his girdle in shreds, as it might. The shock of the water, however, acted as a sedative upon him, and the coolness of the night refreshed him. He walked on for a while in silence.

'Suddenly the power within him began uttering, by means of his organs of speech, the most fearful blasphemies, words embodying conceptions which, had they come into his mind, he might indeed have borne with patience before this, or uttered in bravado, but which now filled him with inexpressible loathing, and a terror to which he had hitherto been quite a stranger. He had always in his heart believed in a God, but he now believed with a reality and intensity utterly new to him. He felt it as if he saw Him; he felt there was a world of good and evil beings. He did not love the good, or hate the evil; but he shrank from the one, and he was terrified at the other; and he felt himself carried away, against his will, as the prey of some dreadful, mysterious power, which tyrannized over him.'—Pp. 206—208.

Then follows, through several pages, a morbid though certainly powerful description of a demoniacal possession. A few hundred years ago it would all have been believed—as matter of fact, and furnishes, we have no doubt, an example how many a mediæval legend originated which in the end gained general credit.

Indeed, our author's extraordinary skill and evident pleasure

in such creations presents to the mind an argument, which cannot be passed by, against the whole mass of legendary miracles and wonders. We see how congenial they are to a certain state of feeling—a state which was cultivated and developed to its highest pitch in the times that gave them birth. There is no analogy between them and the miracles of Scripture, or those miraculous interventions which authentic Church history relates. Those are all grave, weighty, and with a clear object. These have the especial mark which may legitimately throw doubt on every supposed departure from natural law a want of meaning and purpose. Men cut off from human interests and natural ties still retain their own natures; and if they possess lively fancies and ardent imaginations, these qualities turned from ordinary channels, and forced upon the exclusive contemplation of the spiritual and unseen, will, if not duly chastened, expatiate in that region, and seek to make a world of their own out of it. We say it is natural for these faculties to seek to indemnify themselves for the loss of their more legitimate field by creating a new one, and, if so, this new world will certainly be full of wonders, and probably poetical and capricious wonders. Miracles, to be miracles, must be exceptional. If we find a state of things in past times described, where the laws of nature are constantly reversed for no purpose that we can divine but to make us wonder or smile, may we not, without the charge of scepticism, suspect it to be the fruit of a certain fanciful habit of mind pervading society or its influential leading spirits? And we take the avowedly *invented* miracles of this book as a case in point. But to pass on to the story: Juba in his frenzy finds his way to Jucundus' house, releases Agellius and takes his place, to the great alarm of his poor uncle, who begins to despond under such an accumulation of misfortunes. We are tempted, as a contrast to our last quotation, to give the following natural and amusing scene—characterised as it is by the author's unpyting, unconcerned, and sarcastic mode of viewing worldly sorrow—between the uncle of one sufferer for conscience' sake, and the brother of the other. Jucundus' nerves are shaken, his feelings and his self interest are both wounded. He especially laments the loss of Callista and her valuable skill.

'Altogether the heavens were very dark; and it was scarcely possible for any one who knew well his jovial cast of countenance to keep from laughing, whatever his real sympathy, at the unusual length and blankness which was suddenly imposed upon it.

'While he sat thus at his shop window, which, as it were, framed him for the contemplation of passers-by, on the day of the escape of Agellius, and the day before Callista's public examination, Aristo rushed in upon him in a state of far more passionate, and more reasonable grief. He had called, indeed, the day before, but he found a pleasure in expending his distress

upon others, and he came to get rid of its insupportable weight by discharging it in a torrent of tears and exclamations. However, at first the words of both "moved slow," as the poet says, and went off in a sort of dropping fire.

"Well," said Jucundus, in a depressed tone, "he's not come to you, of course?"

"Who?"

"Agellius."

"O! Agellius! No, he's not with me." Then, after a pause, Aristo added, "Why should he be?"

"O! I don't know. I thought he might be. He's been gone since early morning."

"Indeed! No, I don't know where he is. How came he with you?"

"I told you yesterday; but you have forgotten. I was sheltering him: but he's gone for ever."

"Indeed!"

"And his brother's mad!—horribly mad!" and he slapped his hand against his thigh.

"I always thought it," answered Aristo.

"Did you? Yes, so it is . . . but it's very different from what it ever was. The furies have got hold of him with a vengeance! He's frantic! Two boys, both mad! It's all the father!"

"I thought you'd like to hear something about dear, sweet Callista," said her brother.

"Yes, I should indeed!" answered Jucundus. "By Esculapius! they're all mad together!"

"Well, it *is* like madness!" cried Aristo, with great vehemence.

"The world's going mad!" answered Jucundus, who was picking up, since he began to talk, an exercise which was decidedly good for him. "We are *all* going mad! I shall get crazed. The townspeople are crazed already. What an abominable, brutal piece of business was that three days ago! I put up my shutters. Did it come near you?—all on account of one or two beggarly Christians, and my poor boy. What harm could two or three, toads and vipers though they be, do here? They might have been trodden down easily. It's another thing at Carthage. Catch the ring-leaders, I say; make examples. The foxes escape, and our poor ganders suffer!"

"Aristo, pierced with his own misery, had no heart or head to enter into the semi-political ideas of Jucundus, who continued:—

"Yes, it's no good. The empire's coming to pieces, mark my words! I told you so, if those beasts were let alone. They *have* been let alone. Remedies are too late. Decius will do no good. No one's safe! Farewell, my friends! I am going. Like poor dear Callista, I shall be in prison, and, like her, find myself dumb! . . . Ah! Callista . . . how did you find her?"

"Oh!—dear, sweet, suffering girl!" cried her brother.

"Yes, indeed!" answered Jucundus; "yes!" meditatively. "She *is* a dear, sweet, suffering girl! I thought he might perhaps have taken her off:—that was my hope. He was so set upon hearing where she was; whether she could be got out. It struck me he had made the best of his way to *her*. She could do anything with him. And she loved him, she did!—I am convinced of it!—nothing shall convince me otherwise! 'Bring them together,' I said, 'and they will rush into each other's arms.' But they're bewitched!—The whole world's bewitched! Mark my words,—I have an idea who is at the bottom of this."

"O!" groaned out Aristo; "I care not for top or bottom!—I care not for the whole world, or for anything at all but Callista! If you could have

seen the dear, patient sufferer!" and the poor fellow burst into a flood of tears.

"Bear up! bear up!" said Jucundus, who by this time was considerably better; "show yourself a man, my dear Aristo. These things must be;—they are the lot of human nature. You remember what the tragedian says: stay! no!—it's the comedian,—it's Menander" . . .

"To Orcus and Erebus with all the tragedy and comedy that ever was spouted!" exclaimed Aristo. "Can you do nothing for me? Can't you give me a crumb of consolation or sympathy, encouragement or suggestion? I am a stranger in the country, and so is this dear sister of mine, whom I am so proud of; and who has been so good, and kind, and gentle, and sweet. She loved me so much, she never grudged me anything: she let me do just what I would with her. Come here, go there,—it was just as I would. There we were, two orphans together, ten years since, when I was double her age. She wished to stay in Greece; but she came to this detestable Africa all for me. She would be gay and bright when I would have her so. She had no will of her own; and she set her heart upon nothing; and was pleased anywhere. She had not an enemy in the world. I protest she is worth all the gods and goddesses that ever were hatched! And here, in this ill-omened Africa, the evil eye has looked at her, and she thinks herself a Christian, when she is just as much a hippogriff, or a chimæra."—Pp. 219—222.

At this juncture Cornelius comes in, and only adds to the gloom by his anticipation of what is to befall the fair captive.

"Can you do nothing for us, Cornelius?" cried Aristo. "The great people in Carthage are your friends. O Cornelius! I'd do anything for you!—I'd be your slave! She's no more a Christian than great Jove. She has nothing about her of the cut;—not a shred of her garment or a turn of her hair. She's a Greek from head to foot,—within and without. She's as bright as the day! Ah! we have no friends here. Dear Callista! you will be lost, because you are a foreigner!" and the passionate youth began to tear his hair. "O Cornelius!" he continued, "if you can do anything for us! O! she shall sing and dance to you; she shall come and kneel down to you, and embrace your knees, and kiss your feet, as I do, Cornelius!" and he knelt down, and would have taken hold of Cornelius's beard.

"Cornelius had never been addressed with so poetical a ceremonial, which, nevertheless, he received with awkwardness indeed, but with satisfaction. "I hear from you," he said with pomposity, "that your sister is in prison on suspicion of Christianity. The case is a simple one. Let her swear by the genius of the Emperor, and she is free; let her refuse it, and the law must take its course," and he made a slight bow.

"Well, but she is under a delusion," persisted Aristo, "which cannot last long. She says distinctly that she is *not* a Christian,—is not that decisive? but then she won't burn incense; she won't swear by Rome. She says she does not *believe* in Jupiter, nor I; can anything be more senseless? It is the act of a mad woman. I say, 'My girl, the question is, are you to be brought to shame? are you to die by the public sword? die in torments?' O, I shall go mad as well as she!" he screamed out. "She was so clever, so witty, so sprightly, so imaginative, so versatile! why, there's nothing she couldn't do. She could model, paint, play on the lyre, sing, act. She could work with the needle, she could embroider. She made this girdle for me. It's all that Agellius, it's Agellius. . . . I beg your pardon, Jucundus; but it is;" and he threw himself on the ground, and rolled in the dust.

"I have been telling our young friend," said Jucundus to Cornelius, "to exert self-control, and to recollect Menander, 'Ne quid nimis.' Grieving does no good, but these young fellows, it's no use at all speaking to them."—Pp. 223, 224.

Cornelius suggests a conference with the Greek philosopher Polemo, (himself a very clever sketch by the way,) and winds up oracularly:—

"We know nothing at Rome of feelings, and intentions, and motives, and distinctions," said Cornelius; "and we know nothing of understandings, connivances, and evasions. We go by facts: Rome goes by facts. The question is,—what is the fact? Does she burn incense, or does she not? Does she worship the ass, or does she not? However, we'll see what can be done."—P. 225.

Into the character of Callista herself we have not space to enter at any length. It is drawn with great beauty, but simply as an ideal; with no traits of character, without human interests or passions, with nothing by which we can realize a person. She allegorises a soul in its gradual course from unbelief to faith and conviction. She figures the yearnings of an intellect after substantial truth, the struggles of unrenewed nature against the fetters of sense, the discontent of the heart, which nothing seen can fill or satisfy, which craves for something better than earth before it knows of heaven. The delineation of this dawning of light upon the soul is interesting, not only for its intrinsic thought, but as a refreshing remembrancer of the author's old style and manner; for the time we are relieved from asperities which must be the fruit of an abiding sense of altered position towards old friends. There may be allusion, but the bitterness is gone for the time. All, for example, can sympathise with, all respond to, the following statement of the soul's one great need.

'She had long given up any belief in the religion of her country. As to philosophy, it dwelt only in conjecture and opinion; whereas the very essence of religion was, as she felt, a recognition on the part of the Object of it. Religion could not be without hope. To worship a being who did not speak to us, recognise us, love us, was not religion. It might be a duty, it might be a merit; but her instinctive notion of religion was the soul's response to a God who had taken notice of the soul. It was loving intercourse, or it was a name. Now the three witnesses who had addressed her about Christianity, had each of them made it to consist in the intimate Divine Presence in the heart. It was the friendship or mutual love of person with person. Here was the very teaching which already was so demanded both by her reason and her heart, which she found no where else; which she found existing one and the same in a female slave, in a country youth, in a learned priest.

'This was the broad impression which they made upon her mind. When she turned to consider more in detail what it was they taught, or what was implied in that ideal of religion which so much approved itself to her, she understood them to say, that the Creator of heaven and earth, Almighty, All-good, clothed in all the attributes which philosophy gives Him, the



Infinite, had loved the soul of man so much, and her soul in particular, that He had come upon earth in the form of a man, and in that form had gone through sufferings, in order to unite all souls to Him: that He desired to love, and to be loved; that He had said so; that He had called on man to love Him, and did actually bring to pass this loving intercourse of Him and man in those souls who surrendered themselves to Him. She did not go much farther than this; but as much as this was before her mind morning, noon, and night. It pleaded in her; it importuned her; it would not be rebuffed. It did not mind her moods, or disgusts, or doubts, or denials, or dismissals; but came again and again. It rose before her, in spite of the contempt, reproach, and persecution which the profession of it involved. It smiled upon her; it made promises to her; it opened eternal views to her; and it grew upon her convictions in clearness of perception, in congruity, and in persuasiveness.—Pp. 227, 228.

From the prison, where these thoughts are working upon her, she is taken, before the magistrates, and examined; her own uncertain answers, in this midway region of inquiry, and her brother's passionate entreaties, procure a respite. She returns to her cell, where he brings Polemo to argue with her;—all in vain. She will not give up a shadow of the truth she has attained to, and finally drives her brother, enraged at an obstinacy he cannot comprehend, for ever from her. In this desolation she has recourse for the first time to the sacred scroll that Cæcilius had left with her.

'It was the writing of a provincial Greek; elegant, however, and marked with that simplicity which was to her taste the elementary idea of a classic author. It was addressed to one Theophilus, and professed to be a carefully digested and verified account of events which had been already attempted by others. She read a few paragraphs, and became interested, and in no long time she was absorbed in the volume. When she had once taken it up, she did not lay it down. Even at other times she would have prized it, but now, when she was so desolate and lonely, it was simply a gift from an unseen world. It opened a view of a new state and community of beings, which only seemed too beautiful to be possible. But not into a new state of things alone, but into the presence of One who was simply distinct and removed from anything that she had, in her most imaginative moments, ever depicted to her mind as ideal perfection. Here was that to which her intellect tended, though that intellect could not frame it. It could approve and acknowledge when set before it what it could not originate. Here was He who spoke to her in her conscience; whose Voice she heard, whose Person she was seeking for. Here was He who kindled a warmth on the cheek of both Chione and Agellius. That Image sank deep into her; she felt it to be a reality. She said to herself, "This is no poet's dream; it is the delineation of a real individual. There is too much truth, and nature, and life, and exactness about it to be anything else." Yet she shrunk from it; it made her feel her own difference from it, and a feeling of humiliation came upon her mind, such as she never had had before. She began to despise herself more thoroughly day by day; yet she recollected various passages in the history which re-assured her amid her self-abasement, especially that of his tenderness and love for the poor girl at the feast, who would anoint his feet; and the full tears stood in her eyes, and she fancied she was that sinful child, and that He did not repel her.—Pp. 252, 253.

At this juncture she receives a visit from Cæcilius (or rather

Cyprian) and his deacon, who have bribed the jailer to admit them. She hails him with joy, and asks for baptism:—

“Sit down calmly,” he said again; “I am not refusing you, but I wish to know about you.” He could hardly keep from tears, of pain, or of joy, or of both, when he saw the great change which trial had wrought in her. What touched him most was the utter disappearance of that majesty of mien, which once was hers—a gift, so beautiful, so unsuitable to fallen man. There was instead a frank humility, a simplicity without concealment, an unresisting meekness, which seemed as if it would enable her, if trampled on, to smile and to kiss the feet that insulted her. She had lost every vestige of what the world worships under the titles of proper pride and self-respect. Callista was now living, not in the thought of herself, but of Another.’—Pp. 267, 268.

The heart of the priest yearns over the victim while he prepares her for the sacrifice, by conferring on her at the same time baptism, confirmation, and the viaticum. On his departure she is sustained by a dream, or vision, wherein the Blessed Virgin appears to her, and encourages her—the only mode of introducing such intervention which would not offer too flagrant an anachronism: though the book ventures elsewhere on matter-of-fact allusions and statements on this subject which history contradicts, but which the writer's principles seem to demand. Callista is roused from a foretaste of bliss by the summons to receive her final examination and sentence, and is condemned to die on the following day by lingering and varied tortures, the body to be then exposed to the wild beasts. From the lowest loathsome dungeon of Sicca she is borne in an ecstasy of joyful hope to the scene of execution; the crowd brought thither to curse are awe-struck and fascinated by the divine raptures of her countenance, and look on in breathless silence. The first stretch of the rack releases her to eternal rest, at the moment when a band comes to her rescue—not of Christians, but of Roman soldiers, who had resented the barbarity of the sentence, but who arrived only to express some pitying reverence to the corpse, and to set guards and watch that the rude rabble should offer it no violence during the exposure that was part of the sentence.

Then follow a series of miraculous manifestations so much to the taste of the author. No sooner has the soul parted from the body than the lifeless remains are invested with other and more potent influences:—

‘The sun of Africa has passed over the heavens, but has not dared with one of his fierce rays to profane the sacred relics which lie out before him. The mists of evening rise up, and the heavy dews fall, but they neither bring the poison of decay to that gracious body, nor receive it thence. The beasts of the wild are roaming and roaring at a distance, or nigh at hand: not any one of them presumes to touch her. No vultures may promise themselves a morning meal from such a victim, as they watch through the

night upon the high crags which overlook her. The stars have come out on high, and they, too, look down upon Callista as if they were funeral lights in her honour. Next the moon rises up to see what has been going on, and edges the black fangings of the night with silver. Yet mourning and decay are but of formal observance, when a brave champion has died for her God. The world of ghosts has as little power over such a one as the world of nature. No evil spirit has aught to say to her who has gone in her baptismal white before the Throne. No penal fire shall be her robe who has been carried in her bright *flammeum* to the Bridal Chamber of the Lamb. A divine odour fills the air, issuing from that senseless, motionless, broken frame. A circle of light gleams round her brow, and, even when the daylight comes again, it there is faintly seen. Her features have reassumed their former majesty, but with an expression of childlike innocence and heavenly peace. The thongs have drawn blood at the wrists and ankles, which has run and soaked into the sand; but angels received the body from the soldiers when they took it off the rack, and it lies, sweetly and modestly composed, upon the ground.

'Passers-by stand still and gaze; idlers gather round. The report spreads in Sicca, that neither sun by day, nor moon by night, nor moist atmosphere, nor beast of prey, has power over the wonderful corpse. Nay, that no one can come near it without falling under some strange influence, which makes them calm and grave, expels bad passions, and allays commotion of mind. Many come again and again, for the serious and soothing effect she exerts upon them. They cannot talk freely about it to each other, and are seized with a sacred fear when they attempt to do so.'—Pp. 288, 289.

At dawn, Agellius arrives from the Christian hiding-place in the mountains with two or three fearless companions, to bear the martyr away to her burial. It was a hazardous task, but the Roman guards secretly abet their efforts, which are successful. We can hardly sympathise with the peculiar form of expression Agellius' feeling takes at this trying juncture; it seems to us more the act of a relic-seeker than a lover, though a Christian one; but our readers shall judge:—

'Agellius has not been idle while these thoughts pass through his mind. He has stooped down and scooped up such portions of the sand as are moistened with her blood, and has committed them to a small bag which he has taken out of his bosom.'—P. 291.

Borne along to the subterranean church in the mountains, S. Cyprian presides over the solemn funeral service, in the midst of which the exorcists who have Juba in charge bring him forward to touch the martyr's remains:—

'On this occasion, he struggled most violently, and shook with distress; and, as they brought him towards the sacred relics, a thick, cold dew stood upon his brow, and his features shrunk and collapsed. He held back and exerted himself with all his mind to escape, foaming at the mouth, and from time to time uttering loud shrieks and horrible words, which disturbed, though they could not interrupt the hymn. His bearers persevered: they brought him close to Callista, and made him touch her feet with his hands. Immediately he screamed fearfully, and was sent up into the air with such force that he seemed discharged from some engine of war: then he fell back upon the earth apparently lifeless.

'The long prayer was ended; the *Surus corda* was uttered. Juba raised himself from the ground. When the words of consecration had been said, he adored with the faithful. After the mass, his attendants came to him; he was quite changed: he was quiet, harmless and silent; the evil spirit had gone out; but he was an idiot.'—Pp. 294, 295.

Subsequently, through the Saint's intercession, he is restored to reason, and receives baptism, immediately before death.

Callista is buried under the high altar; and we are led to suppose that Agellius, who in process of time also suffers for the truth, is laid in the same place of final rest.

To us the effect of the martyrdom itself greatly suffers by these supernatural concomitants; but this is not the occasion for a discussion which we leave our readers to pursue for themselves with the data before them. It is one among various and equally significant points in the book which show how predisposed by natural tendencies the mind of the author must have been to the creed and principles of his adoption. It is only where a strong will and corresponding intellect meet that we can see these tendencies fully work themselves out. Ordinary minds are guided more by the example of others than by their own natures; they have also their predispositions, but they have not the same faith in them—their faith is in a leader; but strong wills are their own leaders, every natural bias with them works towards an end, and leanings grow, by a natural law, into convictions. Thus, as this book gives us an insight into the natural bias of the author's mind, we see that the Church of Rome had an *a priori* claim as it were upon its allegiance, that its inner workings always tended towards this end, that its inclinations and repugnances led to such a consummation; because while his own communion regarded these tastes and antipathies as matters of opinion, or indications of temperament, or open questions, that Church elevated the passion for the marvellous into faith, and invested these natural repugnances into the dignity of a doctrine and the credit of a virtue.

It is time, however, to pass on to the companion tale of this series, commenced under such distinguished auspices, and to introduce 'Fabiola' to our readers—a story with a cardinal for its author, and canonized saints for its *dramatis personee*. It is explained in the preface that so light a labour could only be the recreation of leisure from graver employments; we can only say, in noticing this apology, that the labour must have been a very congenial one, and that the result is a very entertaining volume, with only an occasional dulness from an evidently genuine antiquarian taste. The cardinal has clearly a turn for fiction; he would have been a novelist if he had not been a theologian; he expatiates in the intricacies of a plot, and

enjoys himself in a region where he can make everything go his own way, a privilege of which he makes abundant use. There is a serenity, a smoothness, a certain unctuousness of tone throughout, in considerable contrast with the good wine turned sour which inspires the muse of *Callista*. Not that we would wish seriously to compare the earnestness of *Callista*, the evidence of heart and will at work (however strongly we differ from their conclusions), with the mere easy flow of fancy in *Fabiola*. The first, as must always be the case with its author, is a genuine emanation from a mind always serious and strenuous in its action. The last, we see, is written to produce a certain effect on others, to place certain opinions and practices in an attractive and fascinating form before the young and enthusiastic; designing to give them a position and an importance in such minds which we cannot believe they hold in the writer's own.

In *Fabiola* there is all the repose of an hereditary faith; things are taken for granted with a certain grand air. It has been noted elsewhere that this distinction leads to a very decided difference of opinion between the authors of these two tales on the point of hereditary belief. The convert has not had much confidence in it; the cardinal, on the contrary, mistrusts novices. Thus we find S. Cyprian, in *Callista*, himself a convert from heathenism, thus stating his very decided opinion in favour of an adopted faith:—

“You will find,” said the priest, “that the greater number of African Christians at this moment, for of them I speak confidently, are converts in manhood, not the sons of Christians. On the other hand, if there be those who have left the faith, and gone up to the capital to sacrifice, these were Christians by hereditary profession. Such is my experience, and I think the case is the same elsewhere.”—*Callista*, p. 169.

While all the saints in *Fabiola* have a glorious Christian pedigree of confessors and martyrs, and it is the converts who make a most melancholy figure as apostates and traitors, and owe their final return to grace entirely to the prayers and heavenly clemency of the children of the faithful. This difference of view sheds its characteristic influence over each volume. The Christians in *Callista* are penitential in their tone; they have experience of the burden of sin; they groan under temptation; they are austere to themselves and others; they look forward to penal fires. The saints in *Fabiola* are light-hearted, serene, and gracefully gay; their thoughts are free, the innocent mirth of childhood distinguishes them from others; they play with the thoughts of torture and death. Like the white hind—

‘They fear no danger, for they know no sin.’

A charmed atmosphere surrounds them. Of course this is not very natural for fallen man; but the aim of the book is not so

much to depict nature, either fallen or restored, as to produce an engaging picture of child-like faith ; and a very pretty picture it is, and it might often be more than pretty but for this want of reality. We recognise the old habit of ignoring difficulties, of seeing only what the will chooses to see, of building a mighty structure on a small foundation ; of making a good case, and maintaining a fair outside, by casting into shade whatever threatens to disturb appearances. This impression is given principally by the easy assumptions which reconcile the habits of thought and customs in the opening of the fourth century with all the developments of the Roman Church in the nineteenth.

We are ready to admit that there would be irreverence in the attempt to represent the saints of the calendar, of whom we know nothing but their sufferings and their saintship, as ordinary erring mortals, and in setting the fancy to invent sins for them ; but this does not the less subject the representation of a faultless society to the charge of sentimental unreality. We are impressed throughout with a want of genuineness. Yet we experience a pleasant sensation in being introduced into such very good company ; and no slight skill is shown in rendering the domestic life and conversation of S. Agnes and S. Sebastian—whose glorified faces and forms are sacred to us through the painter's art—tolerable to our taste, only they carry simplicity a little too far ; an excess which might perhaps be reckoned on if we take the popular estimate of the author's own share of that quality.

*Fabiola* is a haughty Roman lady of great wealth and high station, who is won over by the sweet influences of the Christians who fall in her way to adopt their faith and devote herself to the service of God. The mode in which the pure morality of the Gospel wins her admiration before she knows its source, the gradual unfolding of its great and simple truths, the power that Christian virtue and disinterestedness gain over her proud spirit, the character of the slave who works this change in her mistress, all engage our interest and sympathy as we read. The scenes are graphic and very vividly given ; the writer's mind is in his work, and he is well up to the habits and manners of the period, which have evidently been a favourite study. Though, after all, the interval between us and them is too distant, the mixture in those times of civilization and barbarism is too anomalous, for any artist skill to make it all really intelligible to us.

We are first introduced to Syra, the Christian slave, at her mistress's toilet. Two other slaves are exhausting their ingenuity in flatteries, a sort of service which, however despised, *Fabiola* expects from them. • She, therefore, sharply

questions Syra on her silence, who answers in the spirit of Cordelia, and excites at once the anger and the curiosity of her mistress by the modest independence of her tone, in which lurks, through all its respect, the consciousness of innate equality. Fabiola, irritated by this new philosophy, while ignorant of its source, urges her by angry questions to the following reply. The *style*, we must premise, is a small dagger used by Roman ladies to correct their slaves.

“Most noble mistress, far superior are you to me in place, and power, and learning, and genius, and in all that enriches and embellishes life; and in every grace of form and lineament, and in every charm of act and speech, high are you raised above all rivalry, and far removed from envious thought, from one so lowly and so insignificant as I. But if I must answer simple truth to your authoritative question”—she paused, as faltering; but an imperious gesture from her mistress bade her continue—“then I put it to your own judgment, whether a poor slave, who holds an unquenchable consciousness of possessing within her a spiritual and living intelligence, whose measure of existence is immortality, whose only true place of dwelling is above the skies, whose only rightful prototype is the Deity, can hold herself inferior in moral dignity, or lower in greatness of thought, than one who, however gifted, owns that she claims no higher destiny, recognises in herself no sublimer end, than what awaits the pretty irrational songsters that beat, without hope of liberty, against the gilded bars of that cage.”

‘Fabiola’s eyes flashed with fury; she felt herself, for the first time in her life, rebuked, humbled by a slave. She grasped the style in her right hand, and made an almost blind thrust at the unflinching handmaid. Syra instinctively put forward her arm to save her person, and received the point, which, aimed upwards from the couch, inflicted a deeper gash than she had ever before suffered. The tears started into her eyes through the smart of the wound, from which the blood gushed in a stream. Fabiola was in a moment ashamed of her cruel, though unintentional, act, and felt still more humbled before her servants.

“Go, go,” she said to Syra, who was stanching the blood with her handkerchief, “go to Euphrosyne, and have the wound dressed. I did not mean to hurt you so grievously. But stay a moment, I must make you some compensation.” Then, after turning over her trinkets on the table, she continued, “Take this ring; and you need not return here again this evening.”

‘Fabiola’s conscience was quite satisfied; she had made what she considered ample atonement for the injury she had inflicted, in the shape of a costly present to a menial dependant. And on the following Sunday, in the title of S. Pastor, not far from her house, among the alms collected for the poor was found a valuable emerald ring, which the good priest Polycarp thought must have been the offering of some very rich Roman lady; but which He who watched, with beaming eye, the alms-coffers of Jerusalem, and noted the widow’s mite, alone saw dropped into the chest by the bandaged arm of a foreign female slave.’—*Fabiola*, pp. 22, 23.

This scene had had a witness, who had entered unperceived through the curtain at the entrance.

‘When Syra turned to leave the room, she was almost startled at seeing standing, in bright relief before the deep crimson door-curtain, a figure, which she immediately recognised, but which we must briefly describe.

‘It was that of a lady, or rather a child not more than twelve or thirteen

years old, dressed in pure and spotless white, without a single ornament about her person. In her countenance might be seen united the simplicity of childhood with the intelligence of a mature age. There not merely dwelt in her eyes that dove-like innocence which the sacred poet describes, but often there beamed from them rather an intensity of pure affection, as though they were looking beyond all surrounding objects, and rested upon one, unseen by all else, but to her really present and exquisitely dear. Her forehead was the very seat of candour, open and bright with undisguising truthfulness; a kindly smile played about the lips, and the fresh, youthful features varied their sensitive expression with guileless earnestness, passing rapidly from one feeling to the other, as her warm and tender heart received it. Those who knew her believed that she never thought of herself, but was divided entirely between kindness to those about her, and affection for her unseen love.

'When Syra saw this beautiful vision, like that of an angel, before her, she paused for a moment. But the child took her hand, and reverently kissed it, saying: "I have seen all; meet me in the small chamber near the entrance, when I go out."

'She then advanced; and as Fabiola saw her, a crimson blush mantled in her cheek; for she feared the child had been witness of her undignified burst of passion. With a cold wave of her hand she dismissed her slaves, and then greeted her kinswoman, for such she was, with cordial affection. We have said that Fabiola's temper made a few exceptions in its haughty exercise. One of these was her old nurse and freedwoman Euphrosyne, who directed all her private household; and whose only creed was, that Fabiola was the most perfect of beings, the wisest, most accomplished, most admirable lady in Rome. Another was her young visitor, whom she loved, and ever treated with gentlest affection, and whose society she always coveted.'—Pp. 23—25.

Our readers will have recognised S. Agnes, whose faith was also unknown to her cousin; it being the custom of the Christians, on prudential and other motives, to keep their religion secret from the heathen world. Without this key we do not wonder that the language of S. Agnes, which, on all critical occasions, is borrowed from the Roman breviary, should have exceedingly perplexed her auditory, and led to a thousand misapprehensions, which, however, she is always in too rapt a state to perceive. In the present interview, however, she makes the simple request that Fabiola will allow her to purchase Syra for her own service, which, with some shame and confusion, she consents to. But Syra, when Agnes informs her of the change, will not accept the offered boon; for her own sake, she prefers the harder path of suffering, and she also sets before her the gracious task of her mistress's conversion, which she in the end achieves. Syra's instructions, and the effect they produce on the mind of Fabiola, are often beautiful and striking; and, with some notable exceptions, form the more reasonable and edifying portion of the volume, though not the most characteristic. We must look for these in the delineation of the saintly characters, more especially S. Agnes. We must acknowledge to the difficulty of rendering saints in actual life,



and even own that, in spite of certain grave drawbacks, and a transparent sacrifice of truth to effect, an engaging picture is drawn. Minds trained in the teaching of the Romish Church on the subject of celibacy will see nothing strange in the language used here; but we think all coming fresh upon it must experience a considerable shock to their feelings of awe and reverence, especially where the ecstatic raptures of Agnes lead to such prolonged dialogues at cross purposes between her and her Pagan suitor; but we prefer not to extract such passages. The following scene, however, touches on the subject, and will illustrate the author's manner. Cæcilia, we must premise, is a blind beggar-maiden, the saint and martyr of that humble class; sustained by Syra, and in close intimacy with the noble Agnes. Her child-like innocence always goes just too far, and touches on fatuity.

'A persecution of the most savage character was on the point of breaking out, which would not spare the most tender of the flock; and it was no wonder that they who in their hearts had betrothed themselves to the Lamb, as His chaste spouses for ever, should desire to come to His nuptials before death. They longed naturally to bear the full-grown lily entwined round the palm, should this be their portion.

'Agnes had from her infancy chosen for herself this holiest state. The superhuman wisdom which had ever exhibited itself in her words and actions, blending so gracefully with the simplicity of an innocent and guileless childhood, rendered her ripe, beyond her years, for any measure of indulgence, which could be granted, to hearts that panted for their chaste bridal-hour. She eagerly seized on the claim that coming danger gave her to a more than usual relaxation of that law which prescribed a delay of more than ten years in the fulfilling of her desire. Another postulant joined her in this petition.

'We may easily imagine that a holy friendship had been growing between her and Syra, from the first interview which we have described between them. This feeling had been increased by all that Agnes had heard Fabiola say, in praise of her favourite servant. From this, and from the slave's more modest reports, she was satisfied that the work to which she had devoted herself, of her mistress's conversion, must be entirely left in her hands. It was evidently prospering, owing to the prudence and grace with which it was conducted. In her frequent visits to Fabiola, she contented herself with admiring and approving what her cousin related of Syra's conversations; but she carefully avoided every expression that could raise suspicion of any collusion between them.

'Syra as a dependant, and Agnes as a relation, had put on mourning upon Fabius's death; and hence no change of habit would raise suspicion in his daughter's mind of their having taken some secret, or some joint step. Thus far they could safely ask to be admitted at once to receive the solemn consecration to perpetual virginity. Their petition was granted; but for obvious reasons was kept carefully concealed. It was only a day or two before the happy one of their spiritual nuptials that Syra told it, as a great secret, to her blind friend.

"And so," said the latter, pretending to be displeased, "you want to keep all the good things to yourself. Do you call that charitable, now?"

"My dear child," said Syra, soothingly, "don't be offended. It was necessary to keep it quite a secret."

"And, therefore, I suppose, poor I must not even be present."

"Oh, yes, Cæcilia, to be sure you may; and see all that you can," replied Syra, laughing.

"Never mind about the seeing. But tell me how will you be dressed? What have you to get ready?"

Syra gave her an exact description of the habit and veil, their colour and form.

"How very interesting!" she said. "And what have you to do?"

The other, amused at her unwonted curiosity, described minutely the short ceremonial.

"Well now, one question more," resumed the blind girl. "When and where is all this to be? You said I might come, so I must know the time and place."

Syra told her it would be at the *title* of Pastor, at daybreak, on the third day from that. "But what has made you so inquisitive, dearest? I never saw you so before. I am afraid you are becoming quite worldly."

"Never you mind," replied Cæcilia; "if people choose to have secrets for me, I do not see why I should not have some of my own."

Syra laughed at her affected pettishness, for she knew well the humble simplicity of the poor child's heart. They embraced affectionately, and parted. Cæcilia went straight to the kind Lucina, for she was a favourite in every house. No sooner was she admitted to that pious matron's presence, than she flew to her, threw herself upon her bosom, and burst into tears. Lucina soothed and caressed her, and soon composed her. In a few minutes she was again bright and joyous, and evidently deep in conspiracy with the cheerful lady, about something which delighted her. When she left she was all buoyant and blithe, and went to the house of Agnes, in the hospital of which the good priest Dionysius lived. She found him at home; and casting herself on her knees before him, talked so fervently to him, that he was moved to tears, and spoke kindly and consolingly to her. The *Te Deum* had not yet been written; but something very like it rang in the blind girl's heart, as she went to her humble home.—Pp. 192—194.

We pass by the description of the ceremonial, always a congenial theme with the author, and proceed to the conclusion of the scene.

The new religious laid their heads upon the altar, in token of their oblation of self. But in the West, the hair was not cut, as it was in the East, but was always left long. A wreath of flowers was then placed upon the head of each; and though it was winter, the well-guarded terrace of Fabiola had been made to furnish bright and fragrant blossoms.

All seemed ended; and Agnes, kneeling at the foot of the altar, was motionless in one of her radiant raptures, gazing fixedly upwards; while Syra, near her, was bowed down, sunk into the depths of her gentle humility, wondering how she should have been found worthy of so much favour. So absorbed were both in their thanksgiving, that they perceived not a slight commotion through the assembly, as if something unexpected was occurring.

They were aroused by the bishop repeating the question: "My daughter, what dost thou seek?" when, before they could look round, each felt a hand seized, and heard the answer returned in a voice dear to both: "Holy father, to receive the veil of consecration to Jesus Christ, my only love on earth, under the care of these two holy virgins, already his happy spouses."

They were overwhelmed with joy and tenderness; for it was the poor blind Cæcilia. When she heard of the happiness that awaited Syra, she

had flown, as we have seen, to the kind Lucina, who soon consoled her, by suggesting to her the possibility of obtaining a similar grace. She promised to furnish all that was necessary; only Cæcilia insisted that her dress should be coarse, as became a poor beggar-girl. The priest Dyonisius presented to the Pontiff, and obtained the grant of, her prayer; and as she wished to have her two friends for sponsors, it was arranged that he should lead her up to the altar after their consecration. Cæcilia, however, kept her secret.

'The blessings were spoken, and the habit and veil put on; when they asked her if she had brought no wreath of flowers. Timidly she drew from under her garment the crown she had provided, a bare, thorny branch, twisted into a circle, and presented it, saying:

"I have no flowers to offer to my Bridegroom, neither did He wear flowers for me. I am but a poor girl, and do you think that my Lord will be offended, if I ask Him to crown me, as He was pleased to be crowned Himself? And then, flowers represent virtues in those that wear them; but my barren heart has produced nothing better than these."

'She saw not, with her blind eyes, how her two companions snatched the wreaths from their heads, to put on hers; but a sign from the Pontiff checked them; and amidst moistened eyes, she was led forward, all joyous, in her thorny crown; emblem of what the Church has always taught, that the very queenship of virtue is, innocence crowned by penance.'—Pp. 196, 197.

The three pass the remainder of the day at Agnes's country villa, and their happiness is thus described:—

'It was indeed a peaceful day; sometimes calm and quiet, soft and tender, as the three spoke together of the morning's happiness, and of the happier morning of which it was a pledge, above the liquid amber of their present skies; sometimes cheerful, and even merry, as the two took Cæcilia to task for the trick she had played them. And she laughed cheerily, as she always did, and told them she had a better trick in store for them yet; which was, that she would cut them out, when that next morning came; for she intended to be the first at it, and not the last.'—P. 198.

This last playful threat alludes to nothing less than her priority of martyrdom.

The character of S. Sebastian is less extatic. He is drawn as the frank, noble-hearted soldier, the sort of person we should all like to know, and mingles very pleasantly in the scene. He has a youthful companion, S. Pancratius the boy martyr, to whom every act of self-sacrifice, even death itself, is a joy without effort, and who risks his life in the same spirit that the school-boy plays his rough games. Among the many martyrdoms of this book, derived from history, legend, and fancy, none is told more impressively than that of this youth, which we make no apology for presenting at full to our readers.

'Pancratius soon stood in the midst of the arena, the last of the faithful band. He had been reserved, in hopes that the sight of others' sufferings might shake his constancy; but the effect had been the reverse. He took his stand where he was placed, and his yet delicate frame contrasted with the swarthy and brawny limbs of the executioners who surrounded him.

They now left him alone; and we cannot better describe him than Eusebius, an eye-witness, does a youth a few years older:

"You might have seen a tender youth, who had not yet entered his twentieth year, standing without fetters, with his hands stretched forth in the form of a cross, and praying to God most attentively, with a fixed and untrembling heart; not retiring from the place where he first stood, nor swerving the least, while bears and leopards, breathing fury and death in their very snort, were just rushing on to tear his limbs in pieces. And yet, I know not how, their jaws seemed seized and closed by some divine and mysterious power, and they drew altogether back."

Such was the attitude, and such the privilege of our heroic youth. The mob were frantic, as they saw one wild beast after another careering madly round him, roaring, and lashing its sides with its tail, while he seemed placed in a charmed circle, which they could not approach. A furious bull, let loose upon him, dashed madly forward, with his neck bent down, then stopped suddenly, as though he had struck his head against a wall, pawed the ground, and scattered the dust around him, bellowing fiercely.

"Provoke him, thou coward!" roared out, still louder, the enraged emperor.

Pancratius awoke as from a trance, and waving his arms, ran towards his enemy; but the savage brute, as if a lion had been rushing on him, turned round, and ran away towards the entrance, where meeting his keeper, he tossed him high into the air. All were disconcerted except the brave youth, who had resumed his attitude of prayer; when one of the crowd shouted out: "He has a charm round his neck; he is a sorcerer!" The whole multitude re-echoed the cry, till the emperor, having commanded silence, called out to him, "Take that amulet from thy neck, and cast it from thee, or it shall be done more roughly for thee."

"Sire," replied the youth, with a musical voice, that rang sweetly through the hushed amphitheatre, "it is no charm that I wear, but a memorial of my father, who in this very place made gloriously the same confession which I now humbly make; I am a Christian; and for love of Jesus Christ, God and man, I gladly give my life. Do not take from me this only legacy, which I have bequeathed, richer than I received it, to another. Try once more; it was a panther which gave him his crown; perhaps it will bestow the same on me."

For an instant there was dead silence; the multitude seemed softened, won. The graceful form of the gallant youth, his now inspired countenance, the thrilling music of his voice, the intrepidity of his speech, and his generous self-devotion to his cause, had wrought upon that cowardly herd. Pancratius felt it, and his heart quailed before their mercy more than before their rage; he had promised himself heaven that day; was he to be disappointed? Tears started into his eyes, as stretching forth his arms once more in the form of a cross, he called aloud, in a tone that again vibrated through every heart:

"To-day; oh yes, to-day, most blessed Lord, is the appointed day of Thy coming. Tarry not longer; enough has Thy power been shown in me to them that believe not in Thee; show now Thy mercy to me who in Thee believe!"

"The panther!" shouted out a voice. "The panther!" responded twenty. "The panther!" thundered forth a hundred thousand, in a chorus like the roaring of an avalanche. A cage started up, as if by magic, from the midst of the sand, and as it rose, its side fell down, and freed the captive of the desert. With one graceful bound, the elegant savage gained its liberty; and, though enraged by darkness, confinement, and hunger, it seemed almost playful, as it leaped and turned about, frisked and gambolled noiselessly on the sand. At last it caught sight of its prey. All its

feline cunning and cruelty seemed to return, and to conspire together in animating the cautious and treacherous movements of its velvet-clothed frame. The whole amphitheatre was as silent as if it had been a hermit's cell, while every eye was intent, watching the stealthy approaches of the sleek brute to its victim. Pancratius was still standing in the same place, facing the emperor, apparently so absorbed in higher thoughts, as not to heed the movements of his enemy. The panther had stolen round him, as if disdainful to attack him except in front. Crouching upon its breast, slowly advancing one paw before another, it had gained its measured distance; and there it lay for some moments of breathless suspense. A deep snarling growl, an elastic spring through the air, and it was seen gathered up like a leech, with its hind feet on the chest, and its fangs and fore-claws on the throat of the martyr.

'He stood erect for a moment, brought his right hand to his mouth, and looking up at Sebastian with a smile, directed to him, by a graceful wave of his arm, the last salutation of his lips—and fell. The arteries of the neck had been severed, and the slumber of martyrdom at once settled on his eyelids. His blood softened, brightened, enriched, and blended inseparably with that of his father, which Lucina had hung about his neck. The mother's sacrifice had been accepted.'—Pp. 277—280.

The martyr's crown is in heaven, but, two or three times in this volume, we are struck with a singular value for the earthly rewards which follow suffering and death. Is there not, for example, something curiously prosaic and painful to more than our taste, in the following summary of this young victim's gains, especially where the *weight* of the silver is recorded? We quote from the beginning of the volume.

'And what was passing in that boy's mind, as he too remained silent and abstracted? Not any thought of a high destiny awaiting him. No vision of a venerable Basilica, eagerly visited 1600 years later by the sacred antiquary and the devout pilgrim, and giving his name, which it shall bear, to the neighbouring gate of Rome. No anticipation of a church in his honour to rise in faithful ages on the banks of the distant Thames, which, even after desecration, should be loved and eagerly sought as their last resting-place, by hearts faithful still to his dear Rome. No forethought of a silver canopy or *ciborium*, weighing 287lbs., to be placed over the porphyry urn that should contain his ashes, by Pope Honorius I. No idea that his name would be enrolled in every martyrology, his picture, crowned with rays, hung over many altars, as the boy-martyr of the early Church.'—Pp. 11, 12.

The frequent descriptions of costly garments, jewels, gold, and silver, bestowed on martyr remains and church decoration, are in the same spirit; and there is an appreciation of ladies of fortune whose wealth may find appropriate channels in offerings like these, which may provoke a smile. Even Syra the slave is by law and right an heiress, her wealthy Christian mother having tightly bound her own fortune upon her, to the exclusion of her Pagan son. Syra resolutely abided by her mother's will, and kept her own, till placed in a dilemma, the statement of which, we must say, we consider very objectionable. We presume the author would set her as an example to

be followed. Would he desire others to do the same under her circumstances? Surely these extreme logical deductions from a doctrine belong to this age. Are they ever in this age worked out in act, as we are told they were in this fancied instance? To us the custom here alluded to is a proof *against* the possibility of the Church of the third and fourth century holding modern Romish views, or why lay such a snare for consciences, and place the faithful in the power of every unbeliever?

'Among the privileges of Christians in the first ages, we have already mentioned that of reserving the Blessed Eucharist at home for domestic communion. We have described the way in which it was enfolded in an *orarium*, or linen cloth, again often preserved in a richer cover. This precious gift was kept in a chest (*arca*) with a lid, as S. Cyprian has informed us. Orontius well knew this; and he was moreover aware that its contents were more prized than silver or gold; that, as the Fathers tell us, to drop negligently a crumb of the consecrated bread was considered a crime; and that the name of "pearl," which was given to the smallest fragment, showed that it was so precious in a Christian's eye, that he would part with all he possessed to rescue it from sacrilegious profanation.

'The scarf richly embroidered with pearls, which has more than once affected our narrative, was the outer covering in which Miriam's mother had preserved this treasure; and her daughter valued it both as a dear inheritance, and as a consecrated object, for she continued its use.

'One day, early in the morning, she knelt before her ark; and after fervent preparation by prayer, proceeded to open it. To her dismay she found it already unlocked, and her treasure gone! Like Mary Magdalen at the sepulchre, she wept bitterly, because they had taken her Lord, and she knew not where they had laid Him. Like her, too, "as she was weeping she stooped down and looked" again into her ark, and found a paper, which in the confusion of the first glance she had overlooked.

'It informed her that what she sought was safe in her brother's hands, and might be ransomed. She ran at once to him, where he was closeted with the dark man in whose presence she always trembled, threw herself on her knees before him, and entreated him to restore what she valued more than all her wealth. He was on the point of yielding to her tears and supplications, when Eurotas fixed his stern eye upon him, overawed him, then himself addressed her, saying:

"Miriam, we take you at your word. We wish to put the earnestness and reality of your faith to a sufficient test. Are you truly sincere in what you offer?"

"I will surrender anything, all I have, to rescue from profanation the Holy of Holies."

"Then sign that paper," said Eurotas, with a sneer.

'She took the pen in her hand, and after running her eye over the document, signed it. It was a surrender of her entire property to Eurotas. Orontius was furious when he saw himself overreached, by the man to whom he had suggested the snare for his sister. But it was too late; he was only the faster in his unsparing gripe. A more formal renunciation of her rights was exacted from Miriam, with the formalities required by the Roman law.'—Pp. 355, 356.

But we need not inquire what authority there is for such an incident as this, when we find the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception boldly laid down in Syra's teaching, and titles

applied by S. Agnes to the Blessed Virgin, of which there is no mention in any authentic record for many centuries after. But an exact scrupulosity as to dates and references has never been a characteristic of this author in his severest labours. We need not, therefore, look for it in fiction, which so many regard as the land of liberty from matter-of-fact restraints. Such licence, however, restricts these works to Roman Catholic readers. It would not be wise or safe to place them in the hands of young people who could not discriminate or mark the boundaries between fact and unjustifiable assumption, where it is of such great moment that the truth should not be tampered with.

Our criticisms have run to greater length than we anticipated, embracing, as these works have done, such extremes of period, opinion, and expression. The circumstances of their authors make each a literary curiosity, and separate them from similar efforts by writers whose chosen walk is fiction; so that we have not been able to add to our list certain tales, whose aim and purpose class them under the same general head, but whose differences in style and treatment would render them really incongruous in such companionship. We hope some future day to supply this omission. For the present, we take leave of our subject, thankful, after the varied scenes and characters to which we have been introduced, with the interval of fifteen hundred years, to be able to assure ourselves that the difference between Christians of the fourth century and the nineteenth is not so great as Mr. Conybeare's turn for showing up sinners, and Dr. Wiseman's facility at depicting saints, might lead us at first sight to fear.

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery, including Selections from his Correspondence; Remains in Prose and Verse; and Conversations on various Subjects.*  
By JOHN HOLLAND and JAMES EVERETT. London: Longmans.\* 1855. 7 vols.

It was a maxim of Lord Bolingbroke, and one, perhaps, which is most clearly expressed in his *Essays on the 'Study and Use of History,'* that the only fair and legitimate subjects of biography are 'such great men as Alexander or Cæsar, whose history has formed, in their own day, in some sort, the history of the world.' All other biographies, he tells us, proceed upon partial views of life, and, consequently, assume an importance tending to erroneous conceptions of fact. We need not demonstrate the fallacy of a position which would tend to eliminate from literature one great means to the teaching of practical philosophy, which would render it nearly the same thing to be deified and to be 'biographised;' and which, if logically followed out, would assail the fundamental principles of dramatic construction. But we should be glad, nevertheless, to see the practice of modern biographers less completely at issue with the theory of the departed politician and philosopher. Our heart, we confess, fairly sank within us, when, after having perused the first and second volumes of the present work, and, again the third and fourth, which were subsequently published, we finally discovered that a fifth, a sixth, and a seventh volume were yet in store! We cordially sympathise with the readers of these *Memoirs*, who will seem, like ourselves, to experience, in the magnitude and the hopelessness of their toil,

'Tortosque Ixionis angues,  
Immanemque rotam, et non exsuperabile saxum.

The whole biography, in truth, forms a medley of narrative without animation, of dialogue without interest, and of correspondence chiefly without incident, extending from the poet's neighbours at Sheffield to expatriated acquaintances in Otahcite. This is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as method and abbreviation might have rendered this work generally acceptable to those who were disposed to study a life involving, not indeed a very high order of intellect, nor a career of unexampled benevolence, but portraying, nevertheless, fine qualities both of head and of heart—the imagination of the poet, the moral excellence of the Christian, and the ardent zeal of the philanthropist.

We shall here, therefore, endeavour to supply, from the



extensive materials which Mr. Holland and Mr. Everett have given to the world, a brief and succinct portraiture of James Montgomery—a sketch of his social life, and an analysis of the salient characteristics of his poetry. Truth, we suspect, lies midway between these gentlemen and Lord Bolingbroke; for there are few literary biographies which might not have been well comprised within a single volume of ordinary dimensions. That familiar sisterhood to whom are allotted the daily task of kindling the fires upon our domestic hearths, with a notorious disregard to the value of the materials which they sacrifice on the altar of Vulcan, are, nevertheless, scavengers of biography, to whom literature owes incalculable obligations. But the evil, it appears, even before the introduction of the penny-postage, did not lie wholly within their powers of reformation. And we groan to think of the leviathan biographies of those now living under the operation of that fiscal law, which (unless other principles of publication shall be meanwhile adopted) must record to the people of the twentieth century the lives and correspondence of their eminent predecessors.

It may seem ungracious to say more in dispraise of a biography which has clearly been compiled at the expense of considerable labour and research, and has been dictated, no doubt, by a generous impulse to do honour to the memory of one who was both the private friend of the authors, and the public benefactor of society in his own neighbourhood. This work, however, consistently ignores the plainest principles of biographical perspective. It contains, for example, a long disquisition on the early history and the doctrines of the Moravian communion, *à propos* of young Montgomery being a boy of four years old! This may form a tempting digression to an author who is himself a minister of that religious fraternity; but it assuredly is not biography. Again, the circumstance of Mr. Montgomery having held the office of editor of an obscure provincial journal at Sheffield is made a pretext for incessant digressions to political events, adapted only to a biography of Lord Sidmouth, of Mr. Canning, or of Mr. Huskisson. Thus, too, the episode afforded by Mr. Montgomery's trial and arrest for libel, which might have been well disposed of in three or four pages, extends over the prodigious area of as many chapters.

It is, nevertheless, of Montgomery's life, rather than of his poems, that we shall chiefly speak. The latter have long been before the world. But we are desirous, in the first instance, of pointing out one or two causes of the present isolation of those poetical works from the versification of the last fifty years, and also of indicating the place which we think they have a right to claim in the imaginative literature of modern times.

The writings of Montgomery, then, belong essentially to the poetry of the eighteenth, and not to that of the nineteenth century. They were composed contemporaneously with those of Byron, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Moore. But they have none of that varied originality in system and design which gave a special character and scope to the poetry of the present century, and overthrew the school of the preceding age. It was rather the aim of Montgomery to restore the system which had deservedly fallen into discredit, than to found a new one.

The more popular poets of the present century, although they were chiefly actuated by the springs of their own inherent originality, had also probably the greater foresight to detect the change which would, sooner or later, pass over the poetical literature of England. Montgomery, too, saw likewise the Sphingian riddle which lay before him, and he was destroyed because he failed to interpret it aright.

Yet it is a strange counterpart of this mediocrity of design, of versification, and of metrical construction, that much of that which is more purely to be termed 'execution' is marked by great beauty and by great originality; by thoughts and images totally different in their character from the mass of poetry with which, in other characteristics, the works of Montgomery are indissolubly associated. In his poem of 'Greenland,' for instance, there is nearly as much spirit as in 'Marmion,' far more imagination than in 'Thalaba,' and a philosophic vein of thought not unworthy of the 'New Timon.'

The early life of this writer does not exhibit much incident. It had, however, some special characteristics. Montgomery rose from a very humble station in society to a position of eminence in literature. Though apparently of a mild and ductile disposition, he continually set his parents and tutors at defiance. He was inhumanly apprenticed to an illiterate baker, and (rather than endure that erudite society) ran away with three shillings and sixpence in his pocket for the foundation of his fortune in a strange neighbourhood. He was nearly inveigled into the ministry of the Moravian sectaries, and was saved from a step so alien to his predilections by deliberately impressing them with the conviction, in the political phraseology of the present day, that he could 'render them no useful service;' and he commenced his career upon the wide world, like a true representative of the poetical fraternity of the age of the Stuarts, by seeking a literary patron, and receiving a guinea from the hands of Lord Fitzwilliam in exchange for a copy of his juvenile verses, with a view to the presentation of which he had trespassed into Wentworth Park.

Montgomery's early years were exposed to every conceivable disadvantage. His father and mother were excellent, but misguided people; most indifferent parents, and most sincere fanatics. The former was settled at Ballymena (county Antrim), a place which gained a religious idiosyncrasy from one John Cennick, originally a Methodist preacher, and afterwards a seceder to the Moravian fraternity, who founded a 'settlement' there under the appropriate name of 'Grace Hill!' The poet's father was at length, brought within this pious fold, and was appointed to the pastoral charge, in 1771, of a congregation of the 'United Brethren,' as they termed themselves, at Irvine, in Ayrshire. The poet was soon afterwards born at this place, and thus, as he has observed, 'narrowly escaped an Irish birth-place.' When, however, he had reached the age of twelve, and had two brothers younger than himself, both his father and mother became suddenly imbued with a 'religious call,' which required them to proceed as Missionaries to the West Indian Islands. The three boys were left in England, and placed under the authority of the Brethren in a Moravian school at Fulneck, near Leeds (whither, indeed, the poet had been sent at a yet earlier period), and were thus practically indoctrinated in a wholesome subordination, in the view of the Moravians, of temporal weaknesses to spiritual interests.

From six to sixteen young Montgomery remained a student at the school of Fulneck, a victim of the narrowest systems of religion and the falsest principles of education. This seminary, indeed, instead of preparing its disciples for an encounter with that outer world into which even Moravian ministers must ultimately embark, appeared practically to ignore its existence, and to present, in its place, a fictitious world, consisting of its own eccentric and narrow discipline, totally alien from any other state of existence beneath the sun. Here Montgomery found himself completely secluded from all external influences. His parents ardently wishing to see him ordained a Moravian minister, he received a certain degree of instruction in Greek, German, and French; and he also learnt music as an important element in the religious ceremonies of the Moravians. But, independently of this education, the lighter reading which the immaculate pupils of Fulneck were permitted to embrace appears to have been restricted to two single works—one of these consisting of select passages from *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the other of *Robinson Crusoe*, which however was specially reserved for the elder pupils. In process of time the educational views of the master became so far amplified, that he occasionally read passages to his pupils from Blair's 'Grave,' in the course of their walks or while reclining under the shade of a hedge! To

this peripatetic species of instruction, Montgomery more often ascribed the first development of his taste for poetry. "I then said to myself," he observes, "if ever I become a poet, I will write something like this." At length the master ventured to read select extracts from Blackmore's 'Prince Arthur;' but the books themselves were never, it appears, entrusted to the students' perusal. Hence, perhaps, arose Montgomery's eccentric views of English poetry. Between Blair and Blackmore he innocently supposed that the laurels of literature were divided. The composition of verses, however, was meanwhile encouraged by the masters of his school; and an old Moravian choir-book of sacred hymns appears to have formed the recognised archetype at Fulneck. Such monstrous models as these may perhaps be held up in extenuation of whatever errors we may discover in Montgomery's earlier style. Shortly before he left school, he obtained a glance at Burns and Cowper. This permission indicated a strange liberality on the part of a body of authorities who, it appears, had previously mutilated a volume of selections from Milton, Thomson, and Young, which had been sent as a present to one of the members of the school. Here we have an illustration of Mr. Macaulay's remark, that 'the morality which we want is a healthful morality, not a valetudinarian morality.'

At length, however, the good Brethren became definitively imbued with the conviction that young Montgomery had not been designed by nature for a child of grace, a conclusion supported chiefly, it appears, by his reserved and meditative character; and they determined accordingly that he should make trial of the more active existence and more healthful atmosphere of a baker's shop. They therefore placed him under the care of one Lockwood, a retail baker at Mirfield, in close proximity to Fulneck, and of course a true and orthodox Moravian, who would carefully instruct the subject of his charge in all the idiosyncrasies of the faith. Here he was more unhappy even than at Fulneck school, not so much that his professed occupation was uncongenial, as that he was left in reality to write sonnets, and dwell in the subjectivity of his own desponding mind. Accordingly, after about a year and a half's residence at Mirfield, he suddenly withdrew, one Sunday morning, from the doctrinal supervision of the master baker, and apparently determined (by an application of the Bonaparteian principle of warfare to the wanderings of domestic life) that his campaign should support itself, proceeded on his pedestrian journey, almost totally unprovided for the barest necessities of life, first to Doncaster, and then to Wentworth. At the latter place his new mode of living brought him, as we have

seen, a guinea from the then Lord Fitzwilliam. Of this strange incident he was naturally, in his later life, somewhat unwilling to speak. At Wath,<sup>8</sup> his next resting-place, he was employed in the shop of a dealer in general stores, named Hunt. The Moravian council at Fulneck, with a real liberality of spirit, sent him favourable testimonials, after vainly attempting to dissuade him from his wayward course. He at length reached London, and obtained employment with a bookseller named Harrison, in Paternoster Row, at the age of eighteen, where he was, perhaps, on the whole, less unsuccessful than most intellectual vagrants.

His career in London was so similar to that which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has assigned to the character of Leonard Fairfield in *My Novel*, that we may, perhaps, ascribe a more than casual association between the reality and the fiction. Montgomery brought with him his MS. poems to London, which, however, no bookseller would publish. He wrote first in poetry and then in prose with similar ill success, even though he had proceeded so far as to offer his works to an ingenious adventurer in the publishing line, who was selling 'books, bound and gilt, for a halfpenny.'

Dissatisfied, however, with the prospects which had opened to him in London, in common with nearly every other literary adventurer, he left the capital at the age of twenty, returned to Wath, and thence proceeded to Sheffield, where he obtained a situation with a tradesman named Joseph Gales, who affected to discharge the triple functions of printer, auctioneer, and bookseller, with the aid of his family, and who consented to make Montgomery his vicegerent. This incident appears to have decided the whole course of his future life. Such personages as these were, for a time, Montgomery's principal associates; and it would have been hard to have then predicted that a poet of such gentle and secluded habits should have so been brought forward in the character of a political agitator, and should have been twice incarcerated in York Castle.

The dominant phasis of Montgomery's character, at this period, consisted in a settled melancholy. This characteristic, indeed, attached more or less deeply to his whole life. But Montgomery differed from Cowper in this essential point of view, that while the melancholy of Cowper grew out of a self-application of the Calvinistic theory of reprobation to his own soul, the melancholy of Montgomery not only arose from no religious presentiment, but was not associable with any definite conviction or with any single fact in his career. The turn of mind, indeed, exhibited by Cowper may have formed a development of a general despondency, gradually directed to a

definite and settled object; but the despondency of Montgomery, on the other hand, appears to have been altogether indefinable and subjective. This is, we believe, a very common characteristic of young men of genius, whose education has been such as to withdraw them from companionship and active exercises. Such a method of instructing boyhood may or may not be morally good; but it is, without a doubt, intellectually vicious. The mind of Montgomery, to the last day of his life, bore the impress of a narrow and fanatical education, which neither the daily work of life nor the occupations of benevolence could ever eradicate. Most men of talent, whose youth has been thus overcast by despondency, merge the melancholy temperament of early days in the business and activity of after life. But, on the other hand, we find Montgomery writing, at the age of thirty-seven:—‘It is Sunday, and, without being a hypocrite, I can conscientiously affirm that I seldom concern myself with business or friendship on the Sabbath, which is, however, to me no day of rest, but generally of double gloom and despondency.’

From this deplorable temperament he was roused from time to time, either by religious impulses or by the force of external events, which called into action the latent benevolence of his mind. The strong retrospective tendency of his thoughts, which forms one element of melancholy in every mind of which it takes possession, is strikingly shadowed forth in the correspondence even of his eightieth year, in reference to a poetical work which had been sent to him for perusal:—‘The latter [poem] made me young again; and the spirit of many romantic days, not dead but sleeping, came upon me in the twilight of my old age (having just closed my threescore and nineteenth year on the fourth of this month); they came upon me, I say, in that beauty of ideality which is the poetry of prose realities, disembodied and sainted by the remembrance that such things were, and were to us most dear and precious. An old Fulneck scholar visited me a few days ago, and, your book lying before me, I read that passage, and we spent “a holiday afternoon” in a trance of recollecting, that crowded into fifteen minutes the spoils of memory gathered in youth, and hoarded like the miser’s treasure, to be often visited, “counted and recounted,” amidst all the changes of dying life.’

Montgomery now succeeded to the printing establishment which Gales (who had fled from an indictment for treason) had deserted, and brought out a new journal, known as the ‘*Iris*.’ In order to carry on his literary speculation, he entered into partnership with a person named Naylor, then almost unknown to him. Naylor supplied the capital, Montgomery the politics and the ideas.

This was a strange metamorphosis in the outward character of Montgomery. The desponding recluse became the editor of a political and radical journal. The once loyal poet wrote in defence of the traditions of a party whose watchword had been the name of 'Thomas Paine.' The son and the pupil of Missionaries, absorbed in the diffusion of Christianity abroad, became identified with a mob of agitators at home, with whose political opinions conservative prejudice, at least, denied the consociation of any religion at all. Montgomery, however, took care to announce that the 'Iris' would not form the organ of any special class, nor be characterised by the vindictiveness of party spirit. He avowed its general opinions to be in favour of Peace and Reform, and the announcement did not favour its popularity. The 'Iris' office, however, soon became the *rendezvous* of the discontented party; and Montgomery began to assume involuntarily the invidious character of the head of the malcontents.

The criminal authorities were not long without their pretext. The poet, in his capacity of printer, had given forth to the world a 'Patriotic Song,' which was sung by a hawker in the streets of Sheffield, and was proved, whether by fair argument or by distortion, to be a seditious libel. Montgomery, accordingly, was arraigned for trial at the Sheffield sessions, traversed the indictment, and was ultimately tried at Doncaster. The poet's biographers here expatiate upon every circumstance of these criminal proceedings at a length which would have rendered the O'Connell prosecution itself a tedious detail. Montgomery, however, had agreed to print six quires of these songs for eighteen-pence; and it was fairly argued that no man would willingly compromise his civil rights for the profit which such a stipulation would afford. Moreover, although the song in question hailed the anticipated triumph of the French arms, it appeared that its publication had dated nearly a year previous to the declaration of hostilities between France and England; and, therefore, related solely to the struggle between the German and the Republican arms. But all this availed not; Montgomery was convicted, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in York Castle.

Here was another episode in the poet's life, and seclusion enough to have satisfied his earliest predilections. Certain privileges, under this incarceration, were attainable by a solicitation of the governor's indulgence. For these Montgomery was too proud to be a supplicant; and this sublime functionary came forward to grant spontaneously to the poet the utmost concessions which his discretion allowed him to afford. Here Montgomery met his friend Redhead Yorke, a brother in

humiliation, who had been committed for high treason, which, to his deep concern, had been subsequently abandoned for the simpler charge of sedition; for this commutation lost him the six and eightpence a-day which the beneficence of Parliament had provided for the graver assailants of the State. The democrats of prosperity wisely became the philosophers of adversity. They associated together; read and moralised over *Gil Blas*; and York pleased himself with the contemplation of a true or imaginary parallel between his own destiny and that of the hero of the story. Montgomery, meanwhile, wrote essays. He became also the recipient of an address from a literary society, whose intended condolence transformed itself, like all other immoderate panegyrics, into a more than equivocal sarcasm. 'Your sentence,' said his sympathisers, 'is a eulogy; your prison is a palace.'

But Montgomery, wise in speculative thought, had not the practical wisdom which profits by experience of disaster. He had scarcely left the confines of his gaol, and returned to the editing of the '*Iris*,' when he became the victim of a second criminal prosecution. He had first been charged with sedition; he was now arraigned for libel. Colonel Athorpe, at the head of a corps of volunteers, had been invested with the responsibility of maintaining the public peace in Sheffield, in an hour of excitement and commotion. The conduct of this officer, at the present juncture, was fiercely assailed in the '*Iris*.' Explanations were refused: a prosecution was instituted; the trial took place at Doncaster; and again James Montgomery was convicted. He was sentenced upon this occasion to six months' imprisonment, to a fine of thirty pounds, and to enter into recognisances, himself and two sureties, for his good behaviour during a term of two years. That Montgomery was a wilful libeller there is certainly no evidence to show; that his statement, on the other hand, was grossly inaccurate appears perfectly clear; but that he was the victim of his own hasty imprudence, and of the misrepresentation of others, may be inferred from the fact that the libel in question was published on the day following that of the event which it professed faithfully to detail. Montgomery, under infirmity of health and depression of mind, returned to York Castle—a poet and a recluse criminally convicted, successively for sedition and libel, at the age of twenty-four. It is related that an amnesty afterwards took place between him and Athorpe; that Athorpe, as a magistrate, would often invite the poet, when in court, to a seat upon the bench; that the poet would accept the offer; and that Athorpe would dilate upon the virtues of Felix Vaughan, the counsel by whom Montgomery had been defended. The biographers speak favourably of this



*amende honorable* on the colonel's part. To ourselves, we confess, the proceeding appears in the light of a mockery in the prosecutor, and of a humiliation to the poet.

Montgomery, at twenty-five, now began to take a more sober view of life—to renounce the escapades of boyhood and the Quixotic imprudence of youth. He had seen enough of the world to indispose him to re-enact the character of the fugitive baker-boy, or of the calumniating patriot. He had arrived at the wise conclusion that it was at least more expedient, if not also more just, to take a less unfavourable view both of Administrations and of individuals. Accordingly, he now entered upon a quiet life at Sheffield, and soon began to assume the triple character of a poet, a reviewer, and an editor of a weekly journal. His labours in the latter capacity are certainly unworthy of record: his reviews were scarcely, we suspect, of any striking merit; and it is chiefly through his poems that much interest is reflected upon this period of his life. At a more advanced age, and when his abilities had once fairly established his literary reputation, he began to make a figure as a philanthropist; but between the occurrence of his more active labours in this capacity and the vagaries of his early youth there is a long and dreary interval, in which his biography amounts to little more than a record of his literary labours.

A romantic fraternal attachment appeared to have developed itself in the breast of the poet towards the three Miss Gales since the expatriation of their brother. This sentiment, moreover, we are told, was reciprocated by the ladies with equal cordiality and warmth; and it is fortunate indeed that it assumed upon their parts no other than a sisterly shape; for Montgomery might otherwise have been called upon to display an invidious preference destructive of their domestic harmony. Henceforward the poet and the three spinster ladies dwelt together in happiness and peace. They lived in a house in Sheffield, of which one portion formed a stationer's shop. Another portion was devoted to the 'Iris' office. Thus the stationery and editorial duties were simultaneously discharged by Montgomery and the three spinster ladies, who lived together, under a Platonic and romantic attachment, 'in sickness and in health, till death did them part.'

The appearance of the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,' in 1806, first drew public attention to the author's name. The origin of this poem, like that of many other of his productions, was to be traced to political events. As the author sympathised with Freedom wherever it existed, so he sympathised with the Swiss under the recent infraction of their constitutional rights. The poem, it appears, was three years in passing through the press;

and Montgomery appears to have enjoyed no more of the rapidity of thought which may be held to form one element of inspiration, than our old friend Samuel Rogers, who has lately imparted to us the dismal confession that sixteen years of his life were spent in the composition of his 'Italy.'

There is a fragment quoted by the biographers which has no place in our edition, at least, of Montgomery's poems. Several of its couplets display so much spirit and thought as to call for its insertion. It is without date, but is supposed by Mr. Holland to have been written about the year 1801.

'When Contemplation's mournful eye is cast  
O'er the dim wilderness of ages past,  
Time's hoary ruins, scattered round the scene,  
Stretch their broad shadows o'er the wastes between;  
Wastes—where proud nations, once the heirs of fame,  
Lie low in dust, extinguished even in name:  
Ruins—where prouder states, with madness fired,  
In vain to immortality aspired.  
They perished; and the wrecks they left behind  
Record the crimes and sufferings of mankind.  
I sing those ruins. Time, thy course renew,  
And make the past the present to my view:—  
A sudden whirlwind mingles earth and skies;  
The ruins tremble, and the dead arise!  
Along the valley of departed years  
A melancholy multitude appears.  
Like half-remembered dreams the shadows swim  
In twilight vision, venerably dim.  
They pass: high o'er the undistinguished throng  
The giant ghost of Babel towers along:  
In hieroglyphic majesty sublime  
Old Egypt frowns, the eldest-born of Time:  
Pale through the gloom the tribes of Israel rise,  
Like the sweet Pleiades in wintry skies:  
Voluptuous Persia glimmers in the storm,  
A feeble, lingering, evanescent form:  
Greece, like resplendent Pallas, springs to light,  
A martial maiden, beautiful and bright:  
Carthage, a gaunt and sullen spectre, mocks  
The north wind with her sea-weed woven locks:  
In stern defiance, lowering round the tomb,  
Glares the fierce spirit of imperial Rome:  
Black in the rear barbarian clans come forth,  
Wild as the trumpets of their native north:  
They rush to battle,—Darkness o'er my head  
Breaks like the Day of Judgment! All is fled!'

It was not, however, until the appearance of Montgomery's poem on the 'West Indies,' that his reputation was fully established. The design of this production, conceived, it appears, in the spring of 1807, had grown out of the then recent abolition of slavery; and the circumstances under which the work

was written are detailed by Mr. Montgomery himself in a passage published in the biography. A print-seller, Mr. Bowyer, of Pall Mall, was then projecting a scheme for the commemoration of the triumph of the 'Abolition' cause, 'in a series of pictures representing the past sufferings and anticipated blessings of the 'long-wronged and late-righted Africans, both in their own land and in the West Indies.' The projector of these illustrations wrote to Montgomery, asking him to contribute a poem on the same subject, to be published together with the pictures. 'Soon elated and as soon depressed,' writes the poet, 'I eagerly, yet tremblingly, undertook the commission; for I could not help doubting the wisdom of Mr. Bowyer's choice of a poet, after the judgment which had been passed upon my recent performances by the critical infallibilities of my own country.' The subject, however, was even then a peculiarly congenial one to Montgomery, whose newspaper lucubrations had been continually devoted to an exposure of the iniquities of the Slave Trade. 'It haunted me,' he continues, 'day and night, in the house, and in the field, alone or in company; however engaged in business, in conversation, or in amusement, the process of thought and of composition was continually in exercise; and under all these difficult situations and incompatible circumstances, portions of the poem were either suggested, elaborated, or suddenly, not to say spontaneously, produced.' Certainly, if assiduity is creative of imagination, and if the theory of a living writer is correct, that a poet, after all, is 'made' and not 'born;' the labour bestowed by Mr. Montgomery upon this poem ought to have asserted a high place in literature for the subject of his industry.

The success of the poem of the 'West Indies' was very great. Montgomery received, indeed, at the outset, not more than a hundred guineas for the first edition. But the poem was republished from time to time, and ten thousand copies were sold in ten years. If the sale of the 'West Indies' was inferior to that of the 'Corsair,' of which the late Mr. Murray once sold fourteen thousand copies in a single day, the first edition alone yielded the author (although this comparison is in some degree affected by the subsequent depreciation of money) seven times as much as Milton gained by the three editions, of which he lived to witness the publication, of 'Paradise Lost.'

It was not long before the criticised poet became critic himself in turn, and was enabled to avenge his wrongs upon his own fraternity by a species of oblique and eccentric retribution. The *Eclectic Review*, then a periodical exercising a considerable literary influence, had passed a warm eulogy upon the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,' which had served in some degree

to cancel its simultaneous disparagement in another quarter. Hence an acquaintance, which gradually unfolded itself into a warm and durable friendship, arose between Montgomery and Mr. Daniel Parken, its editor; and the poet soon afterwards became a frequent contributor to the *Review*.

Montgomery, in common with many others, entertained a very indifferent appreciation of the writings of Wordsworth. In an article written for the *Eclectic Review*, in 1808, he appears to have done him justice, according to the measure of his own conscience. 'I feel exceeding great reluctance,' he says, 'to censure the works of a man of high and noble genius, however unworthy of him. . . . I am conscious of no personal partiality to prejudice me in favour of Wordsworth. I am sure the poetry of two men cannot differ much more widely than his does from mine. I hate his boldness and vulgarity of phrase, and I doubt not that he equally detests the splendour and foppery of mine; but I feel the pulse of poetry beating through every vein of thought in all his compositions; even in his most pitiful, puerile, and affected pieces.' In this carefully deliberated opinion there is, no doubt, much truth: but it was assuredly as great a mistake to talk of the 'vulgarity' of Wordsworth's diction as it was an egotism to speak of the 'splendour' of his own.

Montgomery, however, had clearly not been designed for a critic; and his reviews most unquestionably would have slumbered in eternal oblivion, had they not been exhumed by the industry of a curious and partial biographer.

In this literary seclusion Montgomery continued to live, during the long and dreary years of the Revolutionary War. The extensive correspondence of that period which his biographers have published, involves few transactions of interest and few names of celebrity. The poet's letters chiefly relate to his own literary undertakings; and when communications of business failed, he would vent his morbid temperament in a melancholy review of all things which concerned him, both past, present, and contingent. He would scarcely, therefore, one might have supposed, have found much fellowship in the vigorous and healthful mind of Southey. There is, in truth, scarcely anything more unpleasant than a habitual correspondence with a friend who is determined to take the most gloomy view of life, and to place the most unpleasant construction upon the objects and destinies of human nature. In that life, and in that nature, there are, in the language of Burns, so many 'drops of joy with draughts of ill between,' that it is by no means agreeable to be perpetually reminded by a mentally jaundiced correspondent of the preponderance of evil over

pleasure in this checkered and changeful existence. This is exactly what Montgomery, when he had no matters of business to communicate, delighted to do; and we believe that almost any other man would have been voted, for his very letters' sake, an intolerable bore. Yet that Montgomery was regarded by Southey himself in a very different character, there is abundant evidence to show. Between the two writers there grew up a sincere friendship, under the influence of common pursuits, of common interests, and of a common ambition, which no difference of temperament could assail, and which no unworthy rivalries could thwart.

But conviction and practice were with this eminent man so strangely at issue, that the morbid moralist who thus desponded over the destinies of life became one of the most ardent supporters of the cause of social philanthropy.

During the ten years intervening between 1817 and 1827 he appears to have principally devoted himself to the cause of religion, of education, and of social progress in his own neighbourhood. At the close of the war he was nearly forty-five years of age, and the literary reputation he had by that time attained began to render his presence at the public meetings that were held at Sheffield in great demand. Modest and unassuming in character, he was frequently annoyed at the sight of placards in the street, announcing that 'Mr. Montgomery, *the great poet*, would deliver a lecture,' or 'would take the chair,' or would render himself conspicuous in some other manner, on the occasion of a meeting then about to take place. He began immediately to experience the feelings of Cowper when summoned before the House of Lords, and to entertain the same repugnance in the fulfilment of his destined part that is recorded of Lord Langdale towards his favourite beverage, on hearing a proclamation from an official in the Rolls' Court, 'make way for the Master of the Rolls' tea.' Montgomery first endeavoured to lessen the increasing disposition of his poorer neighbours for speculation in lotteries. He had been himself a gainer, for a considerable period, by the lottery advertisements which were continually sent to him for publication in the columns of the *Iris*, and had been also for some time an agent of lottery offices in London. Although it may seem, perhaps, that the conviction of the immorality of these proceedings dawned somewhat late upon his mind, and while it would certainly have implied a more consistent course to have abandoned his connexion with these transactions before he had entered upon a declamation against the evil which they entailed, the poet at length set himself strenuously against them. He first published a poem entitled 'Thoughts on Wheels,' with a

view of exposing the lottery system ; and he had then certainly no alternative before him but to dispense with his connexion with the London offices, and to suppress all lottery advertisements in his journal. The poem, however, at least, was a voluntary publication ; and although the author may be fairly amenable to the charge of having begun his work of reformation at the wrong end, he could scarcely have failed to discern the surrender of pecuniary interests in which it would involve him.

Montgomery also took a leading part, within his own limited sphere, in opposition to the now obsolete practice of chimney-sweeping by means of climbing boys. The revolting character of this system he deduced somewhat in the following manner : ' Let it be granted, for the sake of argument, that the friction of flesh and bones is absolutely necessary to the sweeping of a chimney. A live child and a dead child would therefore perform the office equally well. But the sweeping of a chimney by a dead child, which is devoid of feeling, would be regarded with horror. Therefore, *à fortiori*, the sweeping of a chimney by a live child, which would experience more or less suffering under the process, must be regarded with horror.' This is, we believe, although in our own words, the substance of Mr. Montgomery's argument : and he would, we presume, have added : ' But the friction of flesh and bones is not necessary to the sweeping of a chimney. Therefore chimney-sweeping by flesh and bones is both horrible and unnecessary.' The ' friction of bones ' in a live child, at least, may at first sight seem an Irishism. But we believe that, in respect of the unhappy climbing boys, it was no figure of speech. Montgomery frequently received public compliment for his exertions in the cause of social progress, and his final discouragement of the lottery system was distinctly recognised in the course of a debate in the House of Commons upon that question. Montgomery next turned his attention to the intellectual development of the good people of Sheffield, and inaugurated with a long speech the birth of a literary and philosophical society which he had himself been instrumental in establishing.

Lord Brougham appears to have been an earnest admirer of Montgomery, and to have fully appreciated his labours in the cause of philanthropy. In his ' Practical Observations upon Education,' which is referred to by the biographers, he speaks of the ' Mechanics' Library at Sheffield, as ' opened under the able and zealous superintendence of Mr. Montgomery, a name well known in the literary world, and held in deserved honour by philanthropists.'

Montgomery lived in no Utopia of ideal religion and supposititious philanthropy, such as that which is so densely peopled,

at this day, by the false votaries of social improvement. He had none of the egotism of spurious benevolence. He was not one of those who crowd the platforms of public meetings in the display of a questionable and ostentatious charity. His desire to serve his fellow-creatures was simple and sincere; and he cared, perhaps, less than any man for the plaudits of his audience, or for the respect and popularity with which a species of public character naturally invested him.' This is strikingly shown, if any evidence were required beyond that of his own simple asseveration, in the readiness with which he would adopt, whenever it might be practicable, a private rather than a public means of accomplishing the philanthropic objects of his heart. The results of his labours were unquestionably very great; nor is it easy to estimate the force of an example which served to give a national reputation to local exertions. Among the more striking instances of his unaffected benevolence, we may mention his teaching at the Red Hill Sunday School at Sheffield, where he regularly attended, in spite of delicate health, and where it was his practice to catechise, exhort, and pray with the children, who assembled there to the number of nearly a thousand, instructing them by twenties at a time. And there are many at Sheffield, now grown up, and even growing old, who yet gratefully associate their early religious exercises with the instructions of the unassuming poet.

Born a Moravian, and for a time seceding from its communion, he ultimately returned to his early faith. His restoration to 'brotherhood' in the Moravian Church appears to have taken place in the year 1814, when forty-three years of age. He had then nearly two score years yet in store. Previously to his readmission among the Moravian fraternity, despondency and 'the cares of this world' seem to have affected the clearness of his religious perceptions, or at least the activity of his religious habits. The absence, too, of this ardour in his earlier years reacted, there can be no doubt, upon his naturally desponding turn of mind. The influence of his former master, the expatriated Gales, who was a Socinian, had probably thwarted the development of his religious character; and the length of their intercourse, though it presented but a very small proportion of Montgomery's patriarchal life, was more than sufficient to have exerted a material influence, at five-and-twenty, upon religious convictions neither firmly rooted nor perhaps wholly formed.

But such as Montgomery was, a Moravian non-conformist, he lived to be known and to be admired, as well for religious character as for intellectual endowments, indifferently within and without the pale of the Church of England. He lived in

an age in which at once true and false philanthropy were eminently developed; in which much was done, and in which more was paraded that was left undone;—in which there were many who were authors of extensive benevolence, and many who rejoiced in philanthropy as a field of fame; but among all these, it may be truly said that James Montgomery held his even way, neither coveting the celebrity of others, nor seeking reputation upon earth in recompense for the self-denial of his benevolent life.

There is a story told of his having been first induced to become a teacher in the Sunday-schools by hearing a poor woman, who was more than sixty, and had but lately learnt her letters, read a chapter from the New Testament. This had taken place upon the occasion of a meeting of the teachers of the Red Hill School, who were chiefly Wesleyans. So striking a result of a system of religious instruction seems to have impressed Montgomery with the conviction that he could not withhold his own assistance in the cause of Sunday-school teaching. These, and many other instances of unaffected self-devotion, increased the regard entertained for him by the Moravian settlement at Fulneck, with which, although forty miles distant from Sheffield, he continued to maintain intimate relations.

Montgomery was not without his public acknowledgments for the services which he had laboured to render to humanity. In 1825, a testimonial of respect, in the shape of a public dinner, was proposed to him; and it was not without difficulty, it appears, that his inherent scruples to such a demonstration were surmounted. His consent to be present upon the occasion being, however, at length obtained, a dinner, at which more than a hundred gentlemen of greater or less local distinction were present, was given to Montgomery, at the Tontine Inn at Sheffield. The biographers are careful to record the readiness with which the adherents of all classes of political opinion came forward to do justice to the philanthropist who had long been conspicuous at Sheffield as the editor of a controversial journal. This editorship, however, he had previously resigned. Two years later, in 1827, the ladies of Sheffield, and some others who had not been present on the occasion of 1825, entered into a subscription for the double purpose of presenting the poet with a piece of plate, and also (with great tact and taste) of founding a Moravian Mission in the West Indies, where his parents had laboured and died, to be called after Montgomery's name. The latter was the most grateful and acceptable testimony that he could have received. A Moravian Mission was established, accordingly, during that year and in



1828, in the Island of Tobago. It underwent, however, singular vicissitudes, and was increased in extent in 1839, to be demolished by a hurricane (for, in Moravian phraseology, a 'Mission' is applied technically to the dwelling built for the envoys of the faith) in 1847. But it has since been restored; and, under the name of 'Montgomery,' as Mr. Holland assures us, 'the Mission continues in useful activity to this day, the congregations comprising about 1400 adults, and, including the schools, as many children.'

Montgomery's indifference to his pecuniary interest formed one of the most striking characteristics of his life, as it forms, assuredly, one of the rarest incidents of man's nature. He exhibited, indeed, all that carelessness for money which seems essential to complete the idea of a poet, but is seldom an accompaniment of imagination. He uniformly exhibited, too, the pecuniary liberality of natural benevolence; and he displayed with equal consistency that rarer qualification—the pecuniary *charity* of a Christian. He refused more than once to avail himself of rights, existing under securities, which were not simply of legal, but of moral validity; because his generosity taught him that, where other claimants were not secured, he would be appropriating advantages which were unequal. He cheerfully gave alms according to his means; and he never, it is maintained, though long and largely the creditor of many, sued any man for a debt.

If ever the mind of man, thus intent upon benevolence, could be soothed to its latest hour, under the disappointment of ambition and the infirmities of age, Montgomery must have appreciated the philosophy of the 'De Senectute.'—'*Qui autem omnia bona a seipsis petunt, eis nihil potest malum videri quod nature necessitas afferat.*'

The secular poet did not fail also to turn hymnologist. He had assisted a Mr. Cotterill in the pious labour of compiling a book of hymns, which gave birth to a long altercation with the Ecclesiastical Courts. The copyright appears to have remained in the hands of Cotterill, and to have devolved, by his death, to his widow, who survived him. The collection, when completed, was submitted to the approval of Dr. Vernon Harcourt, then Archbishop of York. An effort was made to obtain an inhibition of the work; and the Archbishop offered objections to several of the hymns contained in the collection. Attempts, too, were made by a publisher of York, under cover of a sanction to be obtained from the archbishop to a castrated edition, to publish the collection in defiance of Cotterill's copyright, both before and after his death. Meanwhile, an incumbent in the diocese of Chester petitioned the bishop of that see—then Dr. Tomline,

subsequently translated to Winchester, and not to London, as Mr. Holland states—for permission to make use, in his church, of the ‘*Montgomery and Cotterill Collection*,’ thus published after the fashion of that by Sternhold and Hopkins. The poet and his fellow-editor were doomed, after all this controversy in their own diocese, to the disappointment of finding the application peremptorily rejected by the Bishop of Chester. The shock of the refusal, however, was softened, for the moment, by the circumstance that it was ostensibly based upon legal grounds. At a later period, however, Bishop Tomline so far rescinded his judgment as to sanction the publication, under his own auspices, of another collection, and without any communication, it appears, with the authors of the rejected compilation. In this collection, moreover, several of the poet’s own hymns, strangely mangled and distorted, had been introduced. *Montgomery*—fairly offended, no doubt, first by the discourtesy, then by the insincerity, and not less by the plagiarism of the bishop—appears to have reached a climax of indignation upon discovering the barbarous mutilations by the prelate, who appears to have been no priest of the Muses. Between these two personages, however, the honours may justly be divided. Mr. *Montgomery* might fairly assert himself to be a better judge of versification than Dr. Tomline; but we suspect that the Bishop of Winchester, on the other hand, might similarly lay claim to more orthodox divinity than the Moravian sectary.

It is, perhaps, the highest eulogy to be passed upon *Montgomery*, that no man was ever at once so withdrawn, by the force of natural disposition, into a world of fancy and of thought, and so impelled, by the convictions of duty, into the daily business of external life. The heart of man, in truth, is susceptible of no loftier panegyric. This simple characterisation of the perpetual conflict of two dominant principles of action—in which the dictates of moral obligation warred steadily on the pleasures, the pride, and the ambition of intellectual existence, and as steadily overcame them—involves, in the present instance, the habitual self-denial of a life extended beyond the term of mortality, and cast originally by nature into a social rank accustomed only to a provision for its own necessities, if not also itself objective of the self-denial of higher classes. There is no fascination so deep and so lasting, in the view of the most ordinary reflection—whether in the eloquence of senates, the splendour of courts, or in the influence of wealth—as in the contemplation of benevolence and goodness rendered under a sacrifice of private interest and personal predilections, marred by no vulgar ostentation, yielded at once from the force of duty and the depths of the human heart, and emanating from that innate love of

mankind which is the essence of subjective philanthropy. For the admiration excited by these attributes of moral character the full claim may be exerted by the memory of James Montgomery. To him we owe much in literature; nor is it easy to resist the conviction, that to the example now before us we may be indebted for many of those benevolent exertions which, though proclaimed in these times by no trumpet of self-applause, are daily rising into force in the large provincial towns of England.

ART. VIII.—*National Education*. By the Rev. F. TEMPLE, M.A., late Fellow of Balliol College. From the 'Oxford Essays.' J. W. Parker and Son. 1856.

'THIS question has not yet, perhaps, been sufficiently discussed in the country at large. It is still in the hands of statesmen, of interested politicians, of ecclesiastical party leaders. The clergy of the Church, the ministers of other Christian denominations, a few Members of Parliament, a few independent thinkers, read, and write, and talk of the matter a good deal. But the discussion has not yet reached the great mass of the middle classes, who are really so much interested in it, that their voice, if once pronounced, would finally settle all the points in dispute.' This is true; but is this voice so completely unheard? Is not the verdict of the middle classes, whose influence will assuredly decide this question, being given while Mr. Temple is still a recent authority? To such as judge, by the open expressions with which the newspapers supply us, or the formal *ex-cathedra* statements of those whose vocation it is to utter them, this will appear to be the case; but to those who are familiar with the inner life of that vast body whose interests are more directly at stake in this question, the matter will bear a different aspect. There is an influence abroad which will soon, silently and certainly, accomplish the work, the deficiency of which has called it forth—an influence far more powerful and far more reliable than any such legislation as the boldest reformers could desire, because it is not the result of an obtrusive policy on the part of the rulers, but of spontaneous action among the ruled; it is the offspring of the conviction of a large body, of the existence of their own moral responsibility, but hitherto ignorant of the means of exercising it. There may not, for some years hence, be any legislative act or compulsory provision for the final establishment of a system of National Education; but there will be felt a pressure from below acting upon the already well-tried existing system, which will effect all that is really wanted—an extension and, it may be, a modified development of it. And at last, interested politicians and party leaders will discover that the chief value of their speeches and resolutions has been to veil and distract the attention of men, and to neutralize the opposition of those who might otherwise have sought to check the strong under-current of progress and improvement. We say; that as regards the matter and manner of *primary* instruction

(and we desire to speak of no other here), the country is now, for the first time, beginning to attain to something like a clear and useful knowledge. 'A system of National Education,' says Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, 'is necessarily of slow growth. For a country possessing representative institutions, public opinion must first be convinced of the necessity and utility of so vast a creation as that of universally accessible and efficient elementary schools.' We have reached this stage—very few will now deny the expediency of some system. And we have advanced a stage further—all may have an opportunity of judging what that system ought to be, how it ought to be carried out, and with what success it is practicable to do so. This is a great step gained in the progress of a development so slow as that described above. It is, however, the fashion among our present educational reformers to ignore this view of the case. They are not retrospective enough in their views. They are content to murmur at the present, and in their contemplation of the future they do not care to gather consolation, encouragement, and advice from the past. This is the legitimate use to make of all history, and, therefore, of the history of schools.

Up to the year 1833 all that had been done in educating the lower classes was the result of private liberality, incited mainly by religious zeal, and acting in the matter of *daily* education as opposed to *Sunday* schools, principally through the medium of the two great societies, the 'National' and the 'British': at this time there were in existence in England and Wales 38,791 day-schools, with 1,276,947 scholars. The population between 1818 and 1833 had increased by nearly 24 per cent.; while, during the same interval, the number of day-scholars had increased by 89 per cent.; and that of Sunday-scholars by 225 per cent. This is a cheering beginning. In 1833, the Government first proffered its assistance in the labour, and contributed, till 1839, an annual grant of £20,000. The grants were made under the sole condition of a recommendation from one of the two large societies, and a sum at least equal raised from local contributions. Up to this time, there had existed two leading educational parties; those who opposed, and those who supported popular instruction in the abstract. The latter was subdivided into two classes; those who thought that in the Church of England, from her connexion with the state, should be vested the uncontrolled power of instructing the people, and that that instruction should be in accordance with her written formularies and special doctrines; and those who, looking at the numerical numbers of the dissidents from her communion, conceived that the principle of common justice demanded a less

dogmatic teaching—that ‘the Bible without note or comment’ should be the exclusive standard. The first primary division soon disappeared. All became the advocates of popular instruction, but with the difference of opinion which we have described as to the mode of conducting it. The Government then, distracted by the claims of either party, could see no policy more suitable to the circumstances of the case, than to share the annual grants between the two claimants represented by the two above-named great educational societies. But it was soon discovered that this was too lax a manner of disposing of public money. In very many instances the money was wasted. School sites were not legally secured for the purposes of education: or where trust-deeds existed, they were found to have been carelessly or improperly drawn out, and therefore worthless. The buildings displayed every conceivable defect in construction; and the teaching, from this cause, as well as the ignorance and incapacity of the teachers, was neither useful nor progressive. To meet these evils, the Government, then represented by the Committee of Council on Education (established in 1839), imposed two additional conditions, viz., that the trust-deeds of existing schools, and the proposed deeds of new schools, should be subjected to their examination; and secondly, that they should have a right, in perpetuity, to obtain a knowledge of the working of the school by means of a staff of regularly appointed inspectors. But it was necessary, further, to provide for the establishment of such an interest in the welfare of the schools as should probably render their support and progress less precarious. ‘It was by no means certain that the enthusiasm which created would also support:’ so the plan was resorted to of giving the management of each school to the subscribers, on the principle that the right to administer would give a greater desire to support. The insisting upon this stipulation produced great dissatisfaction. The religious denominations in whose hands the education of the people was virtually placed sought to contract the managing Committee, while the Government aimed at enlarging it. This controversy lasted for two years, but is now at an end. The next step to procuring more immediate Government influence was the attempt to establish a Government Training School, and the introduction, by Sir R. Peel’s administration (1842), of the Education Clauses of the Factories’ Regulation Bill. These measures, although cautiously brought forward by an administration which had other and great interests at stake, were both overthrown; the former, by the Church party, on the ground of the inexpediency of allowing too much religious liberty; the latter, by the Dissenters, on the ground of the injustice of allowing too little. The position

of the Committee of Council at this time, with regard to the country, and the principle which the experience of the last fifty years had tended to establish as the only practicable one, is thus stated by Sir J. K. Shuttleworth:—

‘After the failure of a plan of public education in 1839, in which a scheme of combined schools on the basis of religious equality was brought into discussion, and of another plan of combined education in 1842 on the basis of religious toleration, the Government, pursuing its original course of aiding voluntary efforts in establishing schools, were convinced that all the success that it had hitherto attained was attributable to the religious, rather than to the political feelings of the country. Elementary schools were institutions, intimately connected with religious congregations, and deriving their constitutions from the character of each communion. A system of public inspection had been established, by which these schools were gradually associating themselves with the operations of the Government. The question presented itself, whether all the civil and political wants of the country could not be satisfied by separate schools under the management of the congregations of the several religious communions, as well as by any other system. To provide protection for the minority; to secure civil and religious freedom for the parent and the child; to prevent the extinction or the subordination of lay influence by a purely spiritual domination; to secure the development of an efficient course of secular instruction, while the utmost care was taken “that the youth of this country should be religiously brought up;” to place a teacher of religion in a position of pre-eminence and dignity; and surround him with all the safeguards derivable from the definition of his authority over religious teaching, the construction of the School Committee, and the right of appeal on all religious subjects to a superior spiritual power,—these appeared to be the features in the constitution of a school connected with a religious communion, by which, while it could be rendered more efficient for the accomplishment of its original aims, it might gain a little to enjoy the advantages of support from national resources. It would, however, be necessary to combine this system of schools with a local fiscal organization—to secure in the financial department a representation of the ratepayers, and to maintain such local and general control as would protect not only the right of conscience, but all other civil rights, from invasion or more gradual defeat or disuse. After the failure of the scheme of 1842, the efforts of the Education Department were gradually turned towards the task of giving such a development to the efficiency of the schools of separate religious communions as to prepare them for the reception of more abundant public aid.’—*Public Education*, p. 55.

But while the increase in the number of schools erected was so far satisfactory, and the principles on which they were to be managed were beginning, ‘through much tribulation,’ to be matured and developed, an evil yet unmet stood out prominently; viz. the inferior character of the instruction. There was no universal or even general organization—no knowledge of method—no just appreciation of the relative value of the subjects proposed to be taught. The ‘three r’s’ ran rampant over the land; the ‘dame’ administered instruction as an impatient nurse-maid administers medicine, with alternate shakes and endearments; the parish-clerk or the old pensioner, by system-

atic and cunningly-devised cruelty, taught unquestioned and unrestrained the children who came in numbers to their schools nothing but skill in dodging the cane, and other moral *dodges*, to avoid present self-discipline and self-improvement; and in all this they were a light unto themselves; but we can afford to allow them the benefit of the plea of ignorance, to excuse themselves from the consequences of neglected responsibility.

In casting about for a type of what our improved schools ought to be, the eyes of the Reformers were turned towards Holland; and that for many reasons. First, because of the well-known efficiency of the schools of that country; and, secondly, because, of all the countries of the Continent, Holland was considered that whose customs might be affiliated by England with the least prejudice to our own principles.

'So great was the dread of introducing from the Continent either the rationalism or the mysticism of Germany, the democratic principles of Switzerland, or from France the sneering infidelity of Voltaire, of the natural religion of Rousseau; and, especially, so strong was the national antipathy to that system of centralization which the military conquests and genius of Napoleon had spread over the Continent, that every improvement, having a continental origin, was denounced as the offspring of one of these objects of dread.'—P. 60.

Following in the main, then, the organization and peculiarities of the Dutch schools, steps were taken by the Committee of Council to establish a class of young people of either sex, from whom future teachers and assistants might be selected. Forms of apprenticeship, therefore, were prepared, and these were published in the first volume of Minutes, with a short account of the Dutch organization, and the special points in connexion with the proposed system were more fully explained and developed in the course of correspondence with promoters and founders of schools. Bell and Lancaster were still watchwords of party, and every point in their system was considered sacred. As their monitorial was to be modified and matured by the pupil-teacher system, as regards the teachers, so the form and organization of the schools themselves required a change. Plans of buildings and groups of desks were also printed and circulated, and the Government schools at Norwood and the Royal Hospital, Greenwich, were organized after this fashion, and opened to public inspection one day in the week.

Now, masters were to be found of competent knowledge, of method and skill in teaching, to undertake the instruction and training of those who were to be the future *educators* of the people. Scotland was applied to; but even there, men equal to the task were not to be at once procured. It was discovered that nothing could be done without a normal school.



'But the Government had been compelled in 1839 to withdraw their scheme for the creation of such an institution. To propose a new plan was to encounter the risks of a great party struggle, and probably to render irreconcilable the differences created by recent strife. Yet an institution existed, into which the Pupil Teacher at the close of his apprenticeship could be received for a couple of years or more, to complete the training of his character, the education in his art, and the instruction in all suitable learning, without which he must unworthily undertake his duties. If such a Training College could be founded, it might raise the popular estimate of what was needed in the education of masters of Elementary Schools. To give an example of its constitution—to make trial of the peculiar difficulties of its discipline—to develop a suitable scheme of study—to settle the proper method and course of instruction—to determine the mode in which the teaching of the Training School might itself serve as an example to the future elementary schoolmaster, and to settle the relations between the Training and Practising Schools, were all matters in which it might be useful that experience might be obtained. But what was most important was, to discern and to develop the proper tone of thought and character among the students, to send them forth, under the influence of right principles, to give them a true insight into the responsibilities and rewards of their vocation. These were the objects which the founders of the first English Training School proposed to themselves. The present Bishop of Sodor and Man (now Bath and Wells) placed his village school under this direction as a practising school, and with no little magnanimity, became the religious superior of the Training College. Considering the blight of suspicion and misrepresentation which had fallen on those private persons who undertook to found this first English Training College at Battersea, the Bishop's sense of the urgency of such a step must have been great; for he had a distinct apprehension of the critical nature of the act, and a sincere desire not to mar the great enterprise in which were involved the social destinies of the poor. The founders commenced their labours in 1840 by removing from Norwood several Pupil Teachers, who had been pauper children in that school, and who are now successful masters of parochial schools. They published two Reports of their proceedings before they submitted the College to the examination of the Queen's Inspectors, and after four years, when it had produced the effects for which it had been established, they transferred it to the management of the National Society.'—P. 62.

This was before the publication of the Minutes of 1846, and the result of a step taken with so much boldness and judgment opened the eyes of the country to see the necessity for it, and others like it, as the development of the scheme called for them. Before 1846, six training schools for masters, and three for mistresses, were formed in England, and four in Scotland, all of which were under the Committee of Council on Education. Besides this, two Normal Schools connected with the Congregational Dissenters existed, which had received no aid from Government, and were, consequently, not under inspection. Thus fifteen Training Schools had been founded in six years.

Thus was established the principle upon which the State and the Religious Denominations were to co-operate for the education of the country; and thus means were employed to carry it out. Like everything of real value, this was not accomplished

without forethought, anxiety, and opposition, and is, for that reason, the more valuable and reliable. 'In all these steps,' says Mr. Temple, 'the Committee of Council held firmly to a definite principle; it never attempted to educate, but always to improve education.' Let us pass over the intervening ten years, from the first appearance of the ever-memorable Minutes to the present time, and see what this principle has produced.

The quality of the education must depend, we conceive, upon three things:—An efficient body of pupil-teachers, or the younger assistants in elementary schools; in order to obtain this, there must be, secondly, an efficient and properly-trained body of teachers responsible for the success of the former class; and, thirdly, a fair, vigorous, and watchful inspection of both. A pupil-teacher is a young boy or girl selected from the most suitable and promising of the scholars in the school. He is apprenticed formally to the master for a period of five years, and is subject to dismissal, if found at the annual examination of Her Majesty's Inspectors for the district to be morally or intellectually incapacitated. His duties are to assist the master in the conduct of the school. The master, in return, is bound to give him an hour and a half's instruction out of school for five days in the week, and is paid by Government for doing so. The pupil-teacher, upon passing the annual examination, receives a salary rising from 10*l.* to 20*l.* At the expiration of his apprenticeship he undergoes an examination, a degree more difficult than that at the end of his fifth year; when, passing which, he is admitted to a training college, under the title of 'Queen's Scholar,' which Scholarship is paid on his account, by the Committee of Council to the college, and is sufficient to defray the whole expense of his training. Two years' residence here qualifies him for obtaining a certificate of merit, and to conduct the instruction of apprentices on his own account. There are now nearly ten thousand pupil-teachers in different stages of apprenticeship. The number thrown off each year who become teachers of elementary schools at once, or enter training colleges, is about one thousand; and the number newly apprenticed to supply their place is *at least* as great. Thus in each year the number of pupil-teachers will not only increase, but increase in geometrical progression dependent upon the number of properly qualified certificated teachers. This is a cheering fact, if Mr. Temple's theory be tenable—and we think it is,—that the growth of education may be pretty fairly 'estimated by the rate at which these apprentices are admitted to the registers of the Council Office.'

There is, perhaps, no fact connected with the present system of education to which such universal testimony has been awarded

as the valuable results of the Pupil-teacher system. The Inspectors' reports are unanimous on this point. We will select one from the most trusted of the inspectors of church-schools. Mr. Cook's unqualified statement may serve as an example of the rest:—'With regard to the effect upon the school produced by the employment of pupil-teachers, I can scarcely express too strongly my conviction, that of all the measures that have been devised, this has been incomparably the most efficient.' . . . 'I have no hesitation in asserting that if one hundred large schools not under inspection, or not having availed themselves of the annual grant, were examined on precisely the same system, and compared with one hundred conducted by masters with pupil-teachers, the disparity would even exceed that which I have affirmed to exist in my district.'

Next as to the Training Schools. We have seen that fifteen existed in 1846. In 1856 there were in England and Scotland thirty-nine normal schools, with accommodation provided for 1,927 students, in which there are 1,601 in actual residence. The number of officers, *i. e.* principals, matrons, lecturers and teachers, is 261. The moral tone of these seminaries is perhaps superior to any other class of educational institutions in England. Their tendency is becoming every day more marked to elevate and mould the characters of the students, with a view to their influence in the same manner and towards the same great end in the localities in which they may be placed. The character of the instruction is gradually becoming more practical and experimental. The heads of the colleges are men of tried ability and devoted minds; and the management of their institutions is carefully watched over and directed. Mr. Temple himself—whose knowledge of the subject in all its bearings is sufficiently evinced in the essay which stands at the head of this paper—is Inspector of male, and Mr. Cook, whose experience is probably more extensive than that of any existing Inspector, of female Training Schools.

The Inspectors are men of education, and of educational bias; generally of high standing at the Universities.

'They are always appointed with a reference to the authorities of the denominations whose schools they are to inspect; their duty is confined to examining and reporting; they cannot interfere with the management, instruction and discipline of the schools to which they are sent; but they may advise, and generally do. This inspection, limited as it is by these restrictions, is the foundation of all the improvements which the Committee has been able to introduce. It is the letting in of the light. *The first step to all real efficiency [the italics are ours] is to have a school well examined and its deficiencies pointed out. Other steps may follow or not; but, obviously, until that is done, nothing else can be done.* The Committee proposes to examine almost every school that asks for it, but practically

the inspection is limited by the number of Inspectors. There are now forty-two Inspectors, and 6,500 elementary schools subject to inspection. All the normal schools. and 4,800 of the elementary, were actually inspected last year.'

Such is the machinery with which the new system of national education, whatever it may be, may be worked.

But the question now occurs in all its original force: What is to be taught? If this be answered satisfactorily, the other difficulties in the way may be more easily answered. *Teaching* and *paying* are the two stumbling-blocks in the way of the satisfactory settlement of this great subject. In discussing the former question, it is plain that the school may be contemplated from two sides; the civil and the religious. Civil education cannot exist without the moral training essential to religious education; and up to this point they are not incompatible. The truth, perhaps, is, that the relation between them is somewhat like that between the food of the mind and that of the body; one is higher, the other more indispensable; one is needed for living rightly, the other for living at all. Without religious teaching, education is imperfect; without civil teaching, education does not exist. If civil teaching be the chief purpose of the school, and the religious be left to be specially given, the question of paying may be easily settled. The schools would then be called *secular*—would be wholly or chiefly supported by ratepayers; and be, consequently, governed by them. The master would be held responsible to the ratepayers or managers for the character of the teaching being essentially secular; at least, in so far as he was able to make it so. For, although he might carefully and scrupulously avoid anything like dogmatic or doctrinal teaching on religious subjects, it would be impossible for him wholly to ignore such broad, fundamental dogmas as necessarily enter into the discipline of a school. Such schools would not be irreligious; they would be simply non-religious. This secular plan has not found favour in the eyes of the general body of educationalists among us, as the number of secular schools in England shows. It does not amount to one-and-a-half per cent. of the whole. The English feeling is clearly against the open exclusion of religious teaching.

If, on the other hand, civil and religious teaching are to be combined, the management of the school must be considerably modified. If ratepayers form the governing body, there is no reason, indeed, to suppose that religion will be excluded; but there is as little ground for believing that it will be included. To meet this want, the employment and particular course of instruction may be suggested; a formula to be learnt, a particular part of the Bible to be read. But this will be found insufficient to stamp the school with a really religious cha-

racter. It is not the subject of instruction, however well and clearly defined, that constitutes religious teaching; it is the impression made daily and hourly on the minds of the children by what they see around them; the associations formed by the whole tone and character of those who conduct the school; the influence and bearing of the master; the daily routine; not the repetition of the *catechism*, or the prayers at assembling and dismissal. If this be true, the immediate management seems to be the source from which alone can be obtained the character of the schools where religious and civil instruction are to be combined. Ratepayers, as such, are not religious; they may be of any religion or none; therefore, the only alternative has been to place the government of the school into the hands of the Church authorities, and the other religious denominations. If, however, the religious communities are to govern the school, they must *pay* for them; or, by accepting state assistance, subject themselves to state control. A small minority of these bodies reject the assistance and control of the state, while they retain the right to govern; the source of the support of their schools is, of course, only to be found in the precarious one of the irregular workings of religious zeal. The majority of those communities, however, 'seek to reconcile the duty of educating the people 'with the claims of our divided Christianity;' and these Mr. Temple divides into three classes.

First, the denominational party propose to have a separate school for each religious denomination; that churchmen and dissenters of all denominations should have their own schools, their own distinctive religious teaching, their own managers and teachers chosen from the members of their own communions, and each receive state aid for the establishment and maintenance of their schools. By this system we should secure religious teaching perhaps better than by any other; but at the risk, of course, of its passing beyond the bounds of doctrinal knowledge into the sphere of controversy. Dogma, from the nature of the case, is exclusive. This may be inferred from the fact that this system has the advantage over its rivals of almost complete possession of the ground. Of the ordinary elementary schools for the education of the children of the labouring classes, ninety-five per cent. are denominational.

To the second plan Mr. Temple gives the name of Comprehensive. By its supporters, it is proposed that the schools should be attended by all denominations of Protestants, but as much religious knowledge only given as all shall be willing to agree to; 'the Bible, without note or comment,' being the definition of religious instruction. So far, as a form of expression, all is well; though it may be a question whether this colourless Christianity is not a pure fiction. But how to

govern, becomes the question. Can men be found liberal and tolerant enough to meet the leaders of, it may be, several distinct and even antagonistic denominations, on the common ground of plain, uninterrupted Scripture truth? Is it possible to find a body of managers, sectarian in their views, who will, by mutual agreement, bring themselves into harmonious action?

There is also the Combined plan, which suggests that the civil and religious teaching be separated: the latter to be placed under the religious denominations; the former under the rate-payers. The civil teaching of all goes on at once; but either at a different time, or in a different place, the religious instruction is given to children of each denomination by its own officer or representative. This plan was advocated some years ago by Dr. Hook, and only exists in our workhouses and prisons; but otherwise it has few supporters.

Now, what, we would ask, can we gather from this slight and imperfect sketch of the progress of educational measures up to the present time? First, we see the careful establishment of a system founded according to the best available models; secondly, the gradual success of this system, its progress to maturity, in spite of obstacles which, in one less strongly based, would have long ago overthrown it, but which, as we have seen, have only in this case served to test and confirm its strength; thirdly, the almost entire elimination of all the parties which the question has called up, except that in whose hands by far the greater part of the education of the country is, and has been, vested—the religious denominations. So far things seem in a tolerably satisfactory state. But we had much talk last session, and shall have probably as much next session, about the progress being far from satisfactory. This does much harm, for it gives an excuse to those who will not fail to take advantage of it, to relax their efforts, or still to delay beginning to make them, in as far as they are locally and individually responsible. ‘Who can be expected to subscribe to an unsuccessful undertaking? Who can be fairly asked to support a system which is evidently inefficient? It will be time enough for us to exert ourselves in support of one which is not so manifestly defective.’ And thus things remain as they were; the country suffers through ignorance, consciences which had begun to be faintly troublesome become securely silent, and honourable gentlemen in need of political capital amass it by magnifying future difficulties and exaggerating present defects, as regards the greatest and most serious question that has ever been before the country. We conceive that this question has now passed the stage of thepretical discussion, and has reached that point at which the only valuable means of judging of it or of acting in it are the lessons which expe-

rience teaches, not only as regards the practicability and probable expediency of broad fundamental principles, but of the working of each separate detail of the principles already established and proved by use.

We are told by the Reports of those gentlemen whose especial province it is to furnish this information, and whose opportunities of collecting it are paramount to those of all others—Her Majesty's Inspectors—that the present system is working satisfactorily; that caution is required by those who would change it for one either considerably modified, or totally different, and that the efforts of those who are earnestly and sincerely disposed should be exercised, not to the unsettling of what exists, but to the extension of it to meet the cases which have grown with its growth, and developed themselves with the development of the system. We do not hesitate to assert that independently of legislation, much permanent progress may be secured by individual self-denying exertion. It is laid down by most writers and speakers, that a compulsory legislative measure is the only alternative—we grant that they are right as a final settlement of the question; but unless we can find a man, who, like the late Sir R. Peel, has foresight and wisdom to devise a scheme which will exhaust the subject in all its extent of difficulty, and devotion enough to risk the loss of position, to brave the scorn and desertion of his party, and forget all, in fact, save the goodness of his cause, we shall still wait on *in hope*. All people who have the subject really at heart at all are waiting to be led to do the work. In the country districts especially, a stimulus is needed to restore existing schools to bare animation. The machinery exists, differing, indeed, in power and efficiency, but no one strong enough is found to put his hand to the lever to set it going. One body there is, which is left to attempt the beginning, where all should act with simultaneous energy—the country clergy. They have, especially the younger and least responsible portion of them, given time, and knowledge, and money; in many or in most instances doubling or trebling the other subscriptions. They have struggled against the indifference of parents, as it is generally termed, but which might more justly be named the indigence of parents; against irregularity of attendance; hostility of farmers and employers of labour; the listless unconcern, if not the openly avowed indifference of those who, set in high places, and accepting the privileges which their position has presented them with, conceive that the consequent duties and responsibilities ought to take some other form than that of a careful and self-sacrificing amelioration of the intellectual, social, and consequently moral condition of those entrusted to their charge.

If everyone, according to his position and opportunities, were

to seek to be taught to do his part in this great and ennobling duty of all who are above the rank of the labouring class, and *do it* with the firm conviction of the value of his labour and *faith* in the result, a legislative measure, bold and comprehensive, would not seem to be so imperative, and might, probably, on that account, be the sooner obtained. Let us cease to employ the often-repeated excuse that the parent ought not to be disburdened of the duty of educating his own child. The answer is short and true. *He cannot do so.* He must feed him, and in most cases that is all he can do. This point is well noticed by Mr. Temple:—

‘The arguments founded on the danger of pauperising the labourers is a mere mistake: to give a man that which morally lowers him has a tendency to pauperise him; if he is encouraged in idleness or improvidence, he is injured. But to give him what elevates his mind and character can never pauperise any one. Education is one of the few charities that is perfectly safe. Money left to be given away in bread is almost invariably a source of great mischief; and such charities ought to be abolished by law. For there is nothing in the gift to lift the receiver above what he was before; if he has obtained it by idleness or folly, his idleness or folly becomes justified by the treatment. But no neighbourhood was ever demoralised by the presence of a well-managed free school. That it may not be advisable to take off from the parents all obligation to assist in the education of their own children, is another question. But to expect them to bear the whole burden is to postpone National Education at least a century.’

The sacredness of local efforts has been maintained for some time, and the principle of stimulating private exertion by equal Government aid has been rigidly adhered to; but, like all stimulants, it seems to have failed of its effects at last. Some other remedy must be applied, to prevent the superinduction of insolvency in two-thirds of our elementary schools. This may be administered either through the medium of compulsory local rates, or an increased educational grant. We prefer the latter, only on account of the manifest impracticability of the former. The probable evils of too great a centralization of the administrative power must not alarm us. Surely with a Vice-President in the House, a free press outside, and our present forewarnings, we may reduce them to a very considerable extent. We concur with Sir J. Pakington, in this part at least of his lately delivered speech at Manchester:—‘Whatever we now do, we cannot, as wise men, lose sight of the existing state of things, nor of the efforts which have been made; and I believe the wisest and most prudent plan in any changes we may now make would be, not to supersede, but to assist, complete, and supplement the existing state of things; and further, that ought to be done with the utmost possible regard to existing feelings and facts.’



**ART. IX.—1. *L'Eglise Orientale : Exposé historique de sa séparation et de sa réunion avec celle de Rome : Accord perpétuel de ces deux Eglises dans les dogmes de la Foi : la continuation de leur Union : l'apostasie du Clergé de Constantinople de l'Eglise de Rome, sa violation des Institutions de l'Eglise Orientale, et ses vexations contre les Chrétiens de ce rite : seuls moyens praticables pour rétablir l'ordre dans l'Eglise Orientale, et arriver par là à l'union générale et à la restauration sociale de tous les Chrétiens.*** Par JACQUES G. PITZPIROS, Fondateur de la Société Chrétienne Orientale. Rome : Imprimerie de la Propagande. 1855.

2. *La Russie, sera-t-elle Catholique ?* Par le Père GAGARIN. Paris : 1856.

3. *Quelques Mots par un Chrétien orthodoxe sur les Communions Occidentales à l'occasion d'une Brochure de M. Laurentie.* Paris : Librairie de A. Franck, Rue Richelieu. 1853.

SINCE the reception of Russia, previously an Asiatic power, into the family of European nations, no second step of equal importance towards the demolition of the party-wall which severs East and West can compare with the manifest and immediate effects of the late peace. Prejudices on both sides have received a blow from which they can never recover. The Hatti-scheriff—let it be of what present value it may—will, at no distant period, be made to tell. The concession of the Euphrates Railway must exhibit us to the Christians as well as to the Mahometans of the East in the light of a people unequalled for enterprise and energy among the nations of the earth ; and the Memorial Church at Constantinople will, we hope, set forth our Church in a truer light than that in which Eastern eyes have yet beheld it. It will soon be impossible for the most ignorant Armenian priest to tell his congregation : ‘ You wish to know whether the English are Christians. They *are* Christians ; they even have the Eucharist, such as it is. Once a-year the minister goes up into the pulpit with a large basket, containing pieces of bread, on his arm. These he flings about among the people, who thus have a scramble for it in the church. They also have another religious ceremony, called the National Debt, which consists in offering a large sum of money every year to the Emperor of the French ; a ceremony much disliked, and murmured at by the people.’—It will soon be impossible for a Mahometan sceptic to say to a Protestant minister,—and intending it as a compliment,—‘ Our religions are the same. You eat pork,—so do we : you never fast,—no more do we : you say no prayers,—and we say none either.’ And the charity, as well as the worship, of the two separated bodies will become better known to each other. If England sent

her Sisters of Mercy, if France despatched her *Sœurs de la Charité*, to Scutari and Balaclava, both France and England saw Russia encourage her Basilian Nuns to stand ankle-deep in blood in the hospital at Sebastopol during the awful cannonade that preceded the fall of its southern side.

Of this opening up of the East, Rome, very naturally, is straining every nerve to take advantage. We have already, on more than one occasion, drawn attention to the Epistle of Pius IX., and the encyclic reply of the Eastern prelates. The former document breathed only the spirit of an unconditional surrender. And such has been the language held by those who have been anxious to obtain the good graces of the papal chair. It will never be forgotten that Archbishop Sibour, of Paris, in his Pastoral at the commencement of the war, declared its real and genuine intention to be, not the bridling the ambition of Russia, not the prevention of the dismemberment of Turkey, but the humiliation of 'the Photians:' the grand aim and object—according to his view of history—of all the Crusades. Again, when the Abbé Michon, in his *Tour in the East*, asserted boldly that the Pope must not proceed as an autocrat; that no real progress could be made without the intervention of an Œcumenical Council; that the Easterns were separated brothers, indeed, but brothers still;—when he quoted as his authorities those who knew the East best, as Marinelli, Missionary Apostolic at Syra, and Salviani, Patriarch of the 'United Armenians,' his work was accused of Gallicanism, Jansenism, and what not else; and is, if we mistake not, at this moment in the Index.

That of M. Pitzipios, which we now propose to examine, will share another fate. Coming forth under the sanction of the Propaganda, and with all the elegance of their paper and print, it forms a goodly octavo of nearly five hundred pages, and is being translated into modern Greek by the author himself. Before we proceed to its contents, we must say a word or two on some of its minor details.

The author has an undoubted right to plead for himself the excuse: 'Quant au style de cet ouvrage, nous espérons que nos lecteurs, surtout les Français, voudront bien user d'indulgence envers un Oriental écrivant une langue qui n'est pas la sienne:' but has the Propaganda no French scholar capable of correcting the extraordinary blunders with which almost every page abounds? Blunders, we mean, not only against the delicate idiom of the language, but against mere orthography and the most ordinary rules of grammar. How can an institution so nobly endowed, that takes for its motto, '*Prædicate evangelium omni creaturæ*,' make itself responsible for such mistakes as the following?—

- 'Par cet exposé nous faisons voir.'—P. vi. l. 2.  
 'De plus nous exposons les *soit* disant arguments.'—P. vii. l. 10.  
 'Nous y constatons ensuite, que les circonstances *politique*.'—P. viii. l. 10.  
 'La Grèce ne *depeut* pas du Patriarche de Constantinople.'—P. 46, note.  
 'Cantique pour les *mort*.'—P. 84.  
 'Aussi *tous* le monde fut-il très-édifié.'—P. 104.

And the orthography *soit disant*, as well as such plurals as *faison*, occur again and again.

Still worse than this is the slipshod style of quotation in the notes. On pp. 6, 7, we have these three references: 'Opera St. Léon, Tom. II.:' 'Epist. Simplicis ad Zénon:' 'Idem Epist. ad Acacius!' At p. 44: 'Zonaras. Anal. Tom. III.'

But there are still more serious faults. What are we to say to a note like this? 'The Greek word *Ecclesia* was in use among the ancient Greeks to signify the assemblies of the people as well as the place in which they were held. *It is derived from the verb ἐκκαλεω, which signifies to call by heralds.*' Or, again, how are we to characterise such an historical statement as this? 'The Patriarch of Constantinople, Acacius, had named, as Patriarch of *Antioch*, a certain Peter Mongus, excommunicated by Pope Simplicius, in the place of John Talaia, elected according to the custom by the Clergy of the patriarchate of *Antioch*.' One might suppose, did this mistake stand singly, that the writer had in a hurry set down Antioch for Alexandria; but no effort of charity will enable the reader to continue such an hypothesis, when we read a little further on, that 'Pope Felix III. sent legates to Constantinople to procure the banishment of Peter Mongus from the Church of *Antioch*:' and, at the distance of nearly forty pages,—'we have seen this same Acacius requesting Pope Felix III. to pardon Peter Mongus, and to confirm him in his dignity of Patriarch of *Antioch*.'

The work which we are considering, then, whatever be the sensation which, at the present moment, it is creating in Ultramontane circles, and however much it may induce among them the hope that the East is on the point of an unconditional submission to Rome, is neither more nor less than the composition of a clever Greek Uniat, tolerably well 'read up' in the ordinary historical sources of information,—though here and there, as we have seen, guilty of a grievous slip,—and possessing a very considerable acquaintance with the modern ecclesiastical literature and movements of the Eastern, but more especially of the Greek, Church. It is divided into four parts, the subjects of which we shall briefly notice. The first contains a sketch of the gradual division between Rome and Constantinople, from the first personal quarrel between Felix III. and S. Acacius, in 483, down to the completed schism between Michael Cerularius and Leo IX.,

in 1054. Of course, in these annals, Rome is always right, Constantinople always wrong. We have the gradual widening of the breach when John the Faster took the title of Œcumenical Patriarch, and S. Gregory the Great opposed it with that of 'Servant of the Servants of God;' the concession made by Rome after an obstinate struggle,—that of receiving her rival to her communion without insisting on the erasure of the name of Acacius from the diptychs; the elevation of Constantinople to the second rank by the celebrated XXVIIIth Canon of Chalcedon, and the confirmation and extension of that canon by the XXXVIth of the Council in Trullo. Here, again, our author is guilty of one of his unfortunate blunders when he says: 'En 692 eut lieu le sixième Concile général convoqué par l'empereur Justinien II. à l'instigation du Patriarche et du Clergé de Constantinople, tenu dans un des palais impériaux de cette ville, nommé Troulle, et connu pour ce motif sous le nomme de *Concile de Troulle*.' We should have thought that every schoolboy might have known the difference between the sixth Œcumenical Council, the third of Constantinople, held in 681, and that in Trullo, commonly called the Quinisext Council, as being the supplement to the fifth and sixth Synods which met in 691. Next we are introduced to the more dangerous schism between Photius and the Pope Nicolas I.; then to the dispute between S. Ignatius and Pope Adrian as to the possession of Bulgaria; and then to the first dogmatic dissension between the two Churches on the celebrated question of the Procession of the Holy Ghost. Next, to the uneasy and suspicious union between East and West till the accession of Michael Cerularius; the additional controversy which then sprang up on the subject of Azymes; and the final—or rather let us hope the yet unhealed—schism of 1054.

M. Pitzipios sums up the differences at present existing between the Latin and Eastern Churches in the number of eleven; seven of which he most rightly characterises as merely differences in rites, which in no sense can be said to affect the faith. These seven are: 1. the question of Azymes, which, indeed, was so rightly and Christianly concluded in the Council of Florence, by the declaration that the consecration of our Lord's Body was made rightly and validly either in leavened, or unleavened bread, and that each Church ought to retain its own rite.

2. Baptism. Here, retaining the ancient practice, the Eastern Church—that is to say, the four Patriarchates and Greece—insist on the necessity of trine immersion; and, to use the language of a Constantinopolitan encyclic of the last century, 'abhor, abominate, and spit upon the salt-water affusion' of the Latins.

But, on the other hand, the Church of Russia acknowledges baptism, not only by affusion, but also by aspersion, to be a valid sacrament; while, remarkably enough, the Church of Constantinople, refusing itself to re-admit converts from the West without rebaptizing them, is ready enough to receive those who have come by way of Russia without any such preliminary requisition.

3. The marriage of the priesthood. This also, by the Council of Florence, was left a question of rite; the rule in the Russian Church being, it is well known, more opposed to the Roman than is our own. For by it a parish priest *must* be married; and in the event of losing his wife, either retires from the secular to the religious clergy, or, if he marries again, he lays aside every sacerdotal function.

4. This is merely the trivial question whether the Clergy should, or should not, wear beards. The Easterns must have been greatly edified by seeing this practice prevail during the late war both among the English and Roman Catholic Chaplains.

5. The difference between the Eastern and Western weekly fasts. The former comprehending Wednesday and Friday, but regarding Saturday as a kind of second Sunday; the latter observing Friday as a fast, and Saturday as a day of abstinence. A difference as old as the time of S. Ambrose, and to be viewed in the same light as it was then; both edifying customs, if only carried out in the right spirit.

6. The use of kneeling or not kneeling in the prayers of the Church. The horror which the Orientals have of the practice really seems based on no better a foundation than that it is the practice of the West. But it is to be observed that the Russian Church, here again sympathising with Rome, not only does not condemn genuflexion, but practises it herself; nor has ever been condemned, that we know of, by Constantinople for this usage.

7. The communion of infants. We doubt, however, whether, in the eyes of an Oriental Council, this point would be so easily passed over. We must always remember, while we condemn the denial of the chalice to the laity as a great and crying corruption, that the disuse of the communion of infants is as contrary to primitive practice, is perhaps even more diametrically opposed to the express words of Scripture, and is even a later 'development.' The Easterns, of course, argue that, if the words of our Lord are express in the one case, 'Drink ye all of it,' no less express are they in the other, 'Except ye eat the Flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His Blood, ye have no life in you;' that the same rationalising spirit which, in some denominations of Protestants, has regarded children as incapable of receiving

Baptism, has, in the Western Church, debarred them from receiving the Holy Eucharist; and that the first beginning of the new system was adopted from the Pelagians. Our author, however, slurs over the difficulty by observing, that 'in the ' Eastern practice there is more devotion; in the Western, more ' good sense.'

There are, certainly, other 'points of difference which are scarcely worth notice; as, for example, the question of icons—whether to be sculptured, or merely painted; and the still more trivial disagreement respecting the sign of the cross—whether to be made from left to right, or from right to left. It is not altogether to be wondered at that our author amuses himself with the excessive addiction of the Eastern Church to turn that which is a mere matter of rubric into an article of faith; and *they* would, of course, rejoin that the Western usage is to dispose of an article of faith as if it were a mere matter of ritual.

'Even the letters' (says M. Pitzipios) 'of the Greek and Latin languages have not been able to avoid taking a share in these disputes. For many centuries, in certain islands of the Archipelago, at Constantinople, and elsewhere, thousands of Christians of the Western Church have taken up their abode. They considered it their duty to abandon the usage of the Greek tongue, in order to mark their difference from their fellow-countrymen and brethren of the Oriental rite. But, as they knew no other language than Greek, they, at all events, abandoned its characters, and employed in their books of prayers, and in their correspondence, the Latin letters, with which they even at the present day write the Grecian language, and call this monstrous jargon the Chian tongue.'

That is, they would teach their youth from an *Odyssey* which commenced thus:—

'Andra moi eunepe, mousa polutropon, hos mala polla  
Planchthee, cpei Troiees hieron ptoliethron eporthce  
Pollwn d'Anthrwpmwn iden astea, kai noon egnw,' &c.

Yet it must be remembered that the substitution,—not made by ignorant Chiotcs, but by learned scholars of Rome, and under the authority of the Propaganda—of Roman for Cyrillic or Glagolita characters, is not a whit less barbarous or ludicrous than the above; or rather, that Slavonic suffers more under the transformation than Greek itself.

While dwelling on this subject, M. Pitzipios takes occasion to have a hit at the Greeks also, and remarks:—

'In like manner it came to pass, in consequence of principles so scrupulously observed and preached up by superstition or by ignorance, as the chief foundations of Christianity, that the ordinary caps of priests should have a particular form, which form was considered in an article of faith, and as a part of ecclesiastical discipline. Thus, every one was exceedingly edified with the celebrated question which was mooted at Constantinople some fifteen years since, as to the form and colour of the ordinary cap worn by Monseigneur Maxinus, Bishop of the Melchites; a question which, for

four years, occupied most seriously the ambassadors of the Christian powers of the Sublime Porte. It was only after the most scrupulous deliberation that they arrived at a final decision; and, amidst the warm acclamations of orthodoxy, it was definitively resolved, that the cap of Monseigneur Maximus should have eight corners, and should neither be altogether black, nor altogether crimson.'

Again, the reformed Calendar has swelled the number of disagreements; a reform so absolutely needed, that, it must eventually break down even Eastern prejudices, as in the course of years it triumphed over the strong prepossessions of Protestant Europe. Were there no other reason for the change, it is impossible not to wish that,—whatever other disputes may divide them,—the highest festival of the Lord of Peace might through the whole Church be observed on the same day. This does sometimes happen; as it did in 1841, 1844, 1847, 1848, 1851, 1852, 1855; as it will in 1858, 1859, 1862. But sometimes the difference is very great indeed. Thus, in 1853, the Western Easter fell on the 27th of March, the Eastern on the 1st of May. In 1869 the former will fall on March 28; the latter on May 2. Probably, in any future reconciliation of the Churches, a very great latitude must at first be left on that point.

The three questions which our author allows to present real difficulties in the way of reunion are—the supremacy of the Pope,—the existence of purgatory,—and the Procession of the Holy Ghost. We shall confine ourselves to the two former, as more especially interesting under our own circumstances; and shall say a few words on each.

M. Pitzipios tries hard to prove that, according to her own decrees, authorized prayers, and the writings of her acknowledged saints, the Eastern Church is bound to acknowledge an autocratical supremacy in the chair of Peter. How feeble his attempt is may be judged from the quotations which he selects from the *Mencœa* of passages which bear on the point. What proof is there of an autocracy in modern Rome in such an *automelon* as this—the first at Vespers on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul?

'With what crowns of praise shall we wreath Peter and Paul, them that were separated in the body, and united in the spirit; them that were the *leaders* of the heralds of God; the one, as pre-eminent over the Apostles, the other, as having laboured more than they all? For these, verily and worthily, He that hath the great mercy, Christ our God, crowns with the diadems of eternal glory.'

<sup>1</sup> Ποίους εὐφημῶν στέμμασιν ἀναθήσωμεν Πέτρον καὶ Παῦλον; τοῖς διηρημένους τοῖς σώμασι, καὶ ἡνωμένους τοῖς πνεύμασι; τοὺς Θεοκλήρων Πρωτοστότας, τὸν μὲν, ὡς τῶν Ἀποστόλων προεξάρχοντα, τὸν δὲ, ὡς ὑπὲρ τοὺς ἄλλους κοπιῶσαντα; τοὺτους γὰρ ὄντως δίκως δδανάτου βδέξῃ διαθήμασι στεφανοῖ Χριστὸς ὁ Θεὸς ἡμῶν, ὁ ἔχων τὸ μέγα ἔλεος.

To what purpose is it to quote passages in which S. Peter is called the *Κορυφαῖος* of the Apostles, when the very title of the same festival is:—*τῶν ἁγίων ἐνδόξων πάνευφήμων Ἀποστόλων καὶ Πρωτοκορυφαίων Πέτρου καὶ Παύλου*; How can any scholar put forth, and how could the Propaganda allow, such a translation as this from S. Chrysostom on the priesthood? 'Why did Christ pour forth His blood: To acquire to Himself the sheep which He gave in charge to Peter and to *his successors*,'—instead of *his fellows*? (*τοῖς μετ' αὐτοῦ*.)<sup>1</sup> What is the benefit of bringing forward such exclamations as those of the Six Hundred and Thirty at Chalcedon, at the conclusion of the lection of S. Leo's Epistle?—'The faith of the Apostles! Anathema to those that gainsay! Peter hath spoken by Leo!' By the same rule, at the same Council, it might have been held that the see of Corinth possesses the primacy of the Church because when Peter, bishop of that Church, passed over from the heretical to the orthodox side, he was welcomed with shouts of 'Peter holds the faith of Peter!'

Instead of listening to such forced deductions and stale arguments, it is far more to the purpose to attend to the present teaching of the Eastern Church. Thus it is that the text-book of families, schools, and universities, the 'Catechism of Plato,' speaks on the subject:—

'The Church is governed by the ministers of the New Testament under the One Head, Christ. The Church is one well-ordered and well-directed communion: it follows that it has a government: a government, nevertheless, not ambitious and tyrannical, but gentle and spiritual: because it is put in trust with souls. . . . Of its shepherds, some are first in authority, as bishops; and others second, as priests. Nevertheless, the Head of the government of the Church and of its ministers is Christ; one, one and alone: since as He is the chief Captain and the founder of His Church, so also is He alone its Head and Governor, directing it invisibly with His Word through the Holy Ghost. Wherefore the Church cannot follow any other than Christ and the plain testimony of the Word of God, so far as concerns the faith.'

This, it must be confessed, is plainer sense than the symbolical explanation which is given in another text-book of the Eastern Church, the *Πηδάλιον*, of the five Patriarchates. 'They are called,' says this work, 'according to the acrostic of their names in the Greek language, *Οἰκουμένης Κάραι*, since the 'K signifies Constantinople; A, Alexandria; R, Rome; A, 'Antioch; and I, Jerusalem. But because the first patriarch of the Church has apostatized, he of Constantinople is now the

<sup>1</sup> To show that we do our author no injustice, we give the original and his versions: *διὰ τὸ αἷμα ὃ Χριστὸς ἐξέχευεν; ἢ ἵνα τὰ πρόβατα κτήσῃται ταῦτα, ἃ τῷ Πέτρῳ καὶ τοῖς μετ' αὐτοῦ ἐνεχέρισεν*; Pourquoi Jésus-Christ versa-t-il son sang, si non pour reconquérir ces ovailles, qu'il confia à Pierre et à ses successeurs?



‘first. After this, they added the fifth patriarch, him of Moscow; but that dignity now exists no longer.’

It is true that this doctrine of the apostasy of Rome is only a dogma of the most violent section of the Eastern Church. The whole communion is probably no more accountable for it than is the English Church for the belief of some of her members that the Popedom is Antichrist. Nevertheless, in the latest official exposition of the Oriental faith, the reply of the Patriarchs to the Encyclic of Pius IX., the same statement is made in the strongest language. That document which, as is well known, was, in fact, written by Constantine Oeconomus, and therefore, to a certain extent, represents the Russian Church also, says, in so many words—that as God, in His ineffable wisdom, permitted Arianism at one time to extend itself over the greater portion of the Christian world, so He has now allowed Rome to extend her empire throughout the universe. And so the story is well known of the father, a resident in one of the islands of the Archipelago, who was lamenting to his Bishop the apostasy of one of his sons to Mahometanism: ‘It is indeed a heavy affliction,’ said the prelate; ‘but have you not reason to thank God that, at all events, he did not become a Latin?’ No; it is not by a few detached passages, and those generally taken apart from the sense of the context, that M. Pitzipios will persuade his readers that the Eastern Church, on its own principles, is bound to submit to Rome; and not only so, but that, were it not for the inordinate ambition of the clergy of Constantinople, its masses would long ago have embraced the Western communion. It is not so: history is against it; the popular feeling of the present day is against it; and the experience of the best and wisest of the Latin missionaries in the East may assure him that it is not by an autocratic exercise of authority on the part of the See of Rome, not by a Pastoral of Pius IX., or of any other Pope, that the submission of the one Church to the other will be effected; but that it is only by a free and legitimately assembled Œcumenical Council that the reconciliation of one with the other, as equal bodies, and on equal terms, can be brought to pass.

Let us proceed to the second of our author’s *real difficulties*—the subject of purgatory and indulgences. One never can think of this point of dispute between the two Churches without being reminded of the malignant, yet, it must be confessed, amusing sneer of Gibbon at the quarrel raised on this point betwixt Greeks and Latins at the Council of Florence. ‘With regard,’ he says, ‘to purgatory, both parties were agreed in the belief of an intermediate state of purgation for the venial sins of the faithful; and whether their souls were purified by

‘elemental fire, was a doubtful point, which, in a few years, ‘might be more conveniently settled on the spot by the disputants.’ But, when we find our author bringing forward the universal use of prayers for the dead as an argument for purgatory, that is, in the ordinary sense of the word, one cannot but remember the exclamation of the very able author of a work which we noticed some few years ago, *Quelques Mots sur les Communions Orientales*: ‘Poor Latin! He cannot even ‘pray for a departed friend, according to his own rationalistic ‘principles, without believing him to be in penal fires!’ Let us give our author the full benefit of what he has to say on the subject:—

‘The churches, both of Rome and Constantinople, have never ceased, even to the present day, from saying both high and low masses for the deliverance and the refreshment of departed souls; they have never ceased to celebrate particular days in commemoration of the dead; on those days to offer special prayers, and to recommend almsgiving to the poor; to recommend contributions to religious or charitable houses, or offerings to churches on behalf of the dead; to give indulgences, or acts of remission for the sins of the departed (in Greek, *μεριόρηντες* or *συγχωροχάρτια*); and, in a word, to exercise everything which has to do with this universal belief. The very beggars in the streets of Constantinople as well as of Rome, of the whole East as well as of the whole West, relying on this belief, endeavour to obtain the compassion of passers-by, by saying—“For the rest of the soul of your father! For the rest of the soul of your mother! For the refreshment of the souls of your relations! For the souls of those who have been dear to you!” And the like.’

It is scarcely possible that any one, unless he chose to deceive himself, should confound the simple and primitive belief of the Eastern Church in this matter with the later additions of the West. Only compare the ordinary expressions employed by the two communions. Compare the pictures that abound through the whole of the south of Europe of the souls in purgatory, identical in everything except eternity with the tablet exhibited by Despair to the Red Cross Knight:—

‘To bring him to despair, and quite to quail,  
He showed him painted on a table plain,  
The damned ghosts that do in torments wail;  
And thousand fiends that do them endless pain  
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remain.’

Compare also the doctrine inculcated in such hymns as those of our modern English Oratorians:—

‘In pains beyond all earthly pains,  
Favourites of Jesus, there they lie;  
Letting the fire purge out their stains,  
And worshipping God’s purity.  
O Mary! let thy Son no more  
His lingering spouses thus expect;  
His ransomed to their Lord restore,  
And to the Spirit His elect!’

Compare them, we say, with devotions not of ten years, but of twelve or fourteen centuries, such as these:—

‘And at Thy spiritual and holy altar, O Lord, grant rest, a good memory, and felicity to all the souls, bodies, and spirits of our fathers, brothers, and masters, who, in whatever region, in whatever city or part of the world have departed, or were suffocated in the sea or in rivers, or died in journeyings, and of whom there is no memory in the churches which have been established by Thee upon earth. Give, O Lord, to all of them a good memory, who have departed and migrated to Thee in the orthodox faith, together with them whose names are written in Thy Book of Life. And to all of them who, having finished the course of this life, have appeared perfect and illustrious in Thy presence, and, having been set free from the sea of their iniquities, have approached to Thee, our Father and Brother according to the flesh in this life, grant, O Lord, rest in that spiritual and mighty bosom. Give them the spirit of joy in the habitations of light and happiness, in the tabernacles of shade and quiet, in the treasures of blessedness, wherein every sorrow is exiled afar; where the souls of the pious, without any labour, await the first-fruits of life, and the spirits of just men in like manner look forward to the end of the promised reward; to that region where the labourers and the weary look towards paradise, and they that are invited long for the wedding-feast of the celestial bridegroom; where they that are called to the banquet wait till they may ascend thither, and ardently desire to receive that new garment of glory; where every distress is banished, and where joys are found.’

Or again:—

‘Remember, O Lord, those also who have pleased Thee from the beginning; and especially the holy, glorious Mother of God, and ever Virgin Mary; John Baptist; Stephen, the prince of deacons and proto-martyr; with the other Prophets and Holy Apostles, and pious fathers, who have departed. Remember also, O Lord, all the departed faithful who have left this life and have gone to Thee. Receive these oblations, which we offer to Thee this day for them, and give them rest in the bosom of blessed Abraham. With the hope of Thy mercy, all the departed have received rest, and look for Thy mercies, O our God that art to be worshipped. Vouchsafe that they may hear that quickening voice to call them and bring them to Thee, and that they may be invited to Thy kingdom. Grant also to us a quiet departure, through Thy grace; and do away our sins through Thy mercy.’

Or again:—

‘By the sacrifice which we have this day offered, may the Lord and His holy and elect angels be appeased; and by it may He bestow repose and good memory on His Mother and His Saints, and all the departed faithful; and principally on him for whom and for whose cause this sacrifice has been offered.’

Or again:—

‘Furthermore, also, we commemorate all the departed faithful who have departed in the true faith from this holy altar, and from this village, and from whatever region, who have in times past fallen asleep and rested in the true faith and have come to Thee, the Lord God of spirits and of all flesh. We ask, we beseech and implore Christ our God, who has received to Himself their souls and spirits, that through the abundance of His mercy, He would make them worthy of the forgiveness of their offences, and the remission of their sins; and would grant that both they and we

may attain to His kingdom in heaven. Remember also, O Lord, orthodox priests who have departed this life—deacons, subdeacons, singers, readers, interpreters, choristers, exorcists, monks, religious persons, virgins that have observed perpetual chastity, and those who have lived in the world, who have departed this life in the true faith, and those of whom each one of us is now thinking. Lord God of spirits and of all flesh, remember all whom we remember, who have departed out of this life in the orthodox faith: give rest to their souls, bodies, and spirits, setting them free from the infinite damnation that is to come, and making them worthy of the joy which is in the bosom of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob: where the light of Thy countenance shines; whence grief, misery, and lamentation are banished, and impute not to them any of their sins. Enter not into judgment with Thy servants, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified; nor is there any man free from the stain of sin, or free from defilement among men that are upon the earth, except thine only-begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ alone; through whom we trust to obtain the remission of sins which is given, for His sake, both for ourselves and for them.'

If any one chooses, in the face of these and innumerable other like examples, to assert that the Western doctrine of purgatory is held by the Eastern Church, it is difficult to see what is the use of arguing with him further. It is clear, in the first place, that the place—call it by what name you will—in which the souls of the departed faithful have their present habitation, is held, throughout the whole of the Eastern liturgies, to be a place of rest and gladness, and that there is not one single allusion to, or hypothesis concerning, the 'pains beyond all earthly pains,' which modern Latin writers have held: in the second place, that their liturgies pray in exactly the same terms for the saints, and even, in the earliest examples, for the Blessed Virgin Mary herself, as those in which they intercede for every departed Christian. And an additional proof that the doctrine of the two Churches is not identical may be found in the fact that, in those liturgies which have held their ground among certain Latinizing portions of the Eastern Church, the expressions in question have been altered, so as to become more consonant with Roman teaching; and instead of supplicating for the repose of the saints, they now ask for their intercession.

Our author endeavours to maintain the identity of belief between the two communions, by producing a passage or two in which the place of departed souls is named *Catharterion*; a fact which proves nothing in the world except (what no one will deny) that the Eastern Church believes that departed spirits, from the time of their separation from the body till the day of judgment, acquire progressive degrees of holiness, it may also be of happiness, and may therefore be said to pass through various stages of purification. The word *Catharterion* is of very rare use in Oriental books of devotion; but were it the established phrase, it would no more prove that the Greeks

therefore held the Latin idea of purgatory, than their employment of the expression *metousiosis* proves them to hold the Latin doctrine of transubstantiation. In the latter case, as is well known, the Eastern Church has authoritatively declared that, while she uses the word as a convenient one, she does not use it in the scholastic sense; but firmly holding, and unalterably teaching, that the bread and wine are really, truly, and substantially changed into the Body and Blood of our Lord, and are therefore to be adored, she leaves the manner in which the change is wrought, as regards all such questions as those of accidents and species, undefined.

The other argument relied on by M. Pitzipios is taken from the indulgences, or moderations, as they are called (*μετριοτήτες*), given by the Eastern prelates; and more especially that remarkable rite of the absolution of the dead. A very early example of a similar usage occurs in the instance of the Empress Eudoxia, the persecutress of S. John Chrysostom. The legend relates that the sepulchre of that princess was miraculously shaken with an earthquake for thirty-five years after her death; that when the relics of the saint were translated, under Theodosius the Younger, to Constantinople, that emperor desired the patriarch S. Proclus to offer the liturgy for the repose of his mother; and that when that prelate came to the words, 'Peace to the people! Peace to Eudoxia!' the trembling of the earth ceased, and never afterwards occurred.

Other tales of a similar character are to be found in Oriental history, but they have no more to do with any belief in a Latin purgatory than our popular traditions of haunted houses, or spirits that 'walk,' prove our poor people to hold the Roman dogma. As the absolutions of the dead are explained by the best writers, they mean nothing more than a declaration to others either that the deceased would have died in the communion of the Church, or with the open profession of repentance, had time and space been allowed. For it is certain that prayers are also said in the East for those who are held to be lost (*ἀφωρίσμενοι*), and to have become, as the popular superstition goes, 'katakhanades,' 'vrukulakai,' or vampires, to the effect that it may please God that their bodies should return to dust; it being held that, in the case of those who have died under the ban of the Church, a part of their punishment consists in the insolubility of their corpse.

We will now turn to another portion of our author's work. In its second portion he relates, at considerable length, the acts of the Council of Florence, and exposes with some ability the impossibility of any general Council of the East having been

held at Constantinople subsequently to that Synod, and previously to the fall of the Byzantine empire, in which the act of reunion was solemnly repealed. Long before him, Lequien had proved that the acts of that pretended Council bore on their very face evident tokens of imposture. Thence our author argues that the reunion, having been formally accepted by the East as well as the West, is still binding on both. But, in real truth, there was no necessity for any such Eastern Council to repudiate the union; an union in which, under the miserable pressure of circumstances, and under the hope of at any rate staving off the fall of the imperial city, the Greeks gave up everything, and received nothing in return. It was received with one burst of disapprobation throughout the whole of the Oriental communion; and the hero of the day was then, and is still, Mark of Ephesus, the uncompromising opponent of Latinism, and of the union. It is impossible to think of the Council of Florence, which, with all its failures, was certainly a memorable assembly, without being struck with the enormous consequences which sometimes hinge on apparently trivial circumstances. Had the Eastern prelates joined the Council of Basle instead of that of Ferrara, probably the whole state of Christendom would have been changed. Even single-handed, the Fathers of Basle had very nearly accomplished 'the reformation of the Church, its head and members,' and deposed Eugenius, as their predecessors of Constance had deposed Gregory XII. and John XXII. If they so nearly succeeded when the balance of Papal power had received such an increase by the arrival of the Greeks, their success must have been absolutely certain had that balance been thrown on their own side. And to what remarkable consequences might their own opposition to Ultramontaniam, strengthened a thousandfold as it would have been by the intermixture of Oriental prelates among them, have given rise in the future destinies of Europe and its future history of the Church! And this great question was solved—by what?—by the superior swiftness of the Papal galleys over those employed by the Council. Both commanders had orders to sink, if they could, their rivals in the passage; and it was on the superior skill of Condolmieri, the Papal admiral, that the fate of Christendom hung. One remarkable circumstance connected with the Council is not generally known, and it would not have suited our author's purpose to mention. The first acts of the Synod that were published entitled it the *Eighth* Œcumenical Council: the Church of Rome thus tacitly allowing that the Synods between the second of Nicæa and that had no claim to the title of universal.

But although it is very true that no general Council of the

East did immediately repudiate the union, our author forgets, or finds it convenient not to remember, that a general Oriental Council has been held since, which completely assumes the separation of the two Churches. We refer, of course, to that of Bethlehem, in 1672, taken in connexion with that of Jassey, which immediately preceded it. Though several of the Fathers who assisted at each, including the patriarch Dositheus himself, were suspected of Roman tendencies, nothing is more clear than that the whole spirit of both Councils repudiated every idea of the reunion at Florence then existing.

It is only natural that a Uniat like our author should make the most of the great corruptions and disorganization which undoubtedly exist in the mutilated and dismembered Church of the East. He dwells principally on two; the secular power—or, as he calls it, tyranny—exercised by the Eastern bishops over those of their own rite, and the final appeal in some ecclesiastical questions lying in a Mussulman court. On the latter point, he tells a story which, whether true or not, is at least amusing; and if we translate the Vizier's court into the Privy Council, and the Armenians and Greeks into the Bishop of Exeter and Gorham, or Ditcher and Denison, we may learn a useful lesson for ourselves. He writes:—

‘That is to say, the Ottoman government (which cannot judge any affairs upon other principles than those of the Koran) is the authority which ought to judge and decide in final appeal, religious questions, and explain, define, and solve all the doubts and discussions of the Eastern patriarchs, when they cannot agree among themselves in the exercise of their functions. Indeed, we have had a very striking example of this sort of jurisdiction. About fifty years ago, the Clergy of the Oriental rite, and those of the Armenians, disputed at Constantinople, accusing each other of having corrupted the customs of the Christian religion. The former accused the latter of not mixing water with the wine which they used in the Holy Sacrament; and the Armenians accused those of the Oriental rite because they made use of it; the dispute increased, and at last, according to the *existing rules*, the affair was brought before the Reiz Effendi of that epoch. The Mussulman minister, after having heard the complaints of the two parties, pronounced the following sentence:—“*Wine is an impure liquor, accursed and forbidden by the Koran; it ought not, therefore, to be employed at all; why do you not use pure water?*”’

It will be well that we should give a glance at the affairs of the Constantinopolitan Church immediately after the capture of the city by the Turks. The Ecumenical throne was then vacant, and Mahomet II. was at a loss how to treat with the

vast body of Christians which abounded in his new empire. He inquired for the patriarch, not knowing of the vacancy of the see; and on being apprised of it, gave orders that the Christians should proceed, according to their usual custom, to the choice of his successor. They obeyed, and the election fell on George Scholarius, who had distinguished himself at the Council of Florence by his promotion of the union, and who took the name of Gennadius. The Sultan resolved on investing the patriarch elect, as the Christian emperors had done; and, accordingly, seated on his throne, delivered the pastoral staff to him, and a mantle, with the words pronounced in Greek, 'The Holy Trinity, which has given me the empire, elects thee, by me, Archbishop of Constantinople, New Rome, and Œcumenical Patriarch.' At the same time, he gave him unlimited jurisdiction over the temporal as well as the spiritual affairs of the members of his Church; and at the emperor's request, Gennadius drew up an epitome of the principles of the Christian religion, which he presented to Mahomet. Now, Pitzipios argues that the union of Florence did *bonâ fide* subsist during the patriarchate of this ecclesiastic; that if he did not request his confirmation from the Pope, it was because he feared to irritate the Sultan; and that if, in his principles of the Christian religion, he made no reference to the necessity of communion with Rome, it was because the Papal See was engaged in the most vigorous efforts for the re-establishment of the Byzantine empire; as, for example, when Pius II. convoked a Council at Mantua for that purpose in 1459, or when, three years earlier, the Turkish army of 160,000 men had suffered a disgraceful defeat from Hunniades and the Papal missionary S. John Capistran. But there does not seem any reason to regard Gennadius as any further a Roman partizan than as he might hope for Western aid by pursuing a temporising policy; and it is certain that Mark of Ephesus, the undaunted defender of the Oriental faith, would have denounced the new Patriarch as inclined to the Latin communion, had such been the case. To Gennadius succeeded Isidore II., who held the see but a very short time; to him Joasaph I., surnamed *Cocas*, or *Cusas*, who, after various disputes with his Clergy, was banished by the Sultan; and to him again, Mark I., surnamed *Xylocarabes*. These four were legitimately and canonically elected as their predecessors had been; but after that time began the system of simony, which has inflicted so severe a wound on the discipline of the Church of Constantinople. M. Pitzipios relates the history as a Latin; but there is, unfortunately, only too much truth in his narration:—



'In the year 1467, a simple monk of Trebizonde, named Symeon, made use of simony in the nomination of the patriarch. This villain had, in the court of the Sultan, some friends among his countrymen who had embraced Islamism since the taking of Constantinople; he succeeded, through their intervention, in buying the patriarchal see, by offering to the government an annual tribute of 1,000 ducats; and, moreover, on condition of renouncing the pension which the patriarchs had till then received from the public treasure. But the following year, Dionysius, Bishop of Philippopolis, enjoying the protection of the Sultan's mother, increased the patriarchal tribute to 2,000 ducats, and having caused Symeon to be deposed, he became himself Patriarch of Constantinople. A Servian, named Raphael, a vulgar and dissipated man, who passed his life in taverns and in other public places, found means of offering the government to add to the tribute of 2,000 ducats, a sum of 500 ducats, payable at one time, as a present for each new nomination; and having caused Dionysius to be driven away, he occupied, in his turn, the patriarchal see of Constantinople. From this time, the annual tribute of the patriarch was fixed at 2,000 ducats, and 500 ducats as a present to the government for the nomination of each new patriarch. In the meantime, these wolves in sheep's clothing, struggling to seize upon the patriarchal dignity, in order to procure the means of sucking, like vampires, the blood of these unfortunate Christians, soon caused the annual tribute of the patriarch to amount to 3,000 ducats, and 500 ducats present to the Ottoman government for each new nomination. Besides this sum, there were others also, much more considerable, which they paid to the powers of the day, to the eunuchs of the palace, and the favourite women; to the janissaries, to the Jewish bankers in favour with the Turks; to the servants of the great, and to all the most vile intriguers who could favour in any way their efforts to occupy this eminent post. The unhappy Christian people paid by their sufferings and their toils all these enormous sums to procure for themselves tyrants and torturers.

'The patriarch, in concert with his Council, or Synod, endeavoured also to obtain the right of naming arbitrarily, and without observing any of the Canons of the Church, all the bishops, and even all the curates. The same system of plunder was employed in the choice which he made of the spiritual, at the same time temporal pastors, which this *soi-disant* chief of the Eastern Church gave to this unfortunate flock. Nevertheless, very often the bishops found it more advantageous to purchase their see through the intervention of some powerful person, or some courtesan, than directly from the patriarch.

'Even the Turks were so much struck by the infamous conduct of the patriarchs and higher clergy of Constantinople, that the Sultans no longer themselves gave the new patriarch the investiture with attributes of his dignity. It was the Grand Vizier who subsequently filled this office; he caused the new patriarch to be invested before him with a cloak, recommended him to love and protect the people who were confided to him, to keep them faithful to the government, and to direct them like a true pastor. After this ceremony he dismissed him, and the new patriarch returned to his residence, accompanied by some janissaries. This ceremony is scrupulously observed to the present day.'

'The Ottoman government,' says our author, in a note, 'deprived the patriarchs of Constantinople of the honour of investiture by the Sultan, at the ignominious death of Parthenius III. 'in 1657.' Would not any one think, taking this note in context with what has been quoted before, that it was on account

of some great crime on the part of the patriarch that this custom had been interrupted? The real fact being that Parthenius was most unjustly accused of a treasonable correspondence with the Tsar, Michael Theodorovitch, and, without any form of trial, was hung at the gate called Barnak-capi. In like manner, some fourteen years before, Cyril Lucar had perished by the Sultan's order; and in our own times a similar tragedy was enacted, when the aged and venerable patriarch was hung in his episcopal robes at the door of his own house, in 1821, on occasion of the Greek war of liberation. \*

It is not, then, to be wondered at, that, exposed to deposition as an ordinary punishment, and occasionally in danger of death itself, Œcumenical patriarchs should have exhibited a blind subserviency to the will of their Mahometan lords. Add to which, that there came down to them, from the times of Byzantine empire, as strong a tradition of passive obedience and non-resistance as the non-jurors inherited from their predecessors, the divines of the Stuarts. Nevertheless, there *have* been noble examples of resolute opposition to the will of the Sultan; and not the least remarkable of these occurred at the beginning of the Russian war. At that time, when there was considerable fear of a Christian outbreak in Constantinople, and throughout Turkey in Europe,—an outbreak which would beyond measure (on the modern principle of non-interference) have perplexed the allies,—it also happened that a practical difference had arisen, as we have seen, between the Church of Constantinople and that of Russia on the validity of Latin baptism. The Turkish ministry, availing itself adroitly of the dispute, and not, we fear, unseconded by the influence of Lord Stratford de Redclyffe, proposed to the then patriarch, Anthimus, to issue a formal declaration that Russia had severed itself from the orthodox Church, and that the religion for which she professed to be fighting was not the religion of Constantinople. 'No,' said Anthimus, 'I am ready, if need be, to lay down the patriarchate, but such a declaration I will never make.' And his conduct is deserving of the higher commendation, because it is well known that Constantinople has always regarded, first the patriarchate of Moscow, and, subsequently, the holy governing Synod of all the Russias, with some natural degree of jealousy. How far this boldness of his holiness was remembered by those whom it offended, and led to his deposition last year, is a different question.

At the same time it cannot be denied that the system of the *Pescesium*, the gratuity demanded by the Sublime Porte at the nomination of every patriarch, has led to the most disastrous consequences. Those who have not freely received have

in their turn been unwilling freely to give. And making all allowance for the exaggeration of the picture which Pitzipios draws, here again, also, we must confess there is too much truth in the following picture :—

‘The metropolitans of Chalcedon, Ephesus, Derki, Heraclia, Cyzicus, and Nicomedia, are of the number of the eight metropolitans who are members by right of the Supreme Council or Holy Synod of the patriarchate of Constantinople. They have in their hands the administration of all the Church of the Oriental rite in Turkey, the funds of the general community of Christians of this rite, and that of the provinces of the same rite, inhabitants of the Ottoman empire ; they only can be *Ephori*, or agents, of all the other bishoprics of the provinces of Turkey which belong to the jurisdiction of the Church of Constantinople ; they only can also establish banks, called by them *ἐφορικά κασσαι*, give letters of exchange, and transact other similar business of a banker, with their clients, clergy, people, Jews, and foreign merchants of every nation. They have also by distinction the qualification of *Peers* and *Senators*, or *Primates* (*ισοδύναμοι καὶ γέροντες*), and the title of *σεβασμιώτατος*, which is considered equal to that of the *Eminence* of the Cardinals of the Church of Rome. These metropolitans had anciently these high ranks and privileges, (which have been for this reason afterwards confirmed by the Sublime Porte, on the foundation of a regulation proposed by the Patriarch Samuel in 1740,) because their sees were formerly illustrious cities, or chief towns of great provinces. But now Chalcedon, Ephesus, Derki, Heraclia, Cyzicus, and Nicomedia, on account of political changes, are nothing more than villages, or little hamlets. Now, if the principle is admitted, that the political change of a country ought to affect the hierarchical order of its ecclesiastical see, the above-mentioned six eminent bishoprics ought, since the decay of the cities of their own sees, to give up their superior rights, as well as their titles and privileges, to the Bishops of Smyrna, Candia, Thessalonica, Joannina, Chios, Samos, Rhodes, Mitylene, and those other cities which are the most illustrious and the most populous of the existing cities of the East. Nevertheless, the bishops of these actually great and illustrious cities only reckon in the hierarchical order (which is acted upon in the present day in the Church of Constantinople), fifteen, twenty, and thirty degrees below the above-mentioned privileged eminent metropolitans, although the sees of the latter are no more than villages. They preserve, however, intact and entire, all their ancient rights and privileges, because the Church of Constantinople acknowledges and supports the immutable prin-

' ciple that *things divine are not to be regulated according to the changes of things human.*'

Or again:—

' This fund was first created to provide for the fines which the local authorities, and more often private Mussulmans, exacted, in the time of the Janissaries, from indigent Christians, under various pretexts. \* They are of two different kinds: the fund of the general community of all Christians of the Oriental rite in the Ottoman empire, and the fund of the provinces of Christians of the same rite, which was created also for the same end. These funds are both administered by these privileged metropolitans, and some of the laity, chosen from among the old servants of their Eminences. These individuals form a sort of band of robbers; called by courtesy, "*Commission for the debts of the National Community!*" The capital of these funds is formed of sums, greater or smaller, especially the fund of the general community, contributed by all the Christians of the Ottoman empire, under the title of legacies, gratifications, aids, fines, &c., and loans which their Eminences, and even the bishops of the provinces, make in the name of the community and of the provinces. The people are responsible for the extinction of this debt: their Eminences also would render them an exact account of the employment of the enormous sums which fell into their hands, as well as of those which they borrow, if unfortunately, and through the ordinary malevolence of the devil, the flames of various conflagrations did not devour from time to time all the archives of the Commission, and if prudence did not oblige these excellent pastors never to mark in the documents of the Commission either the names of the different Mussulmans to whom they continually give considerable sums as a present, or the circumstances in which these presents are given. What, then, do these good people know of the destination of the sums which they offer, and of those which are borrowed at their expense, and which one day they will have to pay a second time for the extinction of that debt? All that the people know of this debt is, that in 1830 it amounted to the sum of 400,000 piastres, and that since that time till the year 1851, though there no longer existed in Turkey either Janissaries or pecuniary fines on the part of the local authorities, or of private Mussulmans, the sum of this debt suddenly rose to the extraordinary amount of 7,000,000 piastres!!! Doubtless, it is not to such administrators that the Lord will say—"Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

'The aforesaid eight eminent metropolitans have shared among themselves for about sixty years the superintendence and the protection of the other 134 bishops of the provinces, of which they call themselves Ephori. The number of the bishops of the provinces that each metropolitan Ephor has under his superintendence, or especial but official protection, is very variable. It is not regulated by any relation or proportion; it depends absolutely on the skill and address of the metropolitan Ephor, or the temporal influence of the protector, or associate of this Ephor, who is always one of the lay Christians in favour with the Ottoman Porte. Thus, there are Ephori who have had at certain times a clientage of from thirty to forty bishops. These metropolitan Ephori alone have the right of forming the above-mentioned banks. Each has his Ephoric fund. The capital of these funds is composed of the pence of widows and orphans, and others of the people, from whom their Eminences borrow.'

The last portion of our author's work is devoted to a consideration of the possibility and practicability of a union between the two Churches. He lays down three preliminaries as necessary to such an end. The first is, a clearing up of the absurd mistakes which exist on the one side and on the other with respect to the Communion; the second, the complete emancipation of Eastern Christians from the temporal power of the Patriarch of Constantinople; the third, the re-adjustment of the hierarchical system of the East in agreement with the requirements of the present age.

It is very easy to see one side of any question. Our author forgets to take into consideration the re-adjustment of the Western system, at least equally necessary before any true union can be realized. For consider: let us imagine, for one moment, that a doctrinal union between the two Churches were to-morrow to take place; how would Rome find herself situated with respect to the patriarchal system, which the Orientals regard as the basis of the whole government of the Church? In the first place, Antipatriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem, personages whose chief function appears to be to swell the ranks of processions at Rome, or to figure with the greater lustre as censors of books. Here is a difficulty to begin with; but this is only the commencement. Next, having already a Roman Patriarch of Antioch, we have also a Roman Patriarch of the Jacobites, a Roman Patriarch of the Nestorians, and, besides all this, a Spanish ecclesiastic with the title of Patriarch of the Indies; and add to these four, a Patriarch of the Maronites. All these are recognised and distinct officials, whose functions have merely had their rise in that piecemeal

system of proselytism which the Roman missionaries have adopted. Surely, before it could be expected that the orthodox Patriarch of Antioch could come into the Communion of Rome, these other pretenders to his see must be swept away and abolished. Add to this, the further complication of the Patriarchs of Venice and Lisbon—titles which naturally, and indeed rightly, would give the deepest offence to the Oriental Church. It is all very well for M. Pitzipios, and such as he, to point out the Eastern reforms which would be necessary before any union could take place; but it is equally natural that Oriental divines should have their eyes open to the crying abuses of the Roman hierarchical system in the East, and should set down these as *their* preliminaries for the intercommunion of the Churches.

Then, with respect to Eastern rites and liturgies. We will give our author the advantage of excusing what he considers the faults of Rome in this respect in his own words.

‘It is true that, for some time, circumstances arising from the anomalous state of the Eastern Christians, have caused the unchangeable system of the Church to be mixed up with the different manners of acting of some Catholic missionaries in these countries, and have occasioned the wish of drawing the Orientals to the Latin rite, to be attributed to the Church of Rome. The clergy of Constantinople, profiting by the temporal power which the Ottoman government had conceded to them, since the fall of the Byzantine empire, over all Christians of the Oriental rite, subjects of the Sublime Porte, fraudulently suspended the continuation of the union of the Churches, accomplished by the act of the Council of Florence, and insensibly led these poor Christians into a new schism, unjustifiable and imposed by force. Then the Church of Rome, as soon as circumstances allowed her to do so, despatched, as it was her duty to do, missionaries, whose task was to preach and endeavour to re-establish in the East the union of the Churches, conformably to the act of the Council of Florence, fraudulently suspended. But the missionaries delegated to the East by the Holy See for the purpose of bringing back these people to the unity of the Church, and especially those who, animated by zeal for the faith, took upon themselves such a charitable and important task, have not all followed the line of conduct which the Church had traced out for them, and from which she herself has not for one moment deviated. Instead, therefore, of preaching to these Eastern Christians the re-union of the Church, without attacking their customs and rites, which the Catholic Church has always respected, several of these missionaries, carried away by a zeal without knowledge, thought it their duty to convert these Christians to the Latin rite. It is exactly the conduct of these missionaries, so praiseworthy, nevertheless, for their zeal, which increased the antipathies of Oriental Christians against the Church of Rome, since these missionaries, without understanding it, and without desiring it, kindled the fire of discord and the hatred of the masses against the Holy See, and rather served the interests of the clergy of Constantinople than those of the Church. For these clergy, having based the consolidation of their schism solely upon this hatred of the Eastern Christians against the Holy See, applauded this mistake of the Missionaries! They profited admirably from this vicious manner of seeking for the re-establishment of the union, and made the people believe that it was the aim of Rome to

destroy the Eastern rite. Nevertheless, though she has suffered all the consequences, the Church of Rome cannot be accused of, nor considered responsible for, a system which she has never tolerated, but, on the contrary, has always authentically disapproved of and condemned in all her official acts. Never has the Holy See, nor the Propaganda, which is her only official organ, given to any one the mission of converting the Eastern Christians to the Latin rite.'

This, thanks to the superior ecclesiastical knowledge of modern times, is true to a certain extent. But never let it be forgotten that the same Rome which abolished the early Gallican liturgies—which crushed the Mozarabic rite till those of that system can be numbered by hundreds—which, at the English Reformation, refused to tolerate the Sarum and York books—which is now extirpating in France the national offices of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries,—would have, had it lain in her power, destroyed, with equal readiness, the venerable liturgies of the East. One of her most zealous missionaries, and, spite of all his faults, a true-hearted and excellent man, Menezes, Archbishop of Goa, so completely extirpated the rites of one of the most ancient Churches in the world—the Christians of S. Thomas—that they are now absolutely unknown. Of him it is recorded that, holding all their ordinations as invalid, because not performed according to the Roman ritual, he caused those priests who adhered to him to be reordained; and then, because some mistake had occurred in the details of the ceremony, to be ordained over again the third time. Every one knows—and no one complains more bitterly than Renaudot—that the Roman revisions of Eastern liturgies make them absolutely worthless; and that the changes wrought in the Syrian and Armenian offices have rendered them utterly unlike their original selves.

If any one desires to know the view which the more intellectual portion of the Eastern Church takes, both of its own position, and of that of the 'two Western Communions,' namely, Romanism and Protestantism, it cannot better be learnt than in that most able pamphlet to which we have already directed the attention of our readers, and which stands third on our list. There it will be seen that, just as a Protestant eye can see no difference between Romanism and Orientalism, so an Eastern eye can discover no essential discrepancy between the Latin and the Protestant Communions; regarding both as the religions of intellect, not of faith; both as the mere development, though it may be in different directions, of rationalism. To an Oriental, the substitution of affusion for immersion in baptism differs only in degree, not in kind, from the procrastination of that sacrament, as among Anabaptists, or its absolute rejection, as among Quakers. The Easterns can see no essential

difference between the denial of the chalice to the laity, the refusal of confirmation and communion to infants, and the utter rejection of every pretence at apostolic ordination, which is the badge of so many dissenting bodies.

It must be confessed, that one remarkable feature of the Eastern system is the check which it holds—and which Rome is perfectly unable to hold—on rationalism. Our author relates, at some length, one of the most remarkable instances of its propagation.

‘Theophilus Caïry, priest of the Eastern Church, native of Andros, a man of great learning and exemplary morality, had, after the Greek revolution, travelled over all the cities of Europe, where there were any Christians of his rite, and made a rich collection for establishing, in Greece, a school destined for the education of the orphan and indigent children of that nation. He founded it at Andros, in 1834, under the name of the *Institution for Orphans*. The order, good morals, and progress which the pupils made in this school, attracted thither a great number of young people from Greece and Turkey. Caïry, either from unmeasured ambition, or for some political end, or from some other motive, then undertook to introduce into the East a new religion, under the name of Cairism, which was nothing else but the system of the Deists, modified by some innovations of his own. In short, he succeeded in attracting to this new religion, not only all the pupils of his school, but also almost all the inhabitants of Andros, and even a great part of the curates of the villages, and a large number of the inhabitants of the neighbouring islands. The pupils of this school, going to pass their holidays with their parents, or returning to their country after having finished their studies, propagated everywhere the new religion, and in less than six years Cairism extended immensely in Turkey and in Greece. The Government in Greece, on the one side, and the Patriarchate in Turkey on the other, put everything into motion to prevent its propagation. But, notwithstanding their persevering efforts, the committees of Cairism exist to the present day in the East, and work, although in secret, with the greatest activity. Caïry was arrested for the last time in Greece, in 1851, for teaching religious principles forbidden by the laws of the country. Notwithstanding the powerful opposition of his partizans, the government caused him to be tried. He was condemned by the tribunals to seven years’ imprisonment. He died in prison, at the age of eighty-two years, some days after his condemnation.’

Our author does not relate—perhaps because it would not have strengthened his position—the sublime manner in which this deist was compelled to unmask himself. Called before an assembly of the prelates of Greece, he had prepared a long and sophistical speech, in which he had endeavoured to blind the eyes of his judges to his real designs. ‘We are perfectly ready,’ said the president of the assembly, ‘to hear anything which you can allege on your own behalf, and to give you every advantage which you may fairly claim. But we are bishops, and you are a priest of the holy Eastern Church. Before, therefore, we proceed further, we should wish you to



'repeat to us the Creed of Nicæa.' 'With all my heart,' said Caïry; and he was about to begin, when the president again stopped him. 'Stay,' he said; 'that which you are now about to repeat with your lips you of course believe in your heart: and in that sense only my brethren and myself will hear you.' 'Why,' returned Caïry, 'in that case—I—in that case—perhaps it would be better that you should hear my apology, and then I am ready to repeat anything that you may desire.' 'You will repeat the Creed of Nicæa,' returned the president, 'as that which you yourself hold, or you will not be heard at all.' 'I cannot do that,' replied Caïry; 'but I will defend myself, if you will allow me.' And on his refusal to take this watchword of the Church in his own lips, this unhappy man was condemned without further ceremony.

From the brief account, then, which we have given of its contents, our readers will see that we consider our author's work—awkward as is its arrangement, and barbarous as is its language—well worthy of their perusal. But it is not by publications such as these, where the one side is to gain, and the other to surrender, all, that the real cause of union will be promoted. It is of no use to tell us that the act of the Council of Florence has never been formally rescinded; nor that—another argument of our author's—till the treaty of Münster, the Pope was recognised by European diplomacy as the chief of all baptized Christians. And the work of a convert will always fare ill with the communion from whom he has been converted: to them it will be the composition of an apostate, and, in the very nature of things, is sure to be written with unnecessary bitterness. We never have been, we never will be, advocates of that system which would regard the English Church as perfection. But, nevertheless, it does seem as if, in the inscrutable providence of God, a way were open to us to take the lead in that reconciliation of Christendom, which we can hardly hope to see, but which those who come after us certainly will. 'Show Thy servants Thy work, and their children Thy glory.' Once before, at all events, British bishops have trembled on the verge of a reconciliation with the East. Once before, negotiations were far advanced between the English and Gallican churches. In treating with the East, we come with no pretensions of superiority, with no claims to domination; we come, free from many of the stumbling-blocks which Latin Christianity presents to their eyes—purgatory, indulgences, the denial of the cup to the laity, azymes; and in two of the liturgies out of the three branches of our communion, the Scotch and the American, we approximate very

closely ; we are identical, on all essential points, with those of S. Chrysostom and S. Basil. The question of a married clergy would be no stumbling-block to the Orientals : and even our acknowledged faults, our miserable Erastianism and dependence on state tribunals, would not so much shock those who are accustomed to the supremacy of the Tsar at S. Petersburg, or of the Sultan at Constantinople.

We hear much of the proselytism exercised by Rome in the East, and of her great success in bringing over converts to herself. It may be very much doubted whether the loss of the Uniat Church in Russia has not more than counterbalanced all the gain which, whether among individuals or scattered parishes, the Papal See has made during the last century. It is well known that the Armenians have a greater readiness for reconciliation with Rome than any other communion of Oriental Christians. Yet according to the account of Roman missionaries, during the last one hundred and fifty years, 200,000 is the outside limit of converts. It must also be remembered, that besides the great event of 1839, a perpetual proselytism is carried on on the other side, and that the results of the two depend rather on political than on religious influence ; much more on the preponderance of France or Russia than on the zeal of Latin or Greek missionaries. Add to this, the paralysed state of the Roman church in Greece, its bondage and Erastianism, since the time of the infamous Siczentrevitch, in Russia, and the degraded state to which the Unia had been reduced in Poland, where Uniat and serf, noble and Catholic (that is, not merely of the Roman Church, but of the Latin rite) were convertible terms. In Russia, then, in Greece, in the Principalities, and in the Oriental communion of the south-eastern Austrian empire, the Eastern Church may be considered to be gaining ground upon her western rival. But at Constantinople itself, in Asia Minor, and, above all, in Palestine, the state of things is reversed, and there Rome reaps a plentiful harvest, as well from the orthodox as from Armenians, Jacobites, and Nestorians.

Although it is scarcely to be expected in our time, yet there can be but one conclusion to this miserable state of disruption and laceration ; the one remedy, which moderate Latins, like the Abbé Michon, have proposed, which moderate Orientals, such as his late holiness, Methodius of Antioch, would accept, a free and legitimate Œcumenical Council ; not a Council in which, like that of Florence, the extreme political distress of one party would oblige them to accept any conditions from the other, but the meeting of equals on an equality, and the settlement of differences not by autocratic influence, whether secular or reli-

gious, but after a full and fair discussion, and by an unbiassed decision. So, and so only, may we hope that that blessed prophecy will be fulfilled—‘The envy also of Ephraim shall depart, and the adversaries of Judah shall be cut off; Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim; but they shall fly upon the shoulders of the Philistines, they shall lay their hands upon Edom and Moab, and the children of Ammon shall obey them.’

**ART. X.—1. *The Naval Articles of War.***

**2. *The Naval Instructions for the Captains' Guidance.***

**3. *The Naval Instructions for the Chaplains' Guidance.***

**4. *The Naval Regulations regarding Seamen Schoolmasters.*  
By Authority, &c.**

THE late war has brought before the reading public much of what is interesting in the details of a military chaplain's work. Nor has such interest subsided into a merely literary or philanthropic estimate of the value of those services which, amidst so much of suffering and distress, were cheerfully endured in the trenches of Sebastopol and the hospitals of Scutari and Smyrna. The Government recognition of those services was tardy, and is still incomplete: for we conceive the recent addition to the permanent chaplains but a small instalment of what, if not for religious at least for military and even social reasons, ought to be justice to the British army. But still the army chaplains have at least been recognised, and their work has been both appreciated, and is a matter of history. And there can be no doubt that the general enthusiasm in favour of the Memorial Church at Constantinople took form, at least in the army, from personal experience of the virtues—in some cases heroic, and in nearly all solid and substantial—displayed by the army chaplains. They had, therefore, their reward and their monument. Of the life of the navy chaplains, however, at the best a harassing and thankless office, and one encumbered with special trials and difficulties, the records are few, and our knowledge and estimate is very incomplete. But it is a subject well worthy of a Churchman's study, for this reason among others. The naval profession has produced several excellent examples of religious life: but with a marked peculiarity. We have known several, and indeed many, military officers, who, while religious men, fell into, and illustrated by a consistent practice the Church's religion. But almost without an exception the religious naval officers have been connected with the Evangelical school of theology—if theology it may be called. The names of Gambier, Parry, and others will immediately occur to our readers. The question arises, whether there is any special tendency in naval religion to take this form? And to answer it, or any other inquiry as to the value and character of the Church of England's ministrations at sea, we must first know what the official means and staff of religion in the Royal Navy are. We have been at some pains in acquiring information on the subject, which we shall now present, generally in the words of those more inti-

mately connected and acquainted with the service than we can ourselves pretend to be.

The *Articles of War* are thirty-six in number; they are described in the preamble as the 'Laws for the regulating and government of Her Majesty's Navies, Ships of War, and Forces by Sea, whereon, under the good providence of God, the wealth, safety, and strength of this kingdom chiefly depend.' They were enacted in their present shape in the year 1749.

Articles I. and II. are the only Articles which bear directly on religion and religious observances. The other Articles prescribe punishments for offences against morality and discipline.

'*Article I.*—All commanders, captains, and officers in or belonging to any of Her Majesty's ships or vessels of war, shall cause the public worship of Almighty God, according to the Liturgy of the Church of England, established by law, to be solemnly, orderly, and reverently performed in their respective ships, and shall take care that prayers and preaching by the chaplains in holy orders of the respective ships be performed diligently, and that the Lord's Day be observed according to law.

'*Article II.*—All flag officers, and all persons in or belonging to Her Majesty's ships or vessels of war being guilty of profane oaths, cursings, execrations, drunkenness, uncleanness, or other scandalous actions in derogation of God's honour or corruption of good manners, shall incur such punishment as a court-martial shall think fit to impose, and the nature and degree of their offence shall deserve.'

These Articles, however, like some others, require a living interpreter: that interpreter practically is the captain, whose position towards religion is thus laid down in '*The Captain's Instructions* :—

'(1.) In every ship in which there is a chaplain, the captain is to be particularly careful that the attention and respect due to his sacred office be shown him by all the officers and men, and that Divine Service be performed, and a sermon preached every Sunday, if the duties of the ship or the state of the weather do not absolutely prevent it, at which he and such of the officers and ship's company as are not required to be absent by ship's duty are to be permitted to attend, and he is not to employ the ship's company on Sundays on any other works than those which the public service shall absolutely require.

'(2.) He is to discountenance and suppress all profane cursing and swearing, all drunkenness, gaming, rioting, and quarrelling, all dissolute and disorderly practices, and in general everything tending to the disparagement of religion, or to the promotion of vice and immorality.'—*The Captain's Instructions*, p. 89.

The chaplain being thus furnished with the law and its interpretation, is himself, as a naval officer, favoured with an especial direction, called '*The Chaplain's Instructions* :—

'I. A clergyman appointed chaplain of one of Her Majesty's ships must consider it to be his indispensable duty that the morality of his conduct, and the propriety and regularity of his manner, be such as become the sacred office to which he is appointed, and such as shall inspire the ship's company with reverence and respect towards him.

'II. He is to instruct in the principle of the Christians religion not only all such young gentlemen as the captain shall place under his care, but all the boys in the ship. He is to hear them read, and to explain to them the Scriptures and the Church Catechism, and he is to be always ready to give such assistance and instruction on religious subjects as may be required of him by any officer or other person in the ship.

'III. He is to be attentive to perform with due solemnity the duties of the Lord's Day, that the ship's company may be impressed with devotion; and he is carefully to adapt his discourses to the capacity of his hearers, and to the nature of their situation, in order that his instructions may be intelligible and beneficial to all who hear them.

'IV. He is to apply to the captain to direct the seamen's schoolmaster, or any other intelligent and well-disposed person, to instruct under his direction the boys of the ship in the Catechism and in reading. He is very frequently to superintend the conduct of the person so appointed, to see that he is attentive to his duty, and diligent in teaching the boys, whom he is often to examine himself, that he may judge of the progress they make; and he is to report to the captain all those whom he may find idle or irregular in their conduct, that they may be punished, and all those whom he shall find diligent or well-disposed, that they may be rewarded as they deserve.

'V. He is to be very assiduous in his attendance on any of the sick who may request it, and if any men shall be dangerously ill, he is, although they should not request it, to go to them, after obtaining the sanction of the surgeon, to prepare them for death, and to comfort or admonish them as the state of their mind or other circumstances may make it desirable.

'VI. Before he shall be allowed to receive his arrears of pay, he must send to the Secretary of the Admiralty a certificate signed by the captain, that he had not been absent from the ship more than forty-eight hours at one time, without leave from the Admiralty or the commander-in-chief, and a certificate also from the captain that he had performed Divine Service regularly, and that his conduct had been in every respect becoming the character of a clergyman, without which latter certificate he shall not again be appointed to any of Her Majesty's ships.'

These, we believe, are the formal religious code of our British navy; but it is obvious that a paper system of this kind can only be understood by its working. We shall therefore consider these documents *seriatim*; and first we look to the Articles of War.

To whatever extent clergymen of the Church of England are bound by the Rubric to say in public the Morning and Evening Prayer, when they have charge of a parish on shore, to the same extent are they bound (if permitted to do so) to say the Morning and Evening Prayer in public when they are Chaplains of men-of-war. On this point the Rubric at the commencement of the *Forms of Prayer to be used at Sea* is very explicit; it is as follows:—'The Morning and Evening Service to be used *daily* 'at Sea shall be the same which is appointed in the Book of 'Common-Prayer;' and before the two first prayers the following direction is given:—'These two following prayers are to be 'used in Her Majesty's navy *every day*.' It is evidently, therefore, the duty of every chaplain of a man-of-war to assist,

to the best of his power, in the words of the first Article of War, 'in causing the public worship of Almighty God to be daily performed in the ship to which he is appointed.' But the practice has fallen into disuse, and is only beginning to be revived. The Chaplain, if alive to this, which is plainly part of his duty, must therefore be prepared to find that the Captain is unwilling to allow Morning or Evening Prayer to be *publicly* said; and in many, or in most cases, it will require great temper, tact, and discretion, to win the captain's consent to fulfil the Church's theory. The chaplain, in common with all officers (see Art. 5, p. 2, of the Admiralty Instructions), has the power of referring the question to the Commander-in-chief or Secretary of the Admiralty. But the captain's decision not to permit a *daily* service would, under present circumstances, be probably endorsed by those authorities, and the refusal might be quoted as a precedent which would interfere with the growth of the practice in the Royal Navy. A written refusal from the captain to allow a daily service to be performed might be useful to the chaplain, as a record of his attempt and failure; but he must be content with a verbal refusal, if he can obtain no other; and it is probable that a verbal decision would be more readily reversed than a refusal in writing. Perhaps a respectful request, made from time to time to the captain to reconsider his decision, would, in the end, gain his sanction.

Any collision between the chaplain and the captain may interfere most materially with the chaplain's power of being useful. He should, therefore, be most watchful not to import any personal feelings into the discussion, but, on the contrary, so to manage it as to retain the captain's friendship and respect. However uncalled for the captain may consider the chaplain's request to be; however indifferent the captain may be to religion (and the number of such are, thank God, decreasing), yet his respect for the chaplain's zeal must be increased by the repetition of the request, provided it is placed before him in a proper manner. It is on record, that in olden time, in Drake's ship, if we remember right, the Daily Service was said in the presence of the whole crew, when the duties of the service and the state of the weather permitted it. It is much to be desired that the practice should be revived; and how useful, and as we believe grateful, such services would have been in our arctic voyages, and especially to a religious person like Captain McClure, the recent and most interesting narrative of his voyage goes far to prove.

In all large vessels (including frigates) there is a portion of one of the decks appropriated to the sick. It is probable that many captains who would object to a public service for the whole

ship's company, would *not* object to the service being performed for the benefit of the sick ; and no obstacle would probably be placed in the way of anyone else attending who chose to do so. There appear, therefore, to be four lines of conduct which a chaplain should be prepared for a captain's adopting. (1) A denial that there is any obligation in the matter (under the Article of War and the Rubric), and a refusal to give permission for a daily service either in public, or in the sick quarters. In this case the chaplain can pursue no other course than that of 'saying the service in private.' (2) A denial that there is any obligation in the matter, but giving a permission for a service in the morning or evening, or both, in the *sick quarters*. (3) An admission of the obligation, and a permission for a daily service morning and evening, or both, to be performed in public—shortened as necessary by the circumstance of the case, but not making it obligatory on the officers and men to attend.\* (4) An admission of the obligation, and an enforced attendance.

Without discussing the desirableness of an enforced attendance, we must state that we understand that it has been adopted in some ships with the best effect on the moral and religious tone of the officers and men ; and we believe that we are justified in stating, that if a statistical investigation were made, it would be found that, as a general rule, there is much less crime and punishment in those ships in which daily prayer and praise is offered up in public to Almighty God, than in others where the practice has not been adopted.

But even if a daily service is the rule on board a ship, the chaplain must be prepared to find that circumstances (of the urgency of which he can be no judge) will frequently occur to prevent the service from being performed, and he must expect that such interferences may happen on consecutive days, and for long periods of time. A practice has been adopted by some captains of having prayers in their cabins in the morning, at which the attendance of the midshipmen is obligatory, and of the other officers optional. If the chaplain cannot succeed in obtaining the captain's consent for a service in public, or for domestic prayers, he may, perhaps, be permitted to attend at the midshipmen's school table, and say with them the Psalms for the day, and some of the Church Prayers, before they commence their daily studies. And even if he is unsuccessful in all his attempts, his willingness and anxiety, and especially his offer to perform his duty zealously and consistently, will assist him in individual cases in obtaining an influence for good.

It is argued that there are advantages in making the attendance of the officers and men *obligatory*, which are stated in this way ; and as the attendance of the crew at public worship is



obligatory on Sundays, their arguments are worth attending to. It is said that many men who would even from the first prize the opportunity of attending the service, would shrink from doing so *voluntarily* for fear of being accused of trying to curry favour with the captain, while hypocrites would be regular attendants. So long as human nature remains as at present constituted, the strongest-minded people will shrink from such an accusation. A captain, therefore, who stops short of making the attendance obligatory, incurs the responsibility of placing a formidable obstacle in the way of well-disposed but over-sensitive men attending the service, and has offered a premium to hypocrisy. Some years since, and contemporaneously with the Evangelical movement in England, there was what is entitled a 'religious revival' in the Royal Navy: one of the most common remarks on this revival was, that it had given birth to a mass of hypocrisy in those ships which were commanded by religious captains. These officers were accused, whether justly or unjustly it would be difficult at this interval of time to prove, of unduly favouring and advancing to higher ratings indifferent sailors, who had gained their attention and esteem by an affectation of religious conversation, by reading their Bibles in conspicuous places, on deck, &c. The numerous rewards placed by the Admiralty at the captain's disposal, are entrusted to him to bestow in such a manner as shall best encourage the active, zealous, and intelligent seamen. If he allows himself to be in the slightest degree influenced to neglect one such man, in order to favour another whom he may consider a more religious man although not so good a sailor, he grievously neglects his duty, and runs a great risk of making the moral and religious tone of the ship unsound, by encouraging or permitting merely voluntary attendance at religious services.

As to the details of Divine Service, there is, as some of our readers may know, a certain dignity and impressiveness in it, though quite of a peculiar kind. It may be that ritual and sacramental religion have not flourished in the navy, because it is impossible to celebrate it with such external accompaniments as it requires. Kneeling is rarely practised on board ship at Divine Service. There are difficulties in the way; the deck is often damp, the stools would fall if knelt upon, &c., but if the example was set by the officers, some plan would be hit upon of enabling the men to kneel. The attendance at evening service on board ship, on Sundays, is generally voluntary, but we have known it very well attended. It may be an act of great self-denial on the part of the captain not to join it, but if the attendance is voluntary, his appearing at it would probably deter many men from joining it, for the reasons to which we already

have alluded. If the service is performed, as is generally the case, near his cabin bulkhead, he may join it without being visible.

The boys of the ship, with a little instruction, might form, and in some instances do form, a very good choir. If there is a band, the musical portion of the service may be very well managed. A harmonium, which never gets out of tune, has been found very effective. Officers and men soon take a pride in the way in which the service of their own ship is conducted. The captain and chaplain will often find it advisable to keep rather in the background, and, as is the case in parishes, to allow the management of the Church music, chanting, &c. to be a voluntary offering on the part of those, one or more, among the officers who take an interest in it. More zeal and interest will be exhibited when this is done, than when the higher authorities are moving in the matter.

We now proceed to examine *The Captain's Instructions*, 1 and 2.

These instructions for the guidance of captains authorize a chaplain to appeal to him for assistance in carrying out any practice which he may conceive will tend to the advancement of religion or the diminution of vice and immorality. Fortunately those scenes of debauchery of every description which occurred universally on board our ships when in harbour in England, are rarely witnessed now; swearing, at least among the officers, is becoming rarer every day. The stoppage of the evening allowance of grog has made drunkenness among the seamen on board ship an exception, instead of, as it was, the rule; for the practice of accumulating a large quantity for the purpose of a debauch has become so much more difficult, that it has been almost entirely abandoned. The moral atmosphere of a man-of-war is, authorities who are to be trusted assure us, better than that of most public institutions on shore, where there is free intercourse among her inmates.

It is almost universal now for captains to take a deeper personal interest in the midshipmen and naval cadets than heretofore. A little care and supervision over them, as to the officers whom they accompany on shore, the time they come on board, the houses at which they visit, the debts they incur, a limit to the amount of wine they are allowed to drink on board, to the money their friends or parents are allowed to give them, &c., will amply reward the captain, who will see growing up around him a gentlemanly, well-conducted, modest set of young officers, to whose future career he may look forward with confidence, and whose progress to distinction he may confidently hope to watch; but he must not shrink from weeding out, if necessary, any incorrigible boys whose presence might injure the others.

We may remark incidentally that it is the practice, in the

Royal Navy, to excuse from attendance at Divine Service all Roman Catholics. In harbour, arrangements are, or should be, made for their attending mass on shore. It has been supposed that indifferent men would declare themselves to be Roman Catholics, in order to escape attendance at the services on board, and procuring an opportunity of going on shore; but this has not been found to be the case.

We now come to the practical working of the system: and recur to *The Chaplain's Instructions*. (1.) That the cordial support of the captain must ever be of the greatest assistance to the chaplain it is impossible to deny; but even if withheld through indifference or opposition, there is still a field of labour among the sick, among the boys, among his own messmates, and the junior officers, in which he can labour. The chaplain can, at least, take the place of an elder brother to the older officers, of a father to the younger officers, and may, every day, avail himself of opportunities for quietly influencing all. The great power for good or evil which the captain of a man-of-war possesses, will be an additional incentive to the chaplain to endeavour to obtain a lasting influence over those young officers who may eventually hold the same responsible and important position.

And here we must remark that the most critical period of a naval chaplain's career is generally his first week on board: any false step taken at this time may injure for ever his power of being useful in his vocation. And a naval chaplain is subject to difficulties arising from another peculiarity of his life. There is this great difference between the position of a chaplain on board ship, and a clergyman in his parish on shore; that the latter only meets his parishioners occasionally, viz. either in his visits to them, or in general society, where familiar intercourse lasts only for a short period. But on board ship the chaplain is, to an extent not easily appreciated until tried, always in close contact with, and within hearing of, those around him (his messmates). Great as is the improvement in the conversation and manners of naval officers, yet loose talk, inuendo, *double entendre*, profane language, is still occasionally to be heard among them; and if issuing from the mouth of a witty man, it is at times very difficult for those even who are most anxious to walk uprightly to avoid being surprised into a smile. This is the temptation to which a naval chaplain is exposed in the first week. The check which his presence creates must be unwelcome to those who indulge in such conversation; his conduct, on first hearing it, will be carefully watched, and his whole after-influence may depend upon that conduct. Two extremes, of course, are equally to be avoided:

the chaplain must be on his guard not to countenance, by even the most remote assent of look or word, the offence against decency; and he must be on his guard against personal vituperation and that natural religious horror which would induce him to reprimand the officer on the spot, or report him to the captain. A judicious chaplain, unless the language is so gross that he feels it incumbent on him to leave the table or the mess-room, will await his opportunity, and quietly, without witnesses, will speak to the offender in such terms that few, even of the most hardened, could resist, and no one could be offended with.

(2.) The opportunities for instructing the midshipmen and naval cadets will probably be of the chaplain's own making, except on Sunday, when, there being no secular instruction, he might assemble them together in the schoolroom. As a general rule, captains allow their fore cabins to be used as a schoolroom; but where this is not done, a table is placed between two guns, and a screen hung round it. The office of naval instructor is sometimes held by the chaplain, but it is doubtful whether it gives him a beneficial influence over his young pupils. In a large ship, both offices cannot be held by the same man without the duties of one or the other being more or less neglected. The assistance which is provided for the chaplain in the instruction of the ship boys is explained in Article 4 of the chaplain's instructions. The boys are generally assembled on Sunday afternoon, and taught by the chaplain. He will find on inquiry, reference to their parents, &c., that some of them have not been baptized, and very few confirmed. The steps which he will think it necessary to take in these cases will, in practice, depend upon the importance he attaches to those holy ordinances. Chaplains have prepared boys for both. He will find Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, and Wesleyans, &c., among the crew. His treatment of their cases will depend very much on his own views. No two chaplains will pursue, in all probability, the same course. He must not be surprised if he receives orders from the captain not to proselytize: but what is done in a parish may be done on board ship.

(3.) That the style of the sermons preached to seamen is, as a general rule, above their comprehension, is a common complaint, and perhaps a more reasonable one than what is now the fashion to say about our sermons generally. Short, forcible, practical sermons are, of course, best suited to their circumstances, habits, education, and temptations. Chaplains would do well to study the character of English seamen; they will find that there are some marked differences between them and the peasant class on shore from which they are in the first place drawn. From being continually thrown on his own resources, a sailor's

mind expands more rapidly than his brother's at the plough tail. He is from the age of twelve to twenty-one under instruction of one kind or another. Between the ages of twelve and sixteen, he receives instruction every day in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and as an officer's servant, learns to be clean, handy, and to wait at table. After sixteen, if he is promoted to be a first class boy, he learns various branches, of seamanship and gunnery, and at twenty-one, if of average intelligence, may be considered as ranking at least with the class of 'skilled workmen' on shore; whereas his brother at the plough tail probably left school at twelve, and at twenty-one, having forgotten all his school acquirements, has only learnt how to make a straight furrow, and to guide a team of horses. The amount of intelligence that is developed in seamen on board men-of-war (seamen in merchant-ships are not nearly so well looked after or instructed) removes them from that class who are said to be best pleased when addressed from pulpits in language which they cannot possibly understand, and fits them for the reception of the plain, simple truths of the Gospel clothed in the nervous, forcible, unambiguous language which will carry conviction to their hearts.

(4.) Considerable difficulty has been experienced in filling up the appointments of seamen-schoolmaster. This officer's pay is 3*l.* 2*s.* a month, or 36*l.* 10*s.* a year; his rations are provided for him, and he is allowed to allot 1*l.* 6*s.* a month to any one he chooses to name, and when the residue accumulates above a certain small sum, he may remit it also. They are entitled to long service pensions. The high rate of pay obtained by schoolmasters on shore, under the national system of education, prevents men above a certain low average of attainments from entering on board ship except under peculiar circumstances. The seamen-schoolmaster has no mess place separate from the ship's company. He is often allowed to mess with the master-at-arms, but owing to the nature of that person's duties, his mess-table is in some central position where he can best see and hear what is passing among the ship's company. Privacy and retirement, so desirable for a schoolmaster, are impossible in such a position; but this, which is felt as a great hardship by any well-educated, serious man, is susceptible of alteration if properly represented to the Board of Admiralty. The regulations regarding the seamen-schoolmaster are as follows (P. 57, Admiralty Instructions):—

*'Seamen's Schoolmaster.*—The person to fill the rating of Seamen's Schoolmaster is to be entered or selected by the Commanding Officer of the ship, with the approbation of the Admiralty.

*'Vacancies occurring abroad may be filled up from the Ship's Company,*

if a person properly qualified be found on board. If not, one may be taken from any other ship with the consent of his Commanding Officer and the approbation of the senior officer present.

*Qualification.*—The Seamen's Schoolmaster is to be competent to teach reading, writing, arithmetic, so far as the rules of common arithmetic, including the rule of three.

*Examination.*—He is to be examined as to his fitness by the Naval Instructor of the Flag Ship of the port where his ship may be fitted out, or by some other competent person to be named by the Port Admiral, or by the Senior Officer in any port abroad; and the examiner is to give a certificate of his fitness, which is to be countersigned by the Captain of the ship, and delivered to the party.

*Tuition.*—Any petty officer, seaman, or marine, who may wish to avail himself of this means of education, is to be taught by the Seamen's Schoolmaster, and all the boys are to be put under his instruction.

Arrangements are to be made by the Commanding Officer of Her Majesty's ship, so as to allow the men and boys to attend for the said purpose, as far as may be permitted consistently with the proper discharge of the duties of the ship.

The education of the ship boys, the keeping alive in them the good seed planted in their parish-schools, may be made an occupation of great interest to the chaplain and seamen-schoolmaster, who, in many instances, have obtained an influence over their young pupils which has lasted for years, and assisted them, by God's blessing, in avoiding or repelling the temptations by which sailors are so frequently beset. It is not, perhaps, generally known that the establishment of Sailors' Homes in all our principal seaports has enabled a sailor to lodge himself respectably, which was impossible so long as the only houses open to him were the lowest description of tavern and boarding-house.

As the portion of the day during which boys on board ship can be spared from other duties is necessarily small, there is great need of system in allotting it. A form is appended of a weekly report to the captain, to be signed by the seamen-schoolmaster and chaplain. This report shows at a glance how long each boy has been under instruction during the day in quarters of hours, and how he has conducted himself; the subjects he has been studying; the cause of his absence, &c. A prompt, though slight punishment, consisting of extra work in leisure hours, and proportioned in amount to the deficiency in numbers between the figures in the Conduct and Time Columns, will be found sufficient for all minor offences. The corporeal punishments which are in reserve will rarely be found necessary for any offence in school.

It is expected that the whole question of education in the Royal Navy, both of the young officers, the seamen, and the boys, will be put on an improved footing; but except as naval instruction, the naval chaplain will probably not be affected by any change.

FORM OF REPORT OF INSTRUCTION GIVEN TO BOYS, *June 2d, 1856.*

BOY'S NAME.	Rank of the Boy's MASTER.	Number of Quarter-hours present. This number to-day ought to be 12.	Number expressing Conduct. Full numbers being equal to number in preceding column. Reason for deficiency.	How employed.	Number of Quarter-hours spent.	Reason.	Remarks.	
Jno. Smith .....	Commander...	12	12	...	Writing	0	...	{ Very attentive.
Wm. Thompson...	1st Lieutenant	12	10	Inattention.	from	0	...	
Henry Jones .....	2d "	10	10	...	Dictation	2	{ Employed by Master.	{ Ditto.
Michael Flanagan.	3d "	0	...	...		12	Sick.	
Samuel Wilkins ...	4th "	0	...	...	in	12	On leave.	{ Slow, but very willing.
Edmd. Norcot.....	Chaplain .....	10	10	...	Forenoon.	2	{ Employed by Master.	
Richd. Spence.....	Master .....	12	12	...	Cyphering	0	...	{ Much improved.
Arthur Ricketts...	Surgeon .....	8	4	Idleness.	in	4	{ Assisting Steward.	
Spencer Rouse ..	Asst. Surgeon	10	5	Idleness.	Afternoon.	2	{ Employed by Master.	{ Great readiness.
Charles R'ce .....	Naval Instruc.	10	10	...		2	Ditto.	
Eldred Wymys .....	Chief Engineer	7	7	...		5	{ Exercising at	
George Saunders..	Paymaster ....	6	4	Inattention.		6	Gun-drill.	

(Signed) ERASMUS JOHNSON, *Chaplain.*JOHN THOMPSON, *S. Schoolmaster.*

Boys with deficient Numbers.	{ Wm. Thompson, 2
	{ A. Ricketts, 4
	{ S. Rouse, 5
	{ G. Saunders, 2

The following Boys to have as many quarter-hours extra study as they are deficient in good numbers. } JOHN LAWSON, CAPTAIN.

(5) Unless the chaplain makes a practice of seeing the sick constantly, reading to them, &c., his first visit to a very sick man will be considered a proof that his case is deemed hopeless, will alarm him, and will, probably, induce the surgeon to forbid the chaplain from seeing him. This unfortunate result will, therefore, have taken place; viz. that a case which the most careless and indifferent chaplain would be anxious to attend, will be necessarily neglected; since, instead of the visit having, as it ought, a soothing and quieting effect, it alarms, disturbs, and interferes with the medical treatment of the patient.

We conclude with the material aspect of the naval chaplain and his endowment.

(6) The chaplain's pay is as follows:—

	£	s.	d.	
Above 10 years' service afloat . . . . .	200	15	0	per annum.
Under " " " . . . . .	182	10	0	"
Under 3 years' " " . . . . .	161	4	2	"

Additional pay if the Chaplain is a Naval officer:—

Above 10 years as Naval Instructor . . . . .	136	17	6	per annum.
" 7 " " " . . . . .	115	11	8	"
" 3 " " " . . . . .	104	18	9	"
Under 3 " " " . . . . .	95	16	3	"
Tuition allowance for each young gentleman instructed. " . . . . .	5	0	0	"

*Half-pay of Chaplains.*

	£	s.	d.	
After 8 years' service at sea as chaplain . . .	91	5	0	per annum.
After 10 years' " under new regulation . . .	91	5	0	"
For each year's longer service than 8 at sea, 6d. } per diem additional until it reach }	182	10	0	"

*Additional Half-pay for Chaplains and Naval Instructors.*

After 15 years' service, one-half of the highest rate of half-pay of Naval Instructor, in addition to the half-pay to which they may be entitled as Chaplains.

*Naval Instructors.*

	£	s.	d.	
After their first entry . . . . .	36	10	0	per annum.
After 3 years' service on full pay . . . . .	54	15	0	"
" 10 " " . . . . .	82	2	6	"
" 15 " " . . . . .	91	5	0	"
" 20 " " . . . . .	127	15	0	"

We make no apology for these remarks, which it were easy to extend; but we have found from our own experience, how very little is known of the actual work of religion, either as to its services or ministers on board ship. Even the best arranged system must be subject to many special difficulties and interruptions; and the profitable exercise of the chaplain's duties must depend more or less upon the good will of the captain. The chaplain, perhaps necessarily, is but an officer of the ship, and must be subject in his ministry to personal influences—not perhaps to the extent of Drake's unfortunate chaplain, Fletcher, who, for an inconvenient piece of spiritual advice on the sin of piracy and cruelty, was not only chained to the deck by that ferocious buccaneer, but, by a strange inversion of their respective offices, was 'solemnly excommunicated and delivered over to the devil and his angels,' by Drake himself—but still he is a good deal hampered. Our Church has at any rate a speciality, we believe, above all extant communions, in ordering a solemn daily service on board at least Her Majesty's fleet. This is only befitting the greatest naval service in the world; and the Forms of Prayer to be used at Sea constitute a solitary and curious memorial of the days of the Protectorate, during which for the first time a *Form of Prayer* was actually compiled, and by those who originated the Puritan Directory, for the Navy. The existence of such a daily order for public service ought, as in some cases we know that it does, to serve as a standing warning not only to naval chaplains, but to naval captains. How frequently, and with what ceremonial and order the Holy Eucharist is administered at sea, we are not aware; but on the eve of a naval battle, as frequently was the case in Marlborough's campaigns, and also in the late war, we can quite understand that a zealous chaplain would find opportunities of exercising,



in a most impressive and useful way, the highest office of the priesthood. Nor can we avoid remarking that naval chaplains, by the order of their services, as well as by personal intercourse, might do much in furthering that good work now in progress under Mr. Meyrick's auspices, of making known our church principles in foreign parts and ports. Such occasions ought always to be gratefully seized; and the writer of these pages remembers an occasion on which it fell to him to bury with the rites of the English church a Spaniard who died on board a British steamer in the Atlantic; and of the good effects of that service in convincing the many foreigners on board both of the existence, and of what was thus practically brought before them, of the order and form of English religion.

## NOTICES.

'The Epistle to the Ephesians,' by Samuel H. Turner, D.D. (Dana and Co., New York). This useful and laborious edition of a very profound and difficult Epistle reflects considerable credit on the scriptural exegesis of America. It consists of a brief, but not very able, Introduction, a good and full analysis of the argument and contents, a Greek text and the authorized version in parallel columns, and a long exegetical commentary. The text is mainly that of the Elzevirs, but is altered in a few places, where modern criticism seemed imperatively to demand it. This alteration, however, has the effect of putting the Greek and its parallel English column at variance, sometimes perplexingly so, *e. g.* ch. i. 18, iii. 9, v. 23. The commentary is long, but pleasantly written, and far more readable than its first appearance would lead us to expect. The German editions of Harless, Stier, Olshausen, De Wette, and Meyer, are constantly referred to, and the English student is placed fairly *au courant* with the best foreign exegesis. We are glad to observe that, in Eph. v. 26, Dr. Turner rejects the untenable position of Eadie, that the washing of water there mentioned *symbolizes* the pardon of sin. Not only in this passage, but in many others, we prefer this edition to the prolix and somewhat pretentious commentary of the Scotch Professor. The scholarship is occasionally not accurate (ch. i. 23, ἦτις; ch. v. 24, ἀλλά, 'a particle of transition'; ch. vi. 10, λοιπόν, 'governed by καὶ'); but for this the editor makes an apology in his preface, which the general value of the commentary will leave the reader not unwilling to accept.

'St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians,' by Henry T. J. Dagge, B.A. (Nisbet). This is a meritorious and creditable production. It is, we believe, the first essay of the author in critical exposition; and considering the difficulty of the subject, and the somewhat limited appliances of the editor, must be pronounced satisfactory and successful. The German commentators, some of whom have illustrated this Epistle extremely well, are so uniformly passed over as to lead us to suppose that the editor is unacquainted with that language, and has thus been unable to avail himself of the best modern criticism. We notice with surprise, that even the able *Latin* commentary of Winer has been but little, if at all, made use of. The text is for the most part satisfactory, and the critical notes are simple and intelligible: by giving in these a prominence to the notice of the received text, the reader is able rapidly to see the amount and nature of the changes. The chief aim of the commentary has been 'to place the criticism of the Greek Testament upon a Greek and remove it from a Hebrew basis,' and this has for the most part been carried out uniformly and consistently. As the title-page informs us that it is intended principally 'for the use of ministers and students of Theology,' we should have been glad to have noticed more references to our standard divines. When will our modern

commentators learn to avail themselves of those scattered stores of exegesis to which Bacon long ago called attention, and which we might almost say with him, if collected together, would 'form the best work in divinity which had been written since the apostles' times?'

'A Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans,' by Rev. Edward Purdue, A.M. (Oldham: Dublin). We cannot speak very highly of this commentary. It is laborious, and displays some amount of reading, but appears to us destitute of that breadth of biblical learning and sagacity of criticism which ought certainly to mark every attempt to expound such an Epistle as that of St. Paul to the Romans. It consists of a slightly revised Translation, with foot-notes principally of a homiletical and practical character, and embodying occasional quotations from good English divines; and closes with an appendix, in which, in unaccented characters, somewhat disagreeably affecting the eye, the chief difficulties in the Greek text are noticed and discussed. As the editor's *apparatus exegeticus* does not here appear to have extended far beyond Alford, Olshausen, and, we are glad to add, Chrysostom, we do not find much that we are not already familiar with: when, for instance, on Rom. vi. 13, Mr. Purdue remarks that 'Mr. Alford is the only commentator (so far as I know) that has taken any 'notice of the change' (from *παριστάvere* to *παρστήvere*), he shows how very limited has been his reading in the best modern commentaries. He does not seem to be aware of such a book as Winer's 'Grammar of the New Testament,' in which he will find this instance duly noticed. Though there is thus but narrow reading and not much scholarship, we still recognise many sound and sensible comments; but they are not of sufficient quality or quantity to lead us to modify our opinion, that it is undesirable for men of only moderate biblical attainments to undertake such works as commentaries on St. Paul's Epistles. There are many other subjects to which their industry might be more profitably applied.

The very late period of the quarter at which we have received Mr. T. W. Perry's 'Lawful Church Ornaments' (Masters), precludes our giving the volume the attention which it deserves. This work, which owes its origin to the recent cases of Westerton and Beale *versus* Liddell, is an inductive history of English Ritualism, compiled and illustrated out of contemporaneous documents from the Reformation downwards. While in the ground it travels over, and the conclusions which it supports, it agrees generally with that well-known compilation, the 'Hierurgia Anglicana,' its framework is different, and we think, upon the whole, superior. The 'Hierurgia,'—a volume full of most curious and diversified learning, but which appeared in numbers, at distant and irregular intervals, in days of less matured ecclesiological science,—attempts a classification which it is not always able to maintain. Besides, the quotations separated from their context, and destitute of explanatory letter-press, are liable, however unjustly, to the charge of garbling brought against them not only by Mr. Goode, but, in a much more authoritative quarter, by Mr. J. C. Robertson. Against such imputations the narrative form adopted by Mr. Perry is a sufficient safeguard, and he establishes not only his own case, but the good faith of the earlier volume. Besides, he is able to introduce

a far larger body of quotations than if the other system had been followed. We are, indeed, surprised at the strength of the case as he puts it, and Mr. Perry deserves the highest praise both for the industry with which he has brought together his various materials, and the good sense and acuteness he has displayed in arranging and dealing with them. Whatever may be the immediate result of the pending suits, the book will, we are satisfied, be a standing work of reference upon a subject most important to any Church whose life is vigorous and real. Mr. Goode's volume on 'Church Ornaments' is frequently referred to in the course of Mr. Perry's arguments, and receives the justice which it deserves.

There is a remarkable amount of present activity displaying itself, not so much of schismatics against the Church, as of schism trying to profit by the difficulties, often exaggerated, and of the divisions whose danger cannot be too seriously regarded, in the Church. And yet, curiously enough, it is not that schism now-a-days develops its 'distinctive principles': the only chance for dissent is to take the Church's place. This, perhaps, is the most remarkable testimony to the extent and substantial victory of Church principles. Every denomination now is a Church. Meeting-houses are scraps of Cathedrals. Instead of the old-fashioned denunciations of the 'Kist of Whistles,' we now have choral classes in all the Bethesdas: and they who once denounced the surplice as a rag of Antichrist, now print liturgies, and effloresce in painted glass and diapered walls. The Church seems, like Waller's Eagle, struck with a shaft fledged from its own wing. This state of things has, of course, its satisfactory as well as its painful side: we call attention to it now only in one of its aspects, viz. the amazing activity, or, perhaps, the attempts at activity, which distinguish the more ecclesiastical communities: we allude more particularly to the Irvingites and the Swedenborgians. From the latter we have received some numbers of a periodical called 'The New Churchman' (White), from which we learn that this body has several periodicals, and that it proposes with the new year to issue a newspaper. Its connexion, often disavowed, but very patent, with 'Spiritualism,' is, perhaps, familiar to some of our readers: not so that its principles are often held by those nominally not only in communion with, but in the ministry of other bodies. Mr. Hartley, rector of Winwick, and Mr. Clowes, a Manchester clergyman, were avowed Swedenborgians: Mr. Clissold, the translator of Swedenborg, an English clergyman, is, or was recently, in the habit of communicating in the Church of England: 'Dr. Kahl, Dean of the Cathedral of Lund, in Sweden,' has lately visited this country as the accredited representative of Swedish Swedenborgianism: and, from very opposite quarters, Professor Bush, Mr. George Dawson, the political lecturer and preacher, and Mr. Emerson, the American pantheist, are, if not disciples, eulogists of Swedenborg. Its connexion with the Phonetic Journal—better known as the 'Fonetic Nuz'—is, perhaps, only the accidental one, that Mr. Pitman, of Bath, the great Phonetic apostle, is, we suppose, a Swedenborgian. We have received also from Mr. White, the London publisher of the Swedenborg books, a monograph, of which he is author as well as publisher: 'Swedenborg: his Life and Writings' (White). It presents, in a compact and readable form, the biography, and a syllabus of the works of one who has exercised no small

influence on minds which, perhaps, in a better state of things, the Church might have attracted. Among its minor points, we learn that Swedenborg has no right to his common distinction of 'Baron.'—'A Letter to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford' (Hamman, late Graham), is from a Swedenborgian writer, and its object seems to be, from the crash of opposing 'views' in the Church, to make theological capital for the 'New Church.' There is a great deal of ability in this pamphlet, and we notice it as at least a phenomenon in Oxford.

From the Irvingite community, in addition to a sort of summons to obedience which, no doubt, most of our clerical readers received recently, and which professed to welcome all inquirers, we have received 'An Appeal to English Churchmen' (Boswell and Harrison). It claims to be instigated by 'the present distracted state of the Church of England.' It has at least this value, that, being written outside the Church of England, it assumes, and on this assumption grounds its appeal, that the theory of the Church of England is the Sacramental one.

If any of our readers have a taste for the *coulisses* of theology, and feel any interest in the 'Rivulet Controversy,' we may mention that we have seen 'What's it all about?' by Mr. Brewin Grant, who, we suppose on the strength of some Scotch kinship, does battle for the Editor of the pot-house Journal (Collingridge); also 'Protesters and Peace-Makers,' by W. Palmer (Collingridge), which proves to us that there is a lower depth in dissenting virulence than that fathomed by 'Dr.' Campbell. And, on the other side, there is Mr. Binney's 'Letter' (Jackson and Walford), and the 'Ethics of Quotation.' The main fact is, that so completely has this matter broken up the dissenting theological organization, that it was found impossible to assemble the Congregational Union this year—that is, the Convocation of the Independents was indefinitely prorogued, in order that its members might, at least in public, keep the peace.

In some connexion with this subject, so far, at least, as the thought of the divisions of others ought to teach us to look at home and regret our own, we are reminded of Mr. T. T. Carter's beautiful sermon, 'The Life of the Saints' (Masters), which he preached at the temporary church of All Saints, Margaret Street (now approaching to completion). The preacher pursues, in part, the theme treated in a former sermon, 'Inward Life and Outward Troubles,' but rises to a higher contemplation of the Christian life, as a constant tendency towards that perfection realized in a measure in departed saints, but hereafter to be filled out in the glories of heaven.

'Modern Manicheism and other Poems' (J. W. Parker), are the reminiscences in verse of an ordinary reader of modern poems. Having read 'Hohenlinden,' the present writer turn it into 'Balaklava' thus:—

At flanking battery, left and right,  
At battery on confronting height,  
And serried army opposite,  
The General glances gloomily.

And, after a patient study of what was, perhaps, not worth copying, Tennyson's 'Merman,' we have a 'Song of the Sirens,' thus:—

'Where on roses  
She reposes,  
And for thee her veil unclothes,  
While Desire,  
Nestling by her,' &c. &c.

Miss—or Mrs.—Hinxman's 'Poems' (Longmans), show an ear alive to melody, pleasing thoughts, and good principles. These are materials of poetry: but what we lack in so many writers of this class is a study of nature and of man, rather than of books and the accredited language of poetry.

Mr. Hartwell Horne's 'Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures' (Longmans), is a work which has attained that sort of character and reputation as a standard, that we are not going to criticise it. It is not a perfect, nor altogether a consistent, work; indeed, being mostly a compilation, it could hardly be so. Nor, indeed, is it necessary that it should be this; the object of such a work being to tell us all about the subject, rather than to prescribe an exclusive view of it. But certainly it had a characteristic; it reflected generally the safe and orthodox, and—what we care not if it is called—the old-fashioned, and so far the Church's, view on inspiration. It could always be referred to as a *safe* book; because it was this, it had won its way in all colleges and schools. From time to time the work has been improved and enlarged, and always by the author. But Mr. Horne is no longer equal to the duty of keeping his work *au courant* with the literature of the age. A new edition of 'Horne's Introduction' has been published under the conjoint names of the author, and of a Dr. Davidson, and Dr. Tregelles. By the title inserted in Longmans' catalogue, we are only led to suppose that it is 'brought down to the present time' by the coadjutors. We buy the book on the faith of its being the old book of our youth. It turns out that Dr. Davidson, an Independent minister, (a fact carefully suppressed in the title-page,) has rewritten about a whole volume, and has introduced his speculations on the inspiration of Scripture, which are decidedly rationalistic. The book is, therefore, utterly worthless, and in its present shape we caution the public against purchasing it. As to the parties concerned, we have to remark that Dr. Davidson is merely a sharp practitioner who, having got hold of a standard book, thought proper to make fraudulent use of it and of Mr. Horne's name, for foisting his heterodox opinions on the world. As to Mr. Hartwell Horne, his character stands unimpeached if, as we believe, the proof-sheets of the objectionable matter were not brought under his notice. He, of course, has a very serious matter of complaint against Dr. Davidson and Messrs. Longman—who, in turn, have their grievance against Dr. Davidson. We are bound, however, to remark that 'Horne's Introduction' is, to all intents and purposes, a Church of England book; and that both Mr. Horne and Messrs. Longman ought not to have entrusted any literary share in altering it to a dissenting professor, especially to one who, judging from his contributions to the 'American Bibliotheca Sacra,' is possessed of such very slender stores of scholarship and criticism as Dr. Davidson. When the introduction of the surreptitious and offensive matter was discovered, Mr. Horne complains,

and Messrs. Longman apply a remedy to the case which we pronounce to be very unsatisfactory. They offer to sell the four volumes separately; Dr. Davidson's by itself,\* and the other three by themselves. This is a wrong to the public and to Mr. Horne, who has a right either to have his original volume reprinted, or another volume by a competent and orthodox scholar substituted for Dr. Davidson's imposition. As it stands, Mr. Horne's book is mutilated. Nor can we think that the justice of the case is met, unless Dr. Davidson's volume is suppressed; at present it is only branded, and while on sale, and ranging with 'Horne's Introduction,' and filling a gap in it, it will more or less accompany it. As far as we see at present, Mr. Horne has the heaviest right to complain, since, as against Dr. Davidson, if the facts are what they appear to be, there ought to be, on the publishers' side, a legal remedy. Anyhow, unless Dr. Davidson can produce a clear contract with Mr. Horne, authorizing him to insert his particular views on inspiration in Mr. Horne's own book, we must say that a grosser case of literary unfaithfulness and even of moral obliquity we never met with.

Mr. Swainson's 'Essay on the History of Article XXIX. and of the 13th Eliz. cap. 12' (Macmillan), has this antecedent advantage, that it is written by one who goes great lengths in condemning not only Archdeacon Denison's prudence and temper, but his doctrine. On the former point we, too, are at unfortunate issue with the Archdeacon, and on the latter we cannot go further than plead for its toleration, unable, on this point, to endorse Mr. Swainson's acquiescence in the Lushington judgment. We say this because such a consideration enhances the value of Mr. Swainson's Essay, which is purely of an historical character. He comes, after a very acute discussion, fortified by extensive documentary evidence, to the conclusion, that the articles alluded to in 13th Eliz. did not—as we have already intimated our belief—include Article XXIX. Dr. Bennett's book, which, we own, staggered us, is, we now think, fully and sufficiently disposed of by Mr. Swainson. The pamphlet does the writer very great credit.

'Lectures in Aid of Self-Improvement, addressed to Young Men' (Longmans), by J. T. Lynch, are, we believe, by the author of 'The Rivulet.' This little volume seems to be the production, at any rate, of a man of letters, and of one who has thought and read at least to this purpose, that he has learned self-respect, and that he understands what is required of a Christian gentleman,—a circumstance which accounts for the peculiar and characteristic ferocity of the 'Morning Advertiser,' and the 'dissenting circles' represented by Dr. Campbell and Messrs. Palmer and Grant.

It will, with most of our readers, be enough to announce a new volume of 'Sermons' (Rivingtons) by Mr. Isaac Williams. The subject is the 'Old Testament Characters,' without what, we venture to think, is a modern and sentimental tone occasionally to be traced in Mr. Wilson Evans' series of 'Scripture Biography,' and without the artificial straining after effect displayed in a set on this subject lately published by Mr. Masters. The present volume displays the affectionate tone of the writer, and his deep,

because patristic, insight into Scripture, which has made Mr. Williams' volumes of devotional commentary on the Gospels so popular.

Mr. S. C. Malan's 'Letter to Lord Shaftesbury' (Bell and Daldy) contains, in brief, his excellent argument on the Chinese equivalent for 'God.' His immediate purpose is to compel the Bible Society to abandon its characteristic but treasonable neutrality. The dispute is between the terms *Shang Te* and *Shin*. The former is advocated not so much or not only by Mr. Malan, but by all Chinese scholars; the latter by the American Missionaries. In fact, a theological—or rather literary—question has degenerated into a political feud. It is enough—by way of compressing the question into its smallest limits—to observe that *Shang Te* answers to *Θεός*, and *Shin* to *δαίμων*.

'The Five Gateways of Knowledge,' by Dr. Wilson (Macmillan), is an elegant little *EMMA* of popular science on the five senses.

'A Glorious Church' (King, Philadelphia) is the title of Bishop Doane's Convention Sermon. It must have been very effective in delivery, and is characterised by all the good Bishop's fire and vigour. But we regret, on one account, that it was published. The Bishop is much connected with education, and his example is influential. Now we must say that Bishop Doane's language is not English; and that his syntax is not that of any known tongue, and his doctrine of punctuation is equally abnormal. He is speaking of the Church. 'Promised, in the Garden. First, 'stained, with blood, by Abel's primal altar. Wafted, from universal ruin, 'in the ark. Sprinkled, unto salvation, with the paschal blood. . . . Purchased, on Calvary. . . . The earliest three, now, forty,' &c.

Mr. Gibbings, who has acquired, and deservedly, a reputation for patient inquiries into the byeways of literature, generally directed towards some of the literary and other sins of Rome, has recently recovered the proceedings connected with the trial and execution of Carnesecchi, Secretary to Pope Clement VII. who suffered in 1567. Carnesecchi was a friend of Pole, Saabe, and Benbo, and adopted the principles of the Reformation; and Mr. Gibbings has certainly proved that a Pope has personally condemned a heretic to the flames. The whole essay is well worth reading.—We have a word on a special matter with Mr. Gibbings. Speaking of the advice on Church reform, given by Cardinal Pole and others to the Pope, he says, 'This Counsel is transformed into a Council in the "Christian Remembrancer," for July, 1856, pp. 80, 92.' Did Mr. Gibbings fail to see that though we might (p. 92) speak popularly of the assembled cardinals as a 'Council,'—in no more accurate or strictly ecclesiastical sense than in the phrases, Common Council or Privy Council, we described it as 'a Committee of nine of the most eminent ecclesiastics?' At p. 80 we have not a single word about cardinals, or council, or counsel.

On the Denison controversy, now awaiting its reference to the Privy Council, and therefore, perhaps, demanding the less formal notice at our hands,—except in the way of urging all attention to the fund now collecting for the expenses of a suit in which far higher interests are involved than



those connected with the immediate theology of Archdeacon Denison,—we have to mention an Irvingite ‘Discourse on the Doctrine of the Eucharist’ (Boswell), in which the writer observes that the ‘real question which agitates the opposite parties in the Established Church, extends to the efficacy of consecration and to the nature of the Sacrament.’ (P. 4.) ‘Let both grow together’ (Mozley), a Sermon by Mr. Trevor, preached at York, in which the preacher argues for the toleration of the doctrine excepted against, while professing his own inability to accept it. Two productions by the indefatigable and well-read Mr. Grueber: (1.) ‘A Rejoinder to Rev. A. N. Bull’ (Masters), chiefly in defence of the citations adduced by Mr. Grueber in his ‘Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury;’ and (2.) ‘A Letter to Dr. Lushington’ (Masters), an able and judicious *résumé* of the principal objections urged and entertained against the Bath judgment. ‘A Second Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury’ (Masters), being an exposure of Mr. Goode’s book, in which that very unscrupulous controversialist is severely dealt with, and to whom a more formal reply is in preparation from Dr. Pusey.

Letters to the Primate are on the increase. Mr. D’Orsey, formerly of Glasgow, and now of Madeira, in his ‘Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury’ (Masters), revives the difficulties of the old Church congregation, and we now have the whole unhappy dispute before the world afresh. The original and fundamental mistake was exaggerating the importance of the Bishop of London’s licence: that licence, in our judgment, was never worth anything but a proof of an intrusion, perhaps, under the circumstances of a divided Christendom unavoidable, into another’s diocese. The Bishop of London’s licence could not give Mr. Lowe a canonical status, but that excellent clergyman being in possession, Mr. Browne’s intrusion and appeal to disunion was, in principle and in fact, schismatical. His subsequent whitewashing and licence made him neither better nor worse, though it did furnish him with an *argumentum ad hominem*, which he has not been slow to avail himself of with those who made the validity of the Madeira ministrations dependent on the Bishop of London’s authority. As circumstances are, we believe that neither Mr. Browne nor Mr. D’Orsey have any claims to exclusive ecclesiastical rights; but what Mr. Lowe had, Mr. D’Orsey has; and as there can be no question that the latter gentleman most fairly represents the principles of the Church of England, we should for convenience and propriety’s sake attend his ministrations, as well to mark our dissatisfaction with the whole tenor of Mr. Browne’s ministry, as to testify to the zeal and self-denial with which Mr. D’Orsey, much to his loss, has stood in the breach, and has made many sacrifices for what he feels to be a matter of Christian principle and Church order. The letter is in fact directed only to a subordinate point, in which Mr. D’Orsey succeeds in clearing himself from a charge of suppression of the truth in a correspondence which, being informal and hasty, certainly laid him open to some degree of misunderstanding.

One of the ablest sermons of the quarter, is Mr. John Jebbs’s; ‘The Principles of Ritualism Defended’ (Rivingtons), preached at the consecration of S. Michael’s, Tenbury. He shows that the principle of ritual

solemnity and splendour is Christian and philosophic, as well as, or even more than, æsthetic.

'Professor Blunt's Parish Sermons' (Murray), a posthumous publication, are, we venture in opposition to popular opinion to observe, a model of what plain, familiar, useful sermons ought to be. The simple fact is, that to most of our critics on sermons they are dull, because religion itself is distasteful.

'The Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society,' Vol. I. Part 1 (Nichols), demand the indulgence usually extended to a new candidate; which indulgence we accord, only observing that if this Society is to maintain a position among its archæological brethren, it must not waste its resources and space on the literal reporting of such commonplace and uninteresting talk as most of the speeches delivered at its inauguration and ordinary meetings.

Mrs. Westropp's 'Summer Experiences of Rome' (Sheffington), is generally accurate, but does not supersede, and, consequently, it is a pity that it comes into competition with, our ordinary Murrays and Jamesons. The criticisms are lady-like; such and such pictures are 'very pretty,' a church is 'very beautiful,' and 'I did not like so and so's colouring, or somebody else's singing.' On several occasions Mrs. Westropp calls attention to her familiarity with several languages, and informs us that she reads Greek. Among her accomplishments she has, we suppose, fallen in with some of the lost books of Livy; for at p. 228 she tells us that 'Livy says that Clusium was inhabited by the Ubrians, and called Camers, till Tarchon changed its name to Chlus.' What Livy does say, may be found lib. x. 25.

Admitting, which seems questionable, that any science can be learned by treating each of its elements historically, we think very highly of the series of 'Manuals of Gothic' published by Mr. J. H. Parker. The last which has reached us is on 'Surface Ornament.' We think that we have seen the derivation before, but some of our readers may either have forgotten, as was our own case, or may be ignorant, that '*diaper* is derived from the tapestry hangings, of which the chief mart was Ypres.' (P. 33, n.)

'The Sarum Almanack for 1857' (Salisbury, Brown), is a really good thought: an ordinary Church almanack, with special *diocesan* intelligence—the Cathedral clergy—the diocesan societies and their incomes—the *rota* of preachers at the Cathedral—the rural deaneries—the diocesan obituary—and local matters of great importance and interest.

Parker's 'Church Calendar' is also to be recommended, not because it is an innovation, but because it follows up a good series.

Mr. Cotton's Sermon at the Consecration of the Bishop of London, 'The True Strength and Mission of the Church' (Rivingtons), has been made to bear an interpretation which we dare say the preacher would be among the first to reject. To say that 'more interest ought to be shown in the struggle against positive wickedness, than in some disputes about a cross,'

is so palpable a truism, that one wonders how a thoughtful man could condescend to it, had it not a further meaning, and did it not imply that they who cared most about order and ceremony were least careful about Christian morality. It is possible to use conciliating language in an irritating sense, and when we are warned, in the words of Milton, 'to turn away from unprofitable disputations,' we cannot forget that, if Milton followed his own advice, somehow or other he contrived to be an Arian and a regicide, and that this advocate of toleration did his best to cut off an Archbishop's head. Mr. Cotton, we are quite certain, does not intend this application, but he was speaking *ad populum*, and we much regret that many of his hearers do, as a fact, consider among those 'unprofitable disputations' against which Mr. Cotton protests, only the Articles of the Creed. To take the most extreme case, which party does most for the glory of God, and which most effectually wrestles with the wickedness of London life,—the founders and clergy of S. Barnabas, or Mr. Westerton and such as Mr. Ditcher? Because it is a fact, that the adherents of the latter persons quote Mr. Cotton's sermon in justification of their form of toleration.

Lord Shaftesbury, as we have had occasion to show in these pages, is pachydermatous in his moral constitution. He is judicially incapable of understanding, still less of practising, ordinary morality in matters of controversy. We entertain, therefore, no expectation that Dr. Burgess's letter to Dr. Macbride, 'The Bible and Lord Shaftesbury' (J. H. Parker), will produce the slightest effect on his Lordship, or will prove to him that the whole doctrine of the exclusive sufficiency of the Bible is, in *his* and his school's mouth, a moral inconsistency and absurdity. The occasion of Dr. Burgess's letter is Lord Shaftesbury's recent Oxford speech on the Bible. With the first portion of this letter we are entirely of accord: but we can by no means follow the writer in his views on the expediency of a revised version of our Bible by authority; still less can we acquiesce in Dr. Burgess's scholarship—perhaps another word would be more suitable—in translating (p. 31) S. Augustine's words: 'Quæ cum ita sint, per hujusmodi evangelistarum locutiones *varias, sed non contrarias*, rem plane utilissimam discimus et pernecessariam, nihil in cujusque verbis nos debere inspicere, nisi voluntatem, cui debent verba servire,' by, 'the words of the Evangelists might be *ever so contradictory*, provided only that their *thoughts* were the same.'

'The English Harmony of the Four Gospels' (anonymous, but by Mr. Blackader) (Allan), is a very useful and meritorious attempt, and generally a successful attempt, to convey to the mere English reader the various readings of the principal MSS. and other matters usually confined to scholars. Besides this apparatus, all quotations are specified by a peculiar type, and the parallelisms are pointed according to Jebb's scheme. Besides these obvious advantages of the volume, there are critical notes suggesting improved translations, and exegetic notes generally selected with care and propriety. Although the division into verses is for quotation purposes retained, the text is a paragraph one. Our commendation of this volume does not go beyond its material aspect; the editor will not be surprised if we express our total dissent from many

of his doctrinal explanations: *e. g.* on S. John xx. 22. By way of testing Mr. Blackader's doctrine, we look at S. John iii. 5, and though we find a reference at 'water', yet the body of annotation has nothing in reply.

An extremely beautiful volume, under the title of '*Lauda Syon*' (Masters), is due to the ritual and ecclesiastical studies of Mr. J. David Chambers, already favourably known by his intimate acquaintance with the ancient uses of the English Church. This is a translation of various Latin hymns; and the collection is not confined to our own books. Mr. Chambers makes it a point of honour to retain in his version metres corresponding to those of the originals—a difficulty from which most translators have shrunk. That he has with great success conquered the difficulties of his task, will be admitted by those who know them. In one respect Mr. Chambers has ventured on an innovation, in substituting assonants for perfect rhymes. We will give a specimen, which, as it is from one of the best-known hymns, will serve as an adequate sample of Mr. Chambers' volume, '*Pange lingua gloriosi*.

'O my tongue, rehearse the glory  
Of that famed and wondrous war;  
O'er the Cross, victorious trophy,  
Now thy lays triumphant pour,  
When, though slain, the Saviour nobly  
Vanquished hell for evermore.  
He for our first father mourning,  
Captive in the toils of hell;  
Who, the fatal apple tasting,  
Lured, to death a victim fell,  
Did that tree in mercy marking,  
All its baneful power dispel.'

The ruggedness is, perhaps, the unavoidable result of literal accuracy. A second part, containing the Hymns for Saints' Days, is promised.

The principle of Mr. Chamberlain's '*Seven Ages of the Church*' (Masters), is to see in the sevenfold Apocalyptic message, prophetic anticipations of the successive characteristics of the Church from its first to its latest period. It is no new thought to consider the Seven Asian Churches to prefigure either spiritual states in the individual Christian, or forms or characteristics of the collective body. Mr. Chamberlain, however, seems to go farther, and to consider the messages of the Spirit to be descriptive of exact chronological and historical epochs of Church history. We cannot follow this; as, for example, when 'the woman Jezebel, seducing the servants to commit fornication, and to eat things sacrificed unto idols,' is connected with the Mahometan apostacy. Nor, again, can we coincide in a theory which identifies the very favourable message to Sardis,—'the Church asleep and awaking,'—to the period ranging between A.D. 800-1350, and which Mr. Chamberlain characterises 'as one of the brightest, if not the brightest period of the Church's history.' (P. 50.) We are bound to add, that Mr. Chamberlain works out his system of interpretation with great ability; and his sketch of the Church of England, under the figure of Philadelphia, is something more than ingenious.

An unpretending work, 'Reflections on Church Music,' by Carl Engel (Scheurmann), a name quite new to us, may be recommended as a general synopsis of the subject, illustrated by a good deal of reading. It is the work of a musician, and one apparently possessed of good principles as well as of good taste.

We have received a really curious book, 'Memoirs of James Hutton,' by Daniel Benham (Hamilton and Adams). As to its literary merits, it is tedious, ill-written, and confused to a degree, but is full of very interesting materials, consisting, as it does, of a history of the Moravian community during the greatest part of the last century. Hutton was one of its founders, and, during his life, perhaps the mainstay of the body in England. He was the son of a nonjuring clergyman, and intimately acquainted with Wesley and Whitfield. The volume contains some very important original documents and facts connected with the rise and progress of Methodism, and of the relations which subsisted between the Moravians and the Church of England; nor is it less important in connexion with the attempts to establish an American episcopate. Hutton appears to have been a person of singular energy, as well as of practical piety, exactly the sort of individual whom a Church ought to have used; and he and his father were connected with the original Societies for the Reformation of Manners. We find, amongst other odd things, a correspondence between the elder members of the Hutton and Wesley families, on their mutual astonishment and horror at the 'conversions' of John and Charles Wesley. In the hands of a more competent biographer, Hutton is a fine subject; as it is, we recommend his 'Memoirs' to all who are desirous to understand the Church life of the last century, as well as to get authentic facts respecting a community little understood. It is, perhaps, needless to add that copious notices of Zinzendorf, Spangenberg, and the Labrador Mission occur in this volume.

S. Anselm is generally known rather in his political and philosophical than in his devotional character; and yet, both as one of our greatest primates, and more popularly through Dr. Stanhope's translations, his religious works ought to make him a household name to English Churchmen. Dr. Pusey has added to our devotional literature, by editing a neat and practical translation of his 'Meditations' (J. H. Parker), to the series already endeared to the use and affection of our brethren.

Among volumes of Sermons, we specify a volume on 'The Holy Seasons' (J. H. Parker), by Mr. Huntington, Clerk of Orders in the Cathedral of Manchester. Good sense and a dignified warmth of language characterise these useful discourses.

We confess ourselves utterly unable to understand very modern poetry. We make the confession in all humility; it may be that we are not of the initiated; it may be that we lack the faculty; but the fact remains. We often see elaborate criticism on our last poet or poets,—Mr. Bailey, Mr. Dobell, Mrs. Browning, or Mr. Gerald Massey. Their peculiarities are accounted for, their system is analyzed, and we are assured that their principle of art is faulty or praiseworthy, but that, anyhow, it is a principle.

It may be so ; but to our minds and to our belief Mr. Alexander Smith, for example, wittingly and of malice aforethought, writes deliberate nonsense, knowing it to be nonsense, conscious that it is perfectly devoid of any meaning ; that what he and his admirers call poetry is to him, the author, no more nor less than the figures in a kaleidoscope ; that they are not imagery illustrating a thought ; that they convey no sensible notion which can be grasped by any intellectual power ;—in a word, that they have no meaning. Now here is Mr. Gerald Massey, a man of the people, one who can feel and think too ; he publishes a poem, or rather a set of scraps, called ‘ Craigcrook Castle ’ (Bogue), which has reached us. If his verses, many of them at least, are poetry, we can only say that Milton, and Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Burns, and Wordsworth, and Byron are not poets. There is this distinction between what the world used to call poetry, and what we are now called upon to accept as poetry,—that the one is intelligible, the other is not. This is simply a matter of fact, not of taste or of criticism. One may say that some of the received poet’s sentiments are false ; that his analogy is, in this or that instance, imperfect ; that his diction is bad ; that his moral is questionable ; that his plot is falsely constructed. You may object to his *ethos* or his *lexis* ; his manner or his principle of art ; but you can understand it. But this is a test, and a most reliable one. Ever since language existed, its purpose was to convey an idea. The sense of a passage was, at least, an element in criticising it. We boldly affirm that our recent poets not only have no meaning, but know that they have no meaning. Mr. Massey is speaking of spring-time, a theme on which poets have written before. Thus he says :—

‘ Upon Death’s grave Life dances all in flowers :  
And lying shell-like on our shore o’ the world,  
Thinking to music played by hidden hands,  
We are caught up to listening ear of Heaven,  
That leaneth down maternal meek to hear  
Our inner murmurs of the eternal sea.’

Now, to say nothing of the use or disuse of the article in this passage—nothing of the author’s very peculiar genitive case—nothing of the syntax of to ‘ lean down maternal meek,’—we say without hesitation, that to suggest that human nature in spring lies down on the shore like a conch shell for heaven to put it, human nature, at its heaven’s ear, and to listen to this human-nature shell humming eternal murmurs, is nonsense—as completely unintelligible as Kongx-Ompax. We may by this confession prove that we are utterly incapable of entering into the mysteries of high art : but whether it betrays ignorance or worse on our part, we are bound to state the fact that, to our minds, this is nonsense. Again, to take another passage, which the critics actually quote as a fine one. Trees or flowers, we admit, may be personified,—nay, they may be invested with moral qualities ; but to compare a group of sentient vegetables, distinguishing some as coquettish young ladies, some as lamplighters, some as sectarians, some as Indian widows, is, we respectfully submit, foolish, and only hides poverty of thought under luscious language.

‘ The arch Laburnum swoops her budding gold  
From emerald fingers, with such taking grace ;

The Fuchsia fires her fairy chandelry :  
 The Pansies, pretty little puritans,  
 Come peeping up with merry elvish eyes :  
 Wall-flowers in fragrance burn themselves away,  
 With the sweet Season on her precious pyre.'

We think it to be simply blasphemous, to speak of some political refugee,  
 —Kossuth, we believe,—

' A: One whose looks were mild as they had drawn  
 A Christ-like sweetness from the face of Babes.'

Or of an Edinburgh accoucheur, as

' Our great Messiah in midwifery.'

Neither have we the least conception of any event since the termination of  
 the late war, in which this scene is laid, which can be alluded to in these  
 very queer lines :—

' Just now the Flower of England made a crown  
 To garland whoredom's apotheosis.'

We say that we have a right very sternly to rebuke a writer who can use  
 this sort of language, and can compose a poem—it is one of a series, ' The  
 Mother's Idol Broken,'—an *In Memoriam* on a dead child,—of such extreme  
 beauty and simplicity, not, of course, without its faults of language, as  
 this :—

' All in our marriage garden  
 Grew, smiling up to God,  
 A bonnier flower than ever  
 Suckt the green warmth of the  
 sod.

' O beautiful unfathomably  
 Its little life unfurled;

' Life's crown of sweetness was our  
 wee

White Rose of all the world.

' From out a gracious bosom,  
 Our bud of beauty grew;

It fed on smiles for sunshine,  
 And tears for daintier dew.

Aye nestling warm and tenderly,  
 Our leaves of love were curled  
 So close and close about our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

' Two flowers of glorious crimson  
 Grew with our Rose of light;  
 Still kept the sweet heaven-grafted  
 slip

Her whiteness saintly white.

I' the wind of life they danced  
 with glee,

And reddened as they whirled;

White, white and wondrous grew  
 our wee

White Rose of all the world.

' With mystical faint fragrance,  
 Our house of life she filled—  
 Revealed each hour some fairy  
 tower,

Where winged Hopes might  
 build.

We saw—though none like us  
 might see—

Such precious promise pearled  
 Upon the petals of our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

' But evermore the halo  
 Of Angel-light increased;  
 Like the mystery of Moonlight,  
 That folds some fairy feast.  
 Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-si-  
 lently,

Our darling bud up-curled,  
 And dropt i' the Grave—God's  
 lap—our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

' Our Rose was but in blossom;  
 Our life was but in spring;  
 When down the solemn midnight  
 We heard the Spirits sing:

" Another bud of infancy,  
 With holy dew's impearled;"  
 And in their hands they bore our  
 wee

White Rose of all the world.

'You scarce could think so small  
a thing  
Could leave a loss so large;  
Her little light such shadow fling,  
From dawn to sunset's marge.

In other springs our life may be  
In bannered bloom unfurled;  
But never, never match our wee  
White Rose of all the world.'

Again we own our inability to understand what recommends itself to the popular taste in another department of letters. We have an estimate of Mr. Dickens, and we consider his especial *forte* to consist in humour. According to our critical taste, Sam Weller and Mrs. Gamp, and, above all, Mr. Pickwick, are his most estimable and remarkable creations. We consider him neither as a prophet nor a poet: his pathos we deem to be generally fustian, and, even in his best sketches, 'Little Nelly,' for example, overdone by elaboration. As a social reformer and teacher, his weapon is the unloving one of cynicism: his mission ~~is not~~ to instruct, but his capacity is to reason. This estimate is certainly not shared in by the compiler of 'Immortelles from Charles Dickens' (Moxon), who selects passages from his works illustrating his services as a moral teacher, and his gifts as a poet.

Mr. Oldknow's treatise, 'The Validity of the Holy Orders in the Church of England,' (Hayes,) has been already translated into French by the Association for making known our principles and discipline in foreign countries, and may be accepted as the fullest and most satisfactory manual on the subject.

This is the age of revivals. A short time ago we had to mention the reappearance of a school of Mystics, and from different quarters we think we observe a converging sentiment towards views which have always characterised a reforming era. The thing that is, has been; and it is quite useless to expect that a revival shall not affect different minds and tendencies in different ways. Parallel to a doctrinal reawakening in the Church, and parallel to a practical attention to abuses, and an attempt to infuse new life into an apathetic ecclesiastical condition, such as was that of the last century, we should expect to find some minds in which the reforming tendencies take a merely pietistic shape, and in others we should look for a speculative mysticism which, indifferent to ecclesiastical order, dwelt especially, not to say exclusively, on the inner life. That the tendency of a good many minds is to a subjective religion, we need only assert by referring to Mr. Aitkin's recurrence to the original object of Methodism, which, indeed, was only a repetition of views, mostly prevalent in Germany, which, beginning with S. Bernard, survived through à Kempis and his school, flourished under Gerson, took a rough and debased practical form in Lollardism, and eventually terminated in the crash of the sixteenth century. In another direction we see a connexion between what, after all, is only a form of political communism, and fraternal associations, of which, in its ancient shape, the Moravians are the most remarkable survivors; and so Christian Socialism reproduces many of the features of that practical appeal against the evils of society, which took form in the Brotherhood of the Common Lot. And it is remarkable that Mr. Maurice himself commenced his theological career by doing justice, if not something more, to the Quaker prin-



ciple; and if it is felt in some quarters that his school tends towards a pantheistic bias, we must remember that exactly the same charge was made against the mediæval mystics. The reproduction of the 'Sermons, to which is prefixed the life of Tauler' (Smith, Elder, & Co.), the German Wesley of the fourteenth century, is a sign in the same direction; and, characteristically enough, Mr. Kingsley furnishes a preface, which might have been spared, consisting as it does rather of fine writing than information. The volume, which, by the way, is beautifully printed, and is intended for a gift-book, comes out under the editorship of Miss Winkworth, who has already distinguished herself in this particular field of theology by a translation of the anonymous 'Deutsche Theologie,' which at one time was, but without much reason, attributed to Tauler. — In connexion with the whole subject, we refer to Ullemann's 'Reformers before the Reformation,' an excellent work, published in Clark's Foreign Theological Library.

And, keeping in the same direction, as illustrating rather the Latin than the Teutonic form of this tendency, which characterise equally the spiritual writers of the Roman Church and of the German communities, M. Guyon in one direction, and Loyola and the Spanish spiritual writers in another, we refer to a very interesting work, 'The Gift of God,' by Mr. Knott, Vicar of St. Saviour's, Leeds (Moxley).

Two very important books reach us so late in the quarter that we can only acknowledge them. The second part of Mr. Robertson's 'Church History' (Murray), and the second part of Mr. Hardwick's 'Christ and other Masters' (Macmillan), of which the subject is Hinduism.

Of single Sermons, we have to acknowledge:—1. 'The Claims of the Church' (Masters), a careful and sound sermon, preached at a consecration by Mr. Fuller Russell. 2. 'The Grave, and the Reverence due to it,' (J. H. Parker), by Mr. Harston, of Sherborne. 3. 'The Future Reward of the Righteous' (J. H. Parker), by Mr. Hawkes, preached on the death of the Vicar of Buckfastleigh. 4. 'The Character of Asa' (Bell & Daldy), by Mr. Eyre, of Bury St. Edmund's.





